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THE

YOUNG LADY'S HOME.

BY MRS. LOUISA C. TUTHILL.

"A traveler betwixt life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,
A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright,
With something of an angel light."

Wordsworth.

NEW HAVEN.

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"There are few individuals whose education has been conducted, in every respect, with attention and judgment. Almost every man of reflection is conscious, when he arrives at maturity, of many defects in his mental powers, and of many inconvenient habits, which might have been prevented or remedied in his infancy or youth. Such a consciousness is the first step towards improvement; and the person who feels it, if he is possessed with resolution and steadiness, will not scruple to begin a new course of education for himself. *It is never too late to think of the improvement of our faculties.*"

DUGALD STEWART.

INTRODUCTION.

LEAVING SCHOOL.

GERALDINE, ISABELLA, and CLARA. *(Employed in packing their portmanteaus.)*

Isabella.—Girls, girls, how delighted I am to be done with school forever! I don't see any use in carrying home these prosy, humdrum books; I shall never want to look into them again. Here is Hedge's Logic; (*throwing it across the room;*) go, stupid thing! and Euclid too; stay here to puzzle some other poor soul. I shall never want to see your ugly faces again.

Geraldine.—What are you going to do with yourself, dear, when you get home?

Isabella.—Me! I am going to *dash.* I am *coming out* immediately; I am eighteen. Clara Wilton, don't look so reprovingly at me—you have studied for the prize and have gained it. What good will it do you? You will not wear your gold medal with its blue ribbon around your neck, as the Indians do those given them by their great father, the president.

Clara.—No, my dear, but I shall have the satisfaction of proving at once, to my father and mother, that I have not misspent my time, nor abused the privileges they have generously bestowed: it matters little whether any one else ever sees the medal or not.

Isabella.—Well, my parents don't care a sous about all these sober studies that Goody Blue has bored us with; they know it gives one a sort of reputation to be educated by Mrs. ——, so here I've been these four years. They expect me to *come out* with éclat, and I do mean to produce a wonderful sensation. I believe I shall throw the rest of these books overboard to-day, just out of spite for the trouble they have given me.

Geraldine.—I shall be half inclined to join you, for I do not know what good they will ever do me. What use shall I ever make of the mathematics and philosophy that I have labored to acquire?

Clara.—Perhaps you will not find them useless; you may be disposed to resume them by yourself, after you have been home awhile.

Geraldine.—Dubious, as Mrs. Z. says. I am going to Europe with my father and mother, to finish my education. We shall reside a year or two in Paris, and I shall come home *parfaitement Française.*

Clara.—Parfaitement Française, to reside in this country and be a good, useful, American woman!

Geraldine, (*laughing.*)—A good, useful, American woman! How that sounds to "ears polite;" absolutely vulgar. I seek for something more recherché, more elegant than that—I go abroad to obtain that *retenue*, that *abandon* of manner, that cannot be acquired in this half-civilized land.

Isabella.—And to be laughed at for your *abandong*, as you call it, which will sound very droll to French "ears polite."

Geraldine.—That is another object in going to Paris, to acquire a true Parisian accent. I shall not venture to speak in society until I have had a master some months. When I return two years hence, you shall have no occasion to laugh at my French.

Isabella.—Dubious. The French are so ridiculous they are enough to make a milestone laugh. What are *you* going to do, Clara?

Clara.—I expect to continue my studies, that I may more perfectly understand them. I hope to be useful to my mother, who has kindly promised to teach me domestic economy; so long as life lasts, there will be knowledge to which I have not attained, virtues to be perfected, and good to be done; "vulgar" as it sounds, my highest aim is to be a good, *thorough-going* American woman.

Isabella.—Spoken like our old country schoolmistress herself! Pity you could not have mounted her high cap and green spectacles for the occasion. Really, she never made a better *preachment* in her life.

Clara.—Well, girls, be merry if you will at my sober notions, but let us part kindly; we may never meet again.

Geraldine.—You will both write to me, girls?

Clara.—I will, with pleasure, if you will let me know your father's foreign address before you sail.

Isabella.—I doubt if I shall have time to write to either of you. I have formed a thousand plans for next winter. I am still to have a music-master, and must practice at least three hours a day, or I shall never rival the Hamilton's and the Moore's, who, papa writes me, play so exquisitely, that all the world are in love with them. Here comes an atlas in the midst of my music-books, like a clown in genteel society—stay where you are, I am not going to take you to town with your betters. Shall I put up my French testament? No; I'll make you a present of it, Clara, and one of these days you may give it, with my compliments, to—you know who—that ministerial personage who often glides before your imagination.

Clara.—That personage is all in your own imagination, Isabella; but I thank you for the gift, and if I ever have an opportunity, shall present it, with your compliments, if you will promise to officiate as bride's-maid on *that* occasion.

Isabella.—Delightful! I'll come, unless I am led to the hymenial *halter* before you.

Geraldine.—And me too, Clara. I shall perhaps have just returned from Europe.

Clara.—And will then be, I fear, un peu trop Française.

Geraldine, (*coldly.*)—C'est possible.

Isabella.—Write to me, Clara, now and then, from your hermitage, and tell me how you endure it; but don't bore me with too much grave advice.

Clara.—I will write to you both; (*holding out her hand kindly to Geraldine;*) forgive me for seeming to reject your kindness. I thought some whisker-andoed Français might claim you for his bride, long before the time to which you alluded.

Geraldine.—You are forgiven. I know how dearly you love your own country; that is *your* prejudice; *mine* is the other way; I would give half my expectations to have been born in France.

Isabella.—And I would rather have been born in New York, than in any other place on the wide earth.

Clara.—And I am only proud of being an American. North or south, east or west, makes no difference; every inch of the United States is *home* to me. Hark! There goes Mrs. Z——'s bell, the last time we shall hear it. Who would have thought that any possible association could have made that shrill, tingling bell interesting! The last time—the last time—it makes any sound mournful.—(*Exeunt omnes.*)

To aid my young countrywomen, who have arrived at this interesting and important era of life, *in estimating the value of the knowledge already acquired*, and *to assist them in that most momentous part of all education*, namely, *self-education*, this little work is offered with much diffidence, and earnest prayer for its success.

L. C. T.

THE YOUNG LADY'S HOME.

CHAPTER I.

FORMATION OF CHARACTER.

"Reason frowns on him who wastes that reflection on a destiny independent of him, which he ought to reserve for actions of which he is master."—*Sir James McIntosh.*

When a young man has finished his collegiate course of education, he enters immediately upon the study of the profession or into the business which he is to pursue. He looks forward, with eager anticipation, to the time when his name shall be honored among his fellow-men, or his coffers overflow with wealth, or when he shall be the messenger of mercy, and win many from the error of their ways. His course of study is still plainly marked out. He does not waste time in the choice of a pursuit, for his natural talents, the habitual bias of his mind, or the wishes of friends, have already decided the question.

Not so with a young lady. Having passed through the usual studies at school, in a desultory manner, generally too desultory to produce a disciplined, well-balanced mind, she considers her education *finished*, or continues it without any special object in view.

Perhaps, my young friends, you have been absent for years from the home of your childhood; its gayer

visions have flitted away; life begins to assume a sober reality: casting a mournful glance of retrospection, you enquire,—of what value is the little knowledge acquired if I go no farther? Like an armory in time of peace, arranged with much attempt at display, it seems brilliant and useless. You have indeed been collecting the weapons for life's warfare; their temper is not yet tried, but the strife has already begun.

This is the season for castle-building. How fascinating the rainbow visions that flit before a vivid imagination,—yet how dangerous the indulgence! Exhausted with these wanderings wild, lassitude and ennui succeed.

> "Fancy enervates, while it soothes the heart,
> And while it dazzles, wounds the mental sight;
> To joy each heightening charm it can impart,
> But wraps the hour of woe in tenfold night."

As their only resource, many young ladies in town rush with eagerness into society; drowning reflection in the all-absorbing career of fashionable gaiety; filling up its brief intervals with novel-reading. Those whose home is in the country, are disgusted with this "working-day world," and its plain good folks. Their refined education has unfitted them for cordial companionship with their friends and neighbors, whose useful common sense they cannot appreciate, and whose virtues, unadorned by the graces of polished life, they cannot admire. Too often, making no effort to settle themselves to the employments that should now devolve upon them, they live in a world of their

own creation, or find one equally well fitted to their taste in the contents of the nearest circulating library.

Instead of wasting this precious period in fascinating dreams of future happiness, in enervating idleness or unsatisfying gaiety, let me urge upon you, my kind readers, the importance of the present golden moments. Sheltered beneath the paternal roof, guarded from outward evil by the vigilance of love; the perplexing cares and overwhelming anxieties of life are not yet yours. You now enjoy the best possible opportunity to gain a knowledge of yourself, your disposition, habits, prejudices, purposes, acquirements, deficiencies, principles. Much may have been done for you by parents and teachers; the strength of the foundation they have laid, will be tested by the superstructure, which must be built by yourself. Cheerfully, then, commence that self-education, without which all other education is comparatively useless. Shrink not from your high responsibilities; He who has encompassed you with them, will give you strength for their fulfilment.—Has he not showered benefits upon you with unsparing hand? Your country, is it not a blessed one? Parents, kindred, friends, talents, and the means for improving them—competence, wealth; does not your heart overflow with gratitude to the Giver? Even now, he grants you that quiet home, where you may prepare yourself for another, with more tender affections, and more solemn responsibilities; and for another still beyond, and not very far distant—a home in heaven.

Woman's lot may be deemed a lowly one, by those who look not into the deeper mysteries of human life; who know not the silent, resistless influences that mold the intellectual and moral character of mankind. Woman's lot is a high and holy one; and she "who fulfils the conditions required by *conscience*, takes the surest way of answering the purposes of Providence." Conscientiously and cheerfully, then, go on with your own education, mental, physical, and moral.

CHAPTER II.

MENTAL CULTURE.

"Past and future are the wings,
On whose support harmoniously conjoined,
Moves the great spirit of human knowlege."—*Wordsworth.*

The traveler, resting for a moment upon a commanding eminence, views with interest the ground he has already passed over—the sunny hills and green vales still smile upon him; the rugged pathways, the fearful precipices, the deep rivers, are lessened to insignificance in the distance; the road seems short and easy; taking courage from past success, he presses onward with cheerful hope and renewed energy.

Thus, my young friends, let us take a review of the past, and seeing what progress you have already made, find encouragement for new efforts, and unfaltering perseverance.

You have "been tutored in several desperate sciences." After the usual course of elementary studies, you have pursued, to some extent, the mathematics. You have often wondered, while puzzling over a proposition in geometry, or a problem in arithmetic or algebra, what possible advantage you could derive from it; if you have no mathematical genius, the task was borne with little patience. The direct advantage you may never perceive; for if you go abroad, you will not measure Alpine heights; or if you stay at home, you

will not calculate eclipses; but indirectly, you will be benefitted through life, by that increase of power, in mind itself, which this study has undoubtedly produced.

If it has unfortunately happened, through your own negligence, or that of your instructors, that your mind wants discipline, it is by no means too late to remedy the defect. If you have leisure, which no other duty imperiously demands, go through with the first six books of Euclid's Geometry, by yourself, if possible; if not, with the aid of a friend or teacher. What you submit to at first, as a task, may soon become a source of pleasure; whenever it does so, the point is gained; you have learned to fix the attention, and to reason with clearness and precision.

Mental philosophy. Doubtless this has proved an agreeable study; if only learned, however, from a meager class-book, it is not sufficient. Read Stewart's Philosophy, and make a careful analysis of it. Let me recommend another very useful little work, now somewhat out of fashion, "Watts on the Mind." This still retains its place in some seminaries, but in general, has been supplanted by more recent publications. Your main object at this time must be, to acquire a knowledge of your own mind, its capabilities and wants—make a thorough investigation, take its "gauge and dimensions."

Acuteness of sensation, and quickness of perception, depend originally upon organization; yet, even these may be greatly increased, as we see in the case

of the blind, whose other senses become so vigilant and discriminating. Attention—close, habitual attention, stimulated by necessity, thus increases the blind man's sense of hearing, of touch, and even of smelling and taste. Attention is a faculty much under the control of the will; upon its careful cultivation, the conceptive faculty, the memory, and the judgment, all depend. To ascertain whether this faculty has been favorably developed, we must enquire what are our habits of reading, of study, and of thought.

The hasty, indiscriminating perusal of the host of annuals, scrap-books, and pamphlets, that crowd the center-table, not only vitiates taste, but is destructive to attention. A literary souvenir may be taken up during a morning call, while your friend keeps you waiting half an hour or more, while she makes her elaborate toilette, and if your habits of attention are good, the time will not be entirely lost; an engraving, or a flower, may afford subjects for attention and reflection; and even, if you have nothing else, the well chosen furniture, and its neat and tasteful arrangement, may give you a lesson in house-keeping. To the well-regulated mind, no time nor place can be destitute of suggestive objects of profitable thought. But, to return to reading. Does your mind fix with a firm grasp upon every leading thought? Can you become so absorbed as to be unconscious, page after page, whether you are in the body or out of the body? And this, not in the entrancing pages of a novel alone, but in history or philosophy. Or do you revel in

fairy-land, while your eyes glide over the pages without conveying a single idea to the mind? The story has often been told of the mischievous wag, who moved back from day to day his friend's mark, in the book he was reading. The poor fellow opening honestly at the mark each day, he read over and over the same pages, till at length a gleam of recollection coming over his mind, he exclaimed, "Well, it really seems to me as if somehow I must have read this before."

In a moral point of view, attention to what is passing around us, is a duty. How often may we deceive others in matters of consequence, if we walk blindfolded through the world. How complicated, how perplexed is the narrative of a heedless person, even when he is describing an event of which he has been an eye-witness! It is next to impossible for such an one to carry on a clear consecutive train of thought. Truth is often violated, or at least, the veracity of conversation is doubtful, where this defect exists in a high degree. Like the dubious man described by Cowper—

> "His evidence, if he were called by law,
> To swear to some enormity he saw,
> For want of prominence and just relief,
> Would hang an honest man, and save the thief.—
> Useless in him alike both brain and speech;
> Fate having placed all truth above his reach:
> His ambiguities his total sum,
> He might as well be blind, and deaf, and dumb."

The faculty of attention is often impaired for life, by habitual reverie. When you are employed with your needle, fair reader, you are often building cha-

teaux d'Espagne, and may think it hard to be denied the delicious enjoyment. The trifling mechanical employment of the fingers, is a gentle promoter of thought, and many an hour may pass most profitably to mind, in this manner, if your thoughts are rightly directed. Recall some book that you have studied; analyze it; compare it with whatever else you may have read on the same subject. Or take some subject of practical moment—contentment, for example; arrange in order all the reasons you have for it, count over the rich blessings that cluster around you, until your heart overflows with gratitude.

Attention, we know, must form the basis of memory; difference of taste and sentiment, produce difference of association of ideas.

Three young ladies may have studied the history of the reign of Elizabeth of England. The manners, dress, and fashion of those days, interested the first. The second dwelt with delight upon the character of the men of genius who immortalized that reign. While the third was most attracted by the character and conduct of Elizabeth herself. Some one asks in their presence, "Will the reign of Victoria rival that of Elizabeth?" The picture before the mind's eye of the first, is the chivalric cavalier, with silken suit, and embroidered cloak, bowing to his lady-love,—who rejoiceth in broad ruff and stiff brocade,—and assaulting her heart with euphuistic compliment. The second asks, where is the Burleigh to guide the counsels, or the Spenser and the Shakspeare, to glorify this

reign? The third, immediately draws a parallel between the education and early character of the royal maidens. And so far all is well; each follows her taste, but her attention has probably been too exclusively fixed upon her favorite subjects. The first, when asked about Sir Anthony Cook and his daughters, does not remember that such persons existed. The second might laugh outright, if asked how Elizabeth was appareled, and how many dresses she had in her wardrobe at the time of her death? Enquire of the third, how the Spanish Armada was arranged for battle, she remembers nothing in connection with it, excepting the royal heroine riding down the ranks, and harangueing the soldiers. If your attention has been thus despotically ruled by your peculiar tastes and partialities, it is high time to correct the error. Read first the index of a book, and know what are the subjects of most practical value; what knowledge it contains, of which you are ignorant; what, that you ought to be most anxious to fix in memory. Mark such subjects with your pencil, and in the course of reading, rivet your attention upon them.

Absence of mind has so long been considered a mark of genius, that few take pains to avoid the pernicious habit. It is one of the infirmities of great minds, and is almost unpardonable, even when associated with the overpowering splendor of superior talents. It is no positive proof of genius: the weakest minds are prone to extreme absence. This is very different from the power of abstraction, which be-

longs, in a pre-eminent degree, only to minds of the highest order. It is peculiarly inconvenient for women to be absent-minded. The thousand and one daily cares and employments, which must each receive due attention in a well-ordered household, render it necessary for a woman to have her thoughts always about her. Suppose, at the head of her dinner table, she falls into a fit of absence,—her guests are neglected,—the servants are at fault, and make dozens of blunders, in consequence of hers, and when at last she comes back again, she resumes the conversation where it had been dropped, ten minutes before, much to the amusement, or embarrassment of her guests, and her own and her husband's mortification. An absent-minded woman cannot be uniformly polite. She may be kindly disposed, and perfectly well-bred, yet she will pass her most intimate friend in the street without speaking to her; take the most convenient and comfortable seat at a neighbor's fireside, appropriated to an aged and infirm member of the family; fix her eyes in church upon some one until they are exceedingly annoyed and embarrassed; interrupt conversation, by remarks entirely irrelevant, and commit many other grossiereties, while under this temporary alienation of mind, which would shock her at another time, as offending against the plainest rules of propriety.

CHAPTER III.

MEMORY.

"When I plant a choice flower in a fertile soil, I see nature presently to thrust up with it, the stinging nettle, the poisonous hemlock, the drowsy poppy, and many such noisome weeds, which will either choke my plant, with excluding the sun, or divert its nourishment to themselves: but if I weed but these at first, my flower thrives to its goodness and glory."—*Warwick.*

Memory, glorious treasure-house of mind! Earth, with all its pageantry shall pass away, but memory shall survive, endless source of bliss or woe. We cannot realize the full import of this truth; if we could, very different would be our pursuits.

Locke says, "Memory is of so great moment, that where it is wanting, all the rest of our faculties are in a great measure useless; and we, in our thoughts, reasonings, and knowledge, could not proceed beyond present objects, were it not for the assistance of memory, wherein there may be two defects; first, that it loses the idea quite, and so far it produces perfect ignorance. Secondly, that it moves slowly, and retrieves not the ideas that it has, and are laid up in store, quick enough to serve the mind upon occasions. This, if it be in a great degree, is *stupidity;* and he who through this default in his memory, has not the ideas that are really preserved there, ready at hand when need and occasion calls for them, were almost as good be without them quite, since they serve him to very little purpose."

The vague ideas in a weak mind are at best the baseless fabric of a vision, and time's effacing finger soon obliterates them. In order that an idea should be retained, it is necessary that the attention should be fixed upon it, and the conception of it perfect. We are not aware how many of the thoughts of others, that we have labored to fix in our minds, passed rapidly away because we did not perfectly understand them; the conception of them was incomplete, yet, as we had the shadow of an idea, we were satisfied;—it was too much trouble to examine it thoroughly, until it assumed a definite form, and would thus have retained a "local habitation" in memory. Instructors cannot know whether children perfectly comprehend what they learn. We probably all remember having recited lessons very glibly, and receiving the commendations of our teacher, when we knew no more of the true meaning of the lesson than if it had been in Hebrew. You are now old enough to be emancipated from the rote-system—that thraldom of mind which enchains all its faculties, and so weakens them, that for long they cannot act with natural energy.

Minds of much quickness and vivacity are prone to take ideas in this vague, confused manner, and all their knowledge, while they do so, will be superficial. They should check their too rapid thoughts until they become distinct and true, and patiently go over a subject, until they are certain the conception of it is complete.

Stewart tells us, the qualities of a good memory are *susceptibility*, *retentiveness*, and *readiness*.

By the first, he means, easiness of impression; as the wax yields to the signet, so should the mind take the perfect impress of every subject; but not like the wax, which so easily melts away, leaving not a trace; the mind should retain its images like sculptor's marble; and, moreover, should be quick to produce them when they are needed.

Classification is a powerful auxiliary to memory. In a well ordered mind, every new fact is immediately referred to its proper place, just as in botany a newly discovered plant is set down in its class and order; and if the genus is already known, it forms a new species under it. If you once acquire the habit of placing every idea in its category, they will form a chain over which memory will pass like electricity.

Look into your own mind, and see if every thing lies there in a heterogenous mass. It may appear, at first sight, as does this terrene sphere to uninquisitive ignorance,—a mass of rough materials, thrown together without order or arrangement. The scientific geologist reduces the whole to order. He discovers the regular strata of rocks covering the globe, and demonstrates the uniformity of the series, from the imperishable granite, to the crumbling sandstone upon its surface. Lay down *first principles* as the granite foundation, upon which you are to build the whole superstructure of knowledge.

Habits of correct association of ideas aid memory. It is not our intention to go into the depths of mental philosophy; but only to suggest a few practical hints, in simple language, that you may be induced to pursue the subject much farther.

Ideas are so associated in the mind, that the presence of one suggests another.

The associations in common, uninstructed minds, are those of *time and place, resemblance and contrast.* The following couplet of Swift's may serve as an illustration of the first; others, from Shakspeare, will undoubtedly occur to your minds.

> "Yes," says the steward, "I remember when I was at my Lady Shrewsbury's,
> Such a thing as this happened, *just about the time of gooseberries!*"

More philosophical associations, are those of *cause and effect,—premises and conclusion,—genus and species, &c.*

To assist memory, and to form a habit of philosophical association, it is of use to arrange a Mnemonica, or Common-Place Book, and to write down under the separate divisions, what you most wish to retain. All knowledge may be said to consist of FACTS, SENTIMENTS, and PRINCIPLES; and this may furnish a simple classification for such a Mnemonica. Divide a blank book into three parts, reserving one half or two thirds for the first part, and the remainder divide equally, for the two after parts.

I.—FACTS.

Allow two or three pages under this division, for each of the following subdivisions; namely,—

1. RELIGIOUS,
2. POLITICAL,
3. LITERARY,
4. SCIENTIFIC,
5. PRACTICAL,
6. MILITARY.

These may be extended much farther.

II.—PRINCIPLES.

1. AXIOMS,
2. GENERAL TRUTHS,
3. CAUSE, OR ORIGIN,
4. ELEMENTS, OR CONSTITUENT PARTS.

III.—SENTIMENTS.

1. RELIGIOUS,
2. MORAL,
3. POETICAL.

Such a Mnemonica will be found very useful; but do not rely too much and too long upon it. Memory is like a true friend,—the more you confide in her the better she serves you.

Various systems of artificial memory have been invented, but they are of doubtful utility. It is far better to form habits of correct classification than to depend upon the arbitrary, and often ridiculous, associations of systems of Mnemonics. Feinagle's system has been one of the most celebrated. The foundation of it is in *locality*, or the association of place. He di-

vides a room into compartments; sides, ceiling, and floor are each divided into nine parts. "In order to remember a series of words, they are put in the several squares, or places, and the recollection of them is assisted by associating some idea of relation between the objects and their situation; and, as we find by experience, that whatever is ludicrous is calculated to make a strong impression upon the mind, the more ridiculous the association the better. To illustrate this idea, Mr. Feinagle places the names of certain sensible objects in the different compartments, and connects the ideas of their images by some story, so as to make it almost impossible to forget the order in which they are arranged." All this complicated apparatus is first to be fixed in the memory. In the first square you have a pump, perhaps; in the second a monkey; in the third a fool's cap, and so on. If you wish to remember a sermon, enter into your mnemonical room,—hang the first division of the discourse upon the pump-handle—place the second on the monkey's head—and the third in the fool's cap. By these arbitrary and ludicrous associations, you are to fix them in memory. Surely, there can be no real utility in such an absurd system.

The memory of words, and the memory of ideas, are very different. Numerous instances of wonderful memory of the first kind are given. Seneca, in his youth, could repeat two thousand words, in their order, after hearing them once. Joseph Scaliger could repeat the contents of whole books in foreign

languages. Klopstock, the German poet, when a boy at school, could recite the whole of Homer's Iliad. An Englishman once came to Frederick the Great, of Prussia, for the purpose of giving him some specimens of his extraordinary memory. Frederick sent for Voltaire, who read to his majesty a pretty long poem, which he had just finished. The Englishman was concealed in such a manner as to be able to hear every word that was said. When Voltaire had concluded, Frederick observed that a foreign gentleman would immediately repeat the same poem to him, and therefore it could not be original. Voltaire listened with astonishment to the stranger's declamation, and then fell into a great rage and tore the manuscript in pieces. When Frederick informed him of his mistake, the Englishman again dictated to Voltaire the whole poem with perfect correctness!

It is impossible for us now to discover whether these efforts were owing to a naturally strong memory, which had been habitually exercised, or to artificial memory; probably to the former.

The memory of events and of ideas may be good, when that of words is very defective. Both should be cultivated in due proportion. It is better to enrich the memory with a fine sentiment, or a beautiful piece of poetry, than to doom it to banishment in your port-folio, which is, generally, only one way of consigning it to oblivion.

It has been often asserted, that a very superior memory is seldom found in connection with Inven-

tion, or with uncommon Judgment. A memory of words may not be,—but that which depends upon powerful conception, or philosophical arrangement, may be very tenacious of ideas, even where there is genius of the highest order, or the most consummate judgment.

"Maria Galtana Agnesi, a lady of extraordinary genius and most extensive acquirements, was born at Milan, on the 16th of May, 1718. Her father, Pietro Agnesi, of Milan, was royal feudatory of Monteveglia and its dependencies; and being a man of some rank and consequence, he was disposed, from paternal affection, to provide suitably for the education of his infant daughter, who gave the most striking indications of talent. From her tenderest years she discovered a wonderful aptness, and a vehement desire for acquiring languages. Under the direction of proper masters, she studied at the very same time, the Latin and Greek, the French and German; and while the rapidity of her progress excited universal astonishment, such were the *prodigious powers of her memory*, that she could easily pursue these diversified objects without feeling the smallest degree of confusion. When yet scarcely nine years old, this surprising child delivered a Latin oration, to prove that the cultivation of letters is not inconsistent with the female character, before an assembly of learned persons, invited to her father's house.

At the age of eleven, the young Agnesi could not only read Greek, and translate it instantly into Latin,

but could even speak that refined language, and with the same ease and fluency as if it had been her native tongue. Nor did these acquisitions absorb her whole attention; a nobler field was opened to the exercise of her mental faculties. She now began to read Euclid's Elements, and proceeded in algebra as far as quadratic equations. Thus prepared, she advanced with ardor to the study of natural philosophy; but not content with the sober truths there unfolded, she soared to the heights of metaphysics, and engaged in the most abstruse and intricate disquisitions of that contentious science.

After the young lady had attained the age of fourteen, her father, anxious to forward her ardor for improvement, and willing to gratify her ambition for literary distinction, invited occasionally to his house, a number of persons, the most respectable in Milan by their rank and learning. In the midst of this grave auditory, Donna Agnesi made her appearance, and without resigning the native delicacy of her sex, she maintained a new thesis on various difficult parts of philosophy, and handled the arguments with such dexterity and commanding eloquence, as singly to vanquish every opponent that entered the field of controversy. These disputations were carried on, all of them, in the Latin language, which she spoke with the utmost ease, purity, and copious elegance. Every thing conspired to heighten the impression produced on the admiring spectators. In the full bloom

of youth, her person agreeable, her manner graceful, an air of gentleness and modesty gave irresistible charms to her whole demeanor.

Such, for several years was the great theater of her glory. But having nearly completed the circle of philosophy, and exhausted the chief topics of discussion, she resolved at length to close that career with a solemnity suitable to the occasion. In the year 1738, at the age of twenty, Agnesi made her last brilliant display, before an august assembly, composed of the most learned and illustrious of the Milanese nobility, the senators, and foreign ministers, with the most distinguished professors in all the branches of science and literature. The substance of these philosophical conferences was afterwards published in a *quarto* volume, in Latin.

Agnesi now bent her whole attention to the culture of mathematics; and without guide or assistance, she composed a very useful commentary on L'Hospital's Conic Sections, which is said still to exist in manuscript. In the sublimer departments of that science, her studies were directed by the natural experience of Rampinelli, Professor of mathematics in the University of Pisa; but she soon gave proofs of her amazing proficiency, in digesting a complete body of the modern calculus. This excellent work, entitled, "Analytical Institutions for the use of the Italian Youth," appeared in 1748, in two volumes quarto, and was highly esteemed by the judges, and justly regarded as exhibiting the fullest and clearest views

of the state of the science at that period. She was, in consequence, elected by acclamation a member of the Institute of Science of Bologna; and the pope farther conferred on her the title of Professor of mathematics in the University of that city.

But Agnesi was already sated with literary fame.—That sun which in its ascent had shone forth with such dazzling radiance, was, through the rest of its course, shrouded in clouds and darkness. The fever of genius had preyed on her mind, and the high fit of excitement was quickly succeeded by a hopeless depression of spirits. She repelled the seductions of human learning, and abandoned forever her favorite mathematical pursuits. Renouncing the vanities of this world, she withdrew from society, embraced a life of religious seclusion, and sunk by degrees into the languor of religious melancholy. She studied nothing but Hebrew, and the rhapsodies of the Greek fathers of the Church. For upwards of twenty years she denied all access to strangers. Indulging that gloomy temper, she retired into a convent, and assumed the habit of a *blue* nun. She sought to forget the world and was herself forgotten."

"And what, alas! is human fame
To woman's heart? a cold, vain word,
Impalpable as air, a name
For feeling blighted, hope deferred—
Visions o'er shaded—thoughts that steal
The secrets of the heart away;—
For all that lofty souls may feel
When in their prison house of clay

They half reveal their holier light,
And cast abroad the splendor given
To burn but in the Giver's sight,
Upon the altar shrine of heaven."

Let us hope that Maria Agnesi, with her wonderful talents, was not left without the consolations of true religion. Let us believe, that during that long and gloomy seclusion there were occasional bright revealings of a world of purity and happiness, and that her clear and comprehensive mind, though shackled by an absurd creed, shook off at last its trammels, and rejoiced in the glorious liberty of a true follower of Jesus Christ.

To this bright but melancholy example of genius, we add one from our own age and country, far more lovely and attractive. One, "early loved and early lost;" whose memory has been embalmed in a sweet memorial, written by a young lady, her intimate friend. The close of her life furnishes a striking contrast to that of the gifted Maria Agnesi.

"Hers was a mind entirely unlike that of common characters, peculiarly individual in its nature. It was a clear, vigorous, and well balanced mind. There was great maturity, and independence, and discrimination, in her habits of thought; and an enlargement of views, that led her to examine a subject in all its bearings.

She had true poetic genius and early manifested it. The world in which her imagination lived, was altogether a different place from that inhabited by

common minds, for it was peopled with the bright and beautiful creations of her own genius.

But, notwithstanding her poetic temperament, she applied herself closely to study, and made high and various attainments. And she preferred those studies that taxed her powers to the utmost, and required the deepest reflection.

Some have supposed, that she studied so hard as to injure her health; her friends consider this a mistake. She almost invariably exercised great judgment and discretion in regard to the amount of time she devoted to study. She did not spend as great a proportion of each day in study as many scholars do; but she had an uncommon power of abstraction, and when she studied she applied herself to it closely and in earnest.

She never entertained that absurd notion, which is too prevalent among young ladies,—that her education was completed when she left school. She felt then, that she had taken only the first step in the pursuit of knowledge, and saw before her with delight,—

> "The varied fields of science, ever new,
> Opening, and wider opening to the view,"—

and she went on, through life, with unwearied perseverance in the acquisition of valuable knowledge. Mathematics and mental philosophy were decidedly her favorite studies before she left school. In Mathematics she had pursued a very thorough course

through Trigonometry. In Mental Philosophy, she had studied with care the works of Stewart and Brown, and in the latter part of her life, Edwards on the Will, and some of the works of Coleridge. From the last mentioned author she thought she derived much more benefit than from either of the others. But her study of Mental Philosophy did not consist merely in collecting various opinions and theories from books. It was rather, deep and patient thought, enlivened occasionally by an animated discussion of difficult points with some intimate friend.

She had a good knowledge of Latin, and had read numerous authors in that language. Those who are best qualified to judge, spoke of her knowledge of Greek as being considerable. She had studied with great interest, a part of the works of Xenophon and Homer, one volume of Plato, and some parts of the New Testament. She read French with great ease. During the last few months of her life, she acquired some knowledge of German, and was greatly interested in and delighted with this language. She said, in a letter to a friend, written shortly after she commenced the study—"I do not know why it is, but the German words are completely fixed in my memory. Indeed there is something in the German that fastens itself upon the mind strangely."—

She occasionally had some doubts, in regard to the utility of her studies; and, once or twice, thought of giving them up partially or entirely.—

These scruples soon vanished. She thus writes to her friend:—"You will smile when I tell you that I have commenced studying again, with great zeal. I have discovered one thing at least, that is, that some hard study, every day, is absolutely necessary for my health; and while I study Phaedo and the Tusculan Questions, I think my conscience will not trouble me any more on that score. The more I read Plato and Cicero, the more I am convinced that I may study them with profit."

In another letter she writes, "I lately met with a sentiment, in a piece of Dana's, which I know will delight you; at least if you dwell upon it a moment or two, for its most obvious meaning is not the most striking. "Religion ought to be the home of our thoughts." Is it not beautiful? How like the sweet soothed feelings, which fill our hearts when we return to our homes, are those which steal upon us with the thoughts of the love and mercy of our Almighty Father. There is rest and peace for the weary mind, and balm and warmth for the chilled and wounded affections." It was but a few weeks after she wrote this, that she went to dwell forever among the invisible realities, that had long been the home of her thoughts.

"So should we live, that every hour
May die as dies the natural flower,—
A self-reviving thing of power;

That every thought and every deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future meed."

CHAPTER IV.

IMAGINATION.

"Not willingly in his presence would I behold the sun setting behind our mountains, or listen to a tale of distress or virtue; I should be ashamed of the quiet tear on my own cheek."—*Coleridge.*

The word Imagination has been perverted from its true signification and used in various others. In common parlance it stands for memory and for conception. For example: "I cannot imagine what you said to me yesterday," for, "I cannot remember."—"I have not seen my most intimate friend for a year, and cannot imagine how she looks," meaning, "I cannot conceive," &c. We say too, when we are lost in thought, that something occupies our imagination, when it is in fact, an act of reflection. Metaphysicians describe imagination, as that power of the mind which is exerted in the selection and formation of new combinations of ideas. When we summon at will any particular class of ideas, it is sometimes called Fancy. A *creative Imagination* must have the aid of Conception, Judgment, Abstraction, and *Taste.* It is the power that inspires the poet, the historical painter, and the landscape gardener. To enjoy and appreciate the efforts of their genius, we must possess no inconsiderable degree of imagination.

The poet may give to "airy nothings, a local habitation and a name," but if his reader has neither con-

ception nor imagination, they remain in his mind "things invisible."

The painter's delineation of passion, or of noble and virtuous sentiments brought into action, may strike the sight agreeably, but calls forth no throb of sympathy where there is no imagination. Neither will the beautiful wood, the velvet lawn, the limpid river with its sparkling cascade, the secluded hermitage, the more classic temple and grey ruin, when combined by the skill of the artist in imitation of *living* landscape, affect an ordinary mind, destitute of imagination, more than any other combination of earth, wood, and water.

> "A primrose on the river's brim,
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more."

But the absence or weakness of imagination affects not the taste alone; it may exert a potent influence upon the moral character.

Sensibility depends chiefly upon Imagination.

Observe the effect produced by the reading of Shakespeare's Lear, upon two young ladies of different character. Observe the quivering lip, the moistening eye, the trembling voice of one, while that master-spirit reveals Regan and Goneril's filial ingratitude and cruelty, and the faithful Cordelia's simple and tender affection. See the other turn a cold, dull eye of wonder upon her friend who is thus moved, or curl her lip in scorn at what she deems weakness or affectation.

Some of the *coldness and selfishness* existing in the world, have been traced by philosophy *to a want of Imagination.* She who steps over the low threshold of poverty, and takes her seat by the humble bed of sickness, without one gleam of imagination to reveal the deep and hidden miseries of the sufferer who lies there, cannot offer sympathy as true, as acceptable, as one whose imagination at once portrays all the gloomy accompaniments of poverty and woe, and by a natural transition makes herself the sufferer. The latter may smooth the pillow with a more trembling hand, and present the healing cup with less firmness; but the thrilling voice of kindness, and the beautiful glow of sympathetic tenderness, find their ready way to the sufferer's heart. In this case we suppose, of course, that sensibility is under the control of right reason. The one whose heart is thus softened, will make greater sacrifices of personal comfort and convenience than the less imaginative one, who, because she cannot conceive of suffering, and cannot, by any possibility, place herself in the same situation, remains unmoved and comparatively selfish. We are to suppose in this case, that they are both governed by principle, and that the desire to do good has brought them both to the home of poverty.

Imagination is a powerful incentive to virtue; it exalts the standard of excellence, enlarges the sphere of benevolent action, and vividly depicts the glories of a future state of reward. It thus gives

wings to that faith which is "the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen."

Who doubts that Howard, by his solitary fireside, often called up those pictures of misery, the grates, chains, and dungeons of incarcerated men, until he was led to minister to their wants and woes? Or, that the missionary has often portrayed the miseries of those 'who sit in darkness,' until he resolves to venture life itself, to bear to them the light of truth?—Or, that the servant and soldier of Christ, who has contemplated the character of St. Paul until he has formed a perfect conception of it, would be warmed in zeal and stimulated to action, by imagining Paul surrounded by his own duties and responsibilities?

Imagination often leads to trustfulness of disposition and *warmth of friendship.* The bright side of character presents itself, embellished with hues of the mind's creation. Virtues cluster around the loved, and transform them from the weakness and sinfulness of human nature, to perfection. A distinguished female writer of our own times says, "I never met in real life, nor ever read in tale or history, of any woman, distinguished for intellect of the highest order, who was not also remarkable for this *trustingness* of *spirit*, this hopefulness and cheerfulness of temper, which is compatible with the most serious habits of thought, and the most profound sensibility."

But we are compelled to acknowledge, that the noble power of imagination is often uncontrolled by reason, especially in the female mind.

An ill-regulated imagination may produce too great exhiliration and too ardent expectations, or morbid sensibility, and causeless melancholy.

If all objects are to you *couleur de rose*, it seems cruel to rob them of this fascinating charm. Yet the sober coloring of truth, best suits the mental eye; it is like the refreshing green in which nature has clothed her fields and groves,—it does not "dazzle to blind;" but a too vivid imagination, like the aurora borealis, throws upon all objects its beautiful but unnatural hue. You imagine yourself a heroine and exult in your air-built castles: how can you descend to the homely realities of life? You picture a "sweet little isle of your own," with all the means and appliances for happiness: how will this world of sober reality disgust you!

But perhaps you have already met with disappointment, and are sinking into a state of sickly sentimentalism. You sit at your window by moonlight and sigh to the echoing breeze: you scribble a dolorous ode to her pale ladyship, complaining of the fickleness of friendship, the unsympathizing world, and the heart's loneliness.—Your pillow is nightly bedewed with tears, but for what, or for whom, it is impossible to tell. Your griefs flow from the wild and disjointed views of your situation, furnished by an ill-regulated imagination,—combinations of circumstances, such as never did, and never will come within your own experience. Zimmerman tells us, that "the *learned* Molanus, having during a course of many years, detached his

mind from all objects of sense, neglected all seasonable and salutary devotion, and giving an uncontrolled license to the imagination, fancied, in the latter part of his life, that he was a barley-corn; and although he received his friends with great courtesy and politeness, and conversed upon subjects both of science and devotion with great ease and ingenuity, he could never afterwards be persuaded to stir from home, lest, as he expressed his apprehension, he should be picked up in the streets and swallowed by a fowl." This author adds, "the female mind is still more subject to these delusions of disorded fancy; for, as their feelings are more exquisite, and their *imaginations more active* than those of the other sex, solitude, when carried to excess, affects them in a much greater degree." Beware, "gentle reader;" you are not much in danger of imagining yourself a barley-corn, but you may think yourself a heroine, and be picked up by some fool whom you fancy a hero. Pardon me; you will smile at your own follies, when sobered by coming years and the rough realities of life. To prevent imagination from leading you far from duty and happiness—

1. Enquire earnestly what are the object and end of your existence. You will find they are too serious and momentous to allow you to dream away any part of life. A brief probation, involving the interests of eternity, demands all your energies.

2. Learn your true condition in life, and enter actively into its duties. Regular employment will give

you a healthy tone of mind, as well as invigorate the body. Early rising, and laborious occupation, are admirable correctives to a disordered fancy.

3. Endeavor to relieve or to alleviate the sufferings that come within your reach. Instead of wasting your feelings upon fictitious sorrow, seek out that which is real, and be zealous in the ministry of consolation.

4. Read books of sound reasoning, or sober fact; abjure novels, and deny yourself, for a time, the luxury of poetry of a sentimental character.

5. Cultivate and learn to value, the society of people of practical plain sense; they will teach you the folly of romantic expectations; by contrasting their cheerful contentment with a humble lot, with your own wild reachings after ideal happiness, you may learn to extract comfort from your condition. The imagination and sensibility that are elementary constituents of poetical genius, often bring misery to their gifted possessor. Common-sense is needed as a balance-wheel. But there may be those who have been so closely fastened down to matters of fact, that imagination has been entirely repressed. There is, however, little danger in youth of clipping too closely the wings of fancy.—Carefully cultivate Attention, Conception, Judgment, Abstraction,—and Imagination will usually take care of itself. Still it is possible, that either from education or from temperament, there may be but little Imagination. If so, endeavor to soar a little in fancy-land. Read the Merchant of

Venice. It is very far from being one of Shakspeare's most imaginative plays, and is on that very account better to begin with. Read it thrice.—First, for the story,—then for the characters, especially that of Portia. Mrs. Jameson's splendid development of this character in her "Characteristics of Woman," will assist you to understand and appreciate it. Lastly, read it again for the poetry profusely scattered over it, and commit to memory some of the finest passages. Then read the Tempest; these will but introduce you into the vestibule, and prepare you for the glories of the inner temple;—the thrilling splendor of Macbeth, the deep pathos of Lear, and the all-searching philosophy of Hamlet. Milton's Comus you *must* admire; who can help it? and L'Allegro, and Il Penseroso, and after a time, the Paradise Lost. You may think yourself happy if you have been denied the perusal of the Waverly Novels until your judgment is matured, for now you can read them for their perfect delineations of human character. When read too early, they are very imperfectly understood. Joanna Baillie's splendid tragedies cannot fail to give pleasure to a cultivated mind, to improve the taste, and correct the imagination.

It would have been deemed unnecessary to say any thing here of books that pollute the imagination, did they not abound in the land, and every where open their resplendently decorated pages to beguile and betray. No lady wishes to have her mind filled with impure thoughts; she should, therefore, avoid many

publications that are freely spoken of, even among those whose delicacy is deemed unquestionable. Never read a book without having first ascertained its character from some friend; and never peruse *one* that you would not read aloud to your father or brother.

A pure imagination is a pearl of great price, dim not its lustre, sully not its purity. How holy should be that inner sanctuary of the soul, where none but God may enter.

CHAPTER V.

JUDGMENT.

> "A traveler betwixt life and death;
> The reason firm, the temperate will,
> Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill."—*Wordsworth.*

It is not our intention to enter into metaphysical discussion, or to decide upon the proper use of terms. Reason, or judgment, we wish to treat of practically, and we use the latter word in preference to the former, trusting that it will be perfectly understood.

It is a reproach often cast upon our sex, that we are either naturally deficient in the reasoning faculty, or that it is so little cultivated in education as to remain very feeble. Is it so? "We hope better things of you." Woman, in being raised to the true dignity of her station by Christianity, has also been exalted to her rank as an intellectual being. Her "dark age" has long since passed away, and there are no Inquisitions where you will be tried for witchcraft, though there are still some, where, if you are "learned, wise, judicious," you may be pronounced a decided *blue* and a decided bore. But what says the learned, the elegant Story? "These things have, *in a great measure*, passed away. The prejudices that dishonored the sex, have yielded to the influence of truth. By slow but sure advances, education has extended itself to all ranks of female society. There

is no longer any dread that the culture of science should foster that masculine boldness or restless independence, which alarms by its sallies, or wounds by its inconsistencies. We have seen that here, as every where else, knowledge is favorable to human virtue and human happiness; that the refinement of literature adds luster to the devotion of piety; that true learning, like true taste, is modest and unostentatious; that grace of manners receives a higher polish from the discipline of the schools; that cultivated genius sheds a cheering light over domestic duties, and its very sparkles, like those of the diamond, attest at once its power and its purity. There is not a rank of society, however high, which does not pay homage to literature, or that would not blush even at the suspicion of that ignorance, which half a century ago was neither uncommon nor discreditable. There is not a parent, whose pride may not glow at the thought, that his daughter's happiness is, in a great measure, within her own command, whether she keeps the cool, sequestered vale of life, or visits the busy walks of fashion."

Your taste, your imagination, may be exquisite, my young friends; but the objects upon which they are to be exercised are few, compared with those that will call for judgment. It is as important in the management of the domestic machinery, of which woman is the main-spring, as in the management of a state or army. "The reason firm," is the efficient cause of "the temperate will," ever ready to yield

where obedience is due; "foresight" to avoid the rocks and quicksands that hide themselves from the unwary; "the strength" that lies in religious principle and self-respect, and "the skill" which extracts from life its balm, and renders woman indeed "a ministering angel."

You may think that your situation, under parental watchfulness, precludes the necessity for the exertion of much judgment. You may ever continue under the authority of another, but that need not prevent you from possessing independence of opinion, resulting from the clear conviction of a reasoning mind,—from fixedness of purpose, originating in the same source,—and moral courage, that sure test of a strong mind.

1. Bring your accomplishments and employments under a strict scrutiny. Are they such as to strengthen the judgment from day to day? Does the morning find you reasoning upon the best disposal of time, and the evening lead you to a close survey of the manner in which it has been spent?

2. Some directions have already been anticipated in the chapter on Imagination, especially with regard to reading. Your mind will be invigorated by the perusal and re-perusal of Wayland's Moral Philosophy, and Butler's Analogy. A few good books, faithfully perused, will strengthen the judgment more than a cursory glance at a whole library.

3. Do not think it a mark of judgment to despise the appropriate duties of woman. The pursuits of

your school-days may have given you habits of study incompatible with the present demands upon your time. The true excellence of your education will now be tested. If you can practice *cheerful self-denial*, in yielding up for a time your own taste and pleasures, and learning with readiness many things in domestic economy as useful, but less agreeable than your former pursuits, you have acquired something of the art of self-government. In amusing your younger brothers and sisters you may exercise judgment as well as good-nature. Good sense may be shown about trifles, and not wasted upon them either. Dr. Johnson used to say of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, "that she could make a pudding as well as translate Epictetus from the Greek, and work a handkerchief as well as compose a poem."

4. Read Mason on Self-Knowledge, and write out the divisions in a little note-book. Try yourself by that standard, and mark every thing in which you find yourself deficient. It will be a good moral, as well as intellectual exercise.

5. Endeavor to think consecutively and clearly on every subject. That hastiness and impatience of mind which results from a lively and sanguine temperament, must be carefully guarded against, as well as that indolence which perpetually haunts a quiet and easy disposition. Neither of these will sift the motives of conduct, reason from facts to principles, or enter into a minute investigation of cause and effects.

6. Examine whether you perfectly understand all the words which you employ in conversation and in writing; whether you have full, clear, distinct, and accurate ideas on the subjects with which you are most familiar. It is wonderful how we skim over the surface,—just dipping here and there, without ever going down to bring up the pearls that lie in deep water. This is in consequence of a want of due cultivation of the conceptive faculty in early education. This has not been dwelt upon at length here, as it belongs more properly to an earlier period. It was the duty of those who had the charge of the early development of your mind, to know whether you had *clear* conceptions; perhaps they neglected it;—if so, you have serious obstacles to encounter; the first step now is, to ascertain the fact; the next, to remedy it as far as lies in your power. Whenever you discover that you do not perfectly understand any thing, be diligent and patient in inquiry, until the idea is perfect in your mind. By the application of concentrated thought, many ideas that have been but floating vague shadows, will assume fixed and definite form.

"Experience should effect changes; must, with all rational beings, produce innovations: they are the result of its lessons. It should implant enlarged charity where bigotry lurked before; should exchange presumption for humility, rashness for caution, *precipitance* for *habits of investigation*, *passion* for *reason*."

CHAPTER VI.

HISTORY.

> "And he, whose heart is weary of the strife
> Of meaner spirits, and whose mental gaze
> Would shun the dull, cold littleness of life,
> Awhile to dwell amidst sublimer days,
> Must turn to thee."—*Mrs. Hemans.*

History is the scroll of time,—the mighty record of the transactions of man, in all ages and climes. It tells of the foundations of empires,—their progress from the first outlines marked out by the ploughshare, to that exalted pitch of grandeur which calls forth wonder and admiration. It shews what constituted their true glory and happiness, and the causes of their decline and fall.

History makes us acquainted with the great and good of all nations, and the great and bad, for—

> "Les grands crimes immortalisent
> Ainsi que les grandes vertus;"

thus stimulating, by example, to virtue, and warning against crime.

The laws, genius, customs, manners of mankind, history reveals,—furnishing to all coming ages the principles of government and the maxims of civil society.

From history we acquire a knowledge of the progress of the arts, science, and literature of every

age and country, from the first rude hut of the savage, to the glorious Parthenon; from the first idea of numbers, to Newton's Principia; from the rude minstrel's strain, to Milton's Paradise Lost.

History proclaims the power, the wisdom, and the justice of the Almighty, and proves that he who created, still controls this world as its Sovereign Lord.

History may be read for amusement. Facts are always agreeable to the human mind; "if any moral feeling be instinctive, it is respect for truth." The little works of fiction, which too often constitute the first intellectual food, would lose half their value with children, if they suspected they were not true. Let it not be supposed that we would on this account prohibit all works of fiction at this early age. They often inculcate lessons of wisdom, and furnish bright examples of moral excellence, which may be of lasting benefit; they sometimes afford to those of riper years, that knowledge of refined and elegant society, that cannot be gained in any other way. But tales and romances often induce a disrelish for history. To the reflecting and philosophic mind it furnishes a rich fund of intellectual enjoyment.

The study of history strengthens the judgment. The observation and experience of every individual must be limited; we see only minute parts of the great whole, even when interesting events pass before our own eyes. "The immortal hero of three revolutions," although an actor in soul-stirring events, that would

fill many folios, could not relate from his own experience what history will unfold to future ages. The collected testimony of many witnesses must make up the whole train of causes, with their results. The impression made upon the mind by passing events is more vivid, but the knowledge we derive from authentic history is more correct; because, seeing them at a distance, we have neither the partiality of an actor, nor the prejudices of an eye-witness. The close study of character, and this investigation into causes and effects, increases discrimination and invigorates the judgment.

The knowledge that we gain from history is various and important. But, in order to make the knowledge thus acquired of any real value, it must be made the subject of mature reflection. We should have a specific object in view in reading a particular history,—name this object, or subject, and make it a leading one. For example:

The causes that have advanced *religious* liberty.

The progress of *civil* liberty.

The influence of *laws* and *government* upon national character.

The gradual improvement in the *useful arts.*

The progress of the *fine arts.*

The evils of *war.*

The influence of *literature* upon the character of the age, and, *vice versa.*

The misery occasioned by daring and sinful *ambition.*

The influence of *Christianity* upon national prosperity.

The influence of *women.*

All these subjects may come under cognizance in reading the history of a single period; but to give clearness and precision to our ideas, and to methodize what we read, a leading subject may thus be taken, and after finishing a book, an abstract of all the knowledge gained on this particular subject, may be written in your mnemonica, in its proper place. This will serve as a chain to bind the whole together.

Geography, ancient and modern, it is presumed has been sufficiently studied at school; yet maps should be always used in reading history.

Some remarkable eras should be chosen, and imprinted in memory, as land-marks in chronology. The intervening events may be placed in their order, and thus save the memory from being burdened. For example.

	B. C.
The creation of the world,	4004
The deluge,	2348
Astronomical observations begun at Babylon,	2234
The Chaldean monarchy founded,	2221
The kingdom of Egypt commences,	2188
Abraham born,	1996
Joseph sold into Egypt,	1728
Sparta built,	1718
Cecrops settles in Attica,	1582
Moses born,	1571

Athens founded,	1556
Tyre built,	1252
The Trojan war begins,	1174
Solomon begins to build the temple,	1012
Lycurgus, the Spartan lawgiver, born,	926
Rome founded,	753
Death of Isaiah, the prophet,	696
Cyrus conquers and terminates the kingdom of Babylon,	538
Xerxes begins his expedition against Greece,	481
Malachi, the last of the prophets,	436
Socrates, the Grecian philosopher, flourished,	429
Philip of Macedon defeats the Greeks at Cheronea,	338
Alexander the Great dies,	323
Silver first coined at Rome,	269
Hannibal passes the Alps,	218
Carthage destroyed,	146
Julius Cæsar born,	100
Cæsar killed in the senate house,	44
Antony and Cleopatra's death,	30
Rome at the meridian of its glory, under Augustus Cæsar,	19
The birth of our Savior, Jesus Christ, four years before the common era, termed	*Anno Domini.*

If these dates are not numerous enough, a larger selection might be made; these, surely can be perfectly committed to memory. Sacred and profane history are here mingled as they should be; the

events recorded in the Bible are too apt to be disconnected in the mind from all others,—to stand apart, as if they belonged to some other world.

A Chronological table of the same kind should be made out for modern history. It is better for each one to select the events for yourselves, and their number will depend upon the confidence which you have in your own memory.

The general outlines of history being thus fixed, immovably, separate portions may be read and referred to in their chronological order, without difficulty.

Sacred history seems so familiar to the mind, that it is scarcely possible to conceive how ignorant most young ladies really are, of every thing in it but a few leading characters. It should be taken up now, and read with the same attention that you would bestow upon a new study. Read it for the sake of fully appreciating its valuable treasures. Take separate portions for perusal; for example, the reign of David. Learn every thing relative to the laws, conquests, mode of warfare, government, manners, arts, literature, customs, music, poetry, religion, of that memorable reign. Compare the condition of the Israelites with other nations at that period; compare it with their condition under the Judges. See if David, the "monarch minstrel," the warrior, the generous friend, the noble foe, will not bear a comparison with the brightest heroes of profane history. Read the wonderful reign of Solomon, and other portions in the

same manner. A rich fund of historical truth may thus be collected from the Old Testament.

It is presumed that young ladies become familiar at school, with general history, ancient and modern, and they will now fill up the grand outlines as they have time and opportunity.

The history of our own country should be well understood. This is too often neglected. The wonderful achievements of "Macedonia's madman, and the Swede," the pomp of eastern magnificence, the splendor of thrones and coronets, have dazzled the imagination, until the plain rational history of our own country seems tame and insipid. Its simplicity and moral beauty are not appreciated; as the eye, long accustomed to glaciers, cataracts, and precipices, looks with indifference upon the mild beauty of a rich cultivated landscape.

In the best times of the Roman republic, an intimate acquaintance with the history of their own country was deemed requisite for all who expected to occupy elevated stations, or to administer public affairs; but in later times and more degenerate days, it was said, that "they did not begin to read the history of their country, till they were elevated to the highest offices of the state; they first obtained the employment, and then bethought themselves of the qualifications necessary for the proper discharge of it." May this disgraceful reproach never be deserved by the young men of our country! May their sisters set them a noble example, by making the

deeds and characters of the heroes of our father-land, as familiar as household words.

The history of the United States of America presents to the Christian and the philanthropist, heart-stirring events, that need no false coloring to give them a thrilling interest. Specimens of moral excellence, equal to any the world has ever produced, adorn its annals, and the benign light of liberty and religion encircle it with a mild halo of glory.

The French introduced that kind of historical writing, which they termed Memoirs.—For example; Sully's Memoirs of the reign of Henry IV. Numerous works of the same kind have appeared in English. Roscoe's Lorenzo de Medeci, and Leo X; Watson's Philip II and III; Miss Aikin's Courts of Elizabeth and James; Scott's Napoleon; Irving's Columbus; Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella, and others, affording agreeable and profitable reading.

Political Economy is so much the fashion of the day, that every well educated young lady is expected to give some attention to this popular study. "Smith's Wealth of Nations," is an old fashioned book, said to contain many errors; but formerly it was the authorized text-book on this science. Among the many writers of the present time, Professor Wayland holds a distinguished place.

CHAPTER VII.

NATURAL SCIENCE.

"Such pleasures are pure and refined; they are congenial to the character of a rational being; they are more permanent than sensitive enjoyments; they afford solace in the hours of retirement from the bustle of business, and consolation amid the calamities and afflictions to which humanity is exposed."—*Dick.*

Natural Science opens a wide field for study and recreation. The book of nature and the book of revelation, written by the same unerring finger, are in perfect and beautiful harmony, demonstrating the wisdom and goodness of the Almighty Creator.

Botany is a favorite science, and a very pleasant one for young ladies. The care of flowers, is represented by Milton, as not unworthy of Eve in her state of perfect innocence and bliss;—he describes her,

> "Veiled in a cloud of fragrance—
> ——— oft stooping to support
> Each flower of tender stalk, whose head, though gay
> Carnation, purple, azure, or speck'd with gold,
> Hung drooping unsustained; them she upstays
> Gently with myrtle band, mindless the while
> Herself, though fairest unsupported flower,
> From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh."

The nomenclature of this science is rather difficult to learn; but that obstacle once overcome, all the rest is delightful. Among American Botanists, are Torrey, Tully, Eaton, Ives, and a host of others, worthy to be known to every lover of the science.

Mineralogy and Geology will prove sources of high enjoyment to the lover of nature. The knowledge of these sciences is usually communicated through the medium of popular lectures. Who can recall the eloquent and intensely interesting lectures on Geology, by Professor Silliman, of Yale College, without gratitude for the high enjoyment and the valuable information they communicated. The specimens necessary to illustrate these sciences are seldom within reach of the retired reader; lectures, however, should not be deemed sufficient; they should be followed by a course of reading and observation.

Chemistry must be acquired in the same way, for the sake of the experiments, &c.; but it is wrong to give up entirely the study, the moment the impression of these splendid experiments has passed away. Many valuable hints in domestic economy have been given, which should be treasured up for future use; the "manipulations" of a housekeeper will test their value.

Conchology and Entomology, will furnish rational recreation, which may save you from hours of ennui, or redeem your time from gossip and folly.

Astronomy is a science, whose sublimity exalts the mind, and whose variety gives infinite scope to the imagination. Its amazing truths reveal the power and wisdom of the Almighty Creator, and give us a faint glimpse of the magnificence of that light, unapproachable, where dwells the King eternal, immutable and full of glory.

CHAPTER VIII.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

"I have been four days confined to my chamber by a cold, which has already kept me from three plays, nine sales, five shows, and six card tables, and put me seventeen visits behind hand; and the doctor tells my mamma, that if I fret and cry, it will settle in my head, and I shall not be fit to be seen these six weeks."—*Rambler.*

A taste for reading is indeed a never failing source of enjoyment. How many vacant hours of life would pass heavily away, were it not for the companionship of books! During a course of school-education, very little time can be devoted to miscellaneous reading. Many are the illustrious names stored up in memory, whose more intimate acquaintance is now to be sought. The long wished period has arrived; but is it a season of leisure? Let the young lady who is *out* in society, answer. Innumerable are the demands upon her time; like the belle quoted at the beginning of the chapter, she might say, "If at any time I can gain an hour by not being at home, I have so many things to do, so many alterations to make in my clothes, (*the sleeves especially,*) so many visitant's names to read over, so many invitations to accept or refuse, so many cards to write, so many fashions to consider, that I am lost in confusion. When shall I either stop my course, or so change it as to want a book?" If all young ladies had thus given themselves over to friv-

olity, we might write in vain. Some there are, we trust, who find time for the improvement of mind.

"The world has people of all sorts," says Locke; literature has books of all sorts, and how shall one know, among the infinite variety, what to choose, or where to begin?

The best writers in the English language should be known to every well educated young lady. She will not, of course, be able to read but a small portion of what they have written, yet she may by so doing become familiar with their style and sentiments; she may at least save herself from the blunders and perplexities into which she will inevitably fall, if ignorant of English classic literature. It happened in the course of a little play, called Characters, one evening, among some young people, the name of Pope was given. A very fashionably-educated young lady whispered to her next neighbor; "Pray tell me who they mean;—*the pope?*" "No; A. Pope." "Why which Pope,—there have been *thousands?*" "Not a Roman pontiff, our English Pope, the poet." "Never heard of such a man in my life, is he now living?"

Some of the oldest English poets are now almost unintelligible from their quaint phraseology and obselete words. Chaucer and Surrey have been modernized; but there is little before the Augustan age of English literature, that affords much pleasure to the reader. In 1558, Elizabeth succeeded to the throne of Great Britain. In this reign, says Campbell, "the English *mind* put forth its energies in every direction,

exalted by a purer religion, and enlarged by new views of truth. This was an age of loyalty, adventure, and generous emulation. The chivalrous character was softened by intellectual pursuits, while the genius of chivalry itself still lingered, as if unwilling to depart, and paid his last homage to a warlike and female reign. A degree of romantic fancy remained in the manners and superstitions of the people; and allegory might be said to parade the streets in their public pageants and festivals. Quaint and pedantic as those allegorical exhibitions might often be, they were nevertheless more expressive of erudition, ingenuity, and moral meaning, than they had been in former times.

The philosophy of the highest minds still partook of a visionary character. A poetical spirit infused itself into the practical heroism of the age; and some of the worthies of that period seem less like ordinary men, than beings called forth out of fiction, and arrayed in the brightness of her dreams. They had high thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy. The life of Sir Philip Sydney was poetry put into action."

That illustrious age furnished a constellation of genius, that will be conspicuous and brilliant in the hemisphere of literature to the end of time. Spenser, Sir Philip Sydney, Sir Walter Raleigh, Shakspeare, Bacon. The last named was born in the reign of Elizabeth, as we may remember from his ready reply when the queen asked him his age: "Just two years younger than your majesty's happy reign."

Edmund Spenser, the first in point of time in this reign, immortalized himself by his *Faery Queen.* It is an elaborate allegorical poem, of which only six of the original twelve books remain; the others are said to have been trusted to the care of a servant, who lost them on his passage from Ireland to England. The adventures of a knight personifying a particular virtue, as Courtesy, Holiness &c., occupy each book. Such a host of sentiments and ideas, also personified, attend the knight, that, although we acknowledge the unparalleled niceness and beauty of his fancy, the profusion bewilders. Queens, fairies, knights, dwarfs, giants, acknowledge the enchanter's spell, and rise in gorgeous arms and apparel, at the touch of his wand. Mountain and woodland, "plants both humble and tall," cottage and castle, fresh flowerets and "moldy moss," "heaped snow," and lovely lake, all glide before the mind, like a moving panorama. Such exuberance of fancy belonged to that poet who has been called "the inspirer of Milton,"—less chaste and refined, than his successor, but glowing with the fire of genius. Spenser was the friend of Sydney and Raleigh.

Sir Philip Sydney was the author of an incomplete romance, called Arcadia, which is now nearly obsolete. He was more distinguished for his conversation and his elegant manners, his bravery and noble heart, than for his writings, though they have been said to possess, "fervor of eloquence," and "purity of thought."

Sir Walter Raleigh is associated in our minds with the colonization of Virginia, and is better known as an accomplished courtier and an unfortunate one, than as a poet. During his long confinement in the Tower, he wrote many fugitive poems, and a prose work, entitled a "History of the World," which is now nearly forgotten.

Francis Bacon, Lord Chancellor of England, wrote upon law, history, the advancement of learning, and many other subjects. He established human knowledge upon a new and firm basis, facts, tested by experiment. His prose partakes of the figurative style of the age, though always clear and precise. A volume of Essays which, to use his own words, "come home to men's business and bosoms," retains its place as a popular book in almost every library.

Shakspeare! for how many thousand volumes has this immortal name served as a text! "An overstrained enthusiasm, it has been said, is more pardonable than the want of it; for our admiration cannot easily surpass his genius." It was reserved for the German critic, Schlegel, to give the best criticism upon the plays of Shakspeare, that has appeared. Mrs. Jameson has thrown a new and brilliant light upon his heroines.

"Never, perhaps, was there so comprehensive a talent for the delineation of character, as Shakspeare's. It not only grasps the diversities of rank, sex, and age, down to the dawnings of infancy; not only do the king and the beggar, the hero and the pickpocket,

the sage and the idiot, speak and act with equal truth, but it opens the gates of the magical world of spirits; calls up the midnight ghost; exhibits before us his witches amidst their unhallowed mysteries; peoples the air with sportive fairies and sylphs. We are lost in astonishment at seeing the extraordinary, the wonderful, and the unheard of, in such intimate nearness."

"He gives a living picture of all the most minute and secret artifices by which a feeling steals into our souls; of all the imperceptible advantages which it there gains; of all the stratagems by which every other passion is made subservient to it, till it becomes the sole tyrant of our desires and our aversions. He has never varnished over wild and blood-thirsty passions with a pleasing exterior,—never clothed crime and want of principle with a false show of greatness of soul."

The next name of note in English literature is Ben Jonson. His plays are very far inferior to Shakspeare's, and his miscellaneous poems are now little known; a few specimens will continue to hold their places in collections of English poetry.

Jeremy Taylor may be considered as having added much to the literature of his country. He was born about the year 1600, and on the accession of Charles II, was promoted to a bishopric. His "Holy Living," "Holy Dying," and many of his sermons, still hold their place as favorites with the intelligent and serious.

His works possess much originality, brilliant imagery, and all the vivid and glowing conceptions of poetry.

Like Sirius among the ever-during gems of night, shines the next name in England's coronet of genius. A critic, analyzing the character of Milton, says, "He has sublimity in the highest degree; beauty in an equal degree; pathos next to the highest; perfect character in the conception of Satan, Adam, and Eve; fancy, learning, vividness of description, stateliness, decorum. His style is elaborate and powerful, and his versification, with occasional harshness and affectation, superior in harmony and variety to all other blank verse; it has the effect of a piece of fine music."

Next to Milton, in time, comes Dryden. His "Alexander's Feast" is still read as a lesson in elocution; but, generally, his works contain glaring defects, that render them unsuitable for young ladies. A poet of a later day has thus characterized Milton and Dryden.—

"He, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of ecstacy,
The secrets of th' abyss to spy.
He passed the flaming bounds of space and time;
The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where angels tremble, while they gaze;
He saw, but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder clothed, and long resounding pace.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed Fancy hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

Sir William Temple, Locke, Stillingfleet, and Tillotson, are among the elegant prose writers of this period.

The old English writers, prose and verse, have been called from their retreats and presented to modern eyes, adorned with all the graces of elegant typography and splendid binding. No excuse can now be found for ignorance. Many names of lesser note appear, mingled with those of the first order, whose works will gratify curiosity and give pleasure.

Another luminous period in English literature is adorned with the names of Pope, Addison, Steele, Swift, and a host of secondaries,—poets, philosophers, and statesmen, distinguished for genius, and still more for elegance of style. At this time the English language appears to have received its most perfect polish. Wanting in the strength and spirit that characterized a former period, it was now adorned with all the grace and beauty of which it is, perhaps, susceptible.

Then follow, Thomson, Collins, Shenstone, Akenside, Gray, Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Burke, &c., &c., differing as "one star differs from another in glory," shedding a benign influence on every succeeding age.

Since the American revolution, our literature may be included with that of England and Scotland, for the latter country has contributed largely to the general stock. The present century thus far has been a lustrous period, and will doubtless in subsequent times be called another golden age in literature, another era of invention.

CHAPTER IX.

COMPOSITION.

"Books, paper, pencil, pen, and slate,
And column'd scrolls of ancient date,
Before her lie, on which she looks
With searching glance, and gladly brooks
An irksome task."—*Joanna Baillie.*

A labored defense of woman's rights might do for the meridian of Constantinople. All the rights which she ought to claim, are allowed in this blessed country. The only danger now is, that she may overstep the bounds which modesty and delicacy prescribe, and come forward upon that arena of strife which ought to belong exclusivly to man. All such encroachments should be frowned upon by an enlightened community, for "they foster that masculine boldness or restless independence, which alarms by its sallies or wounds by its inconsistencies." The bold and fearless spirit with which men enter public discussion and controversy, well becomes them, but should excite our admiration without provoking to emulation. The paths that are open to us are many, but they lie along "the cool sequestered vale." Such are the vicissitudes of life, that we need all the resources which can be accumulated. Few of you, my friends, probably either expect or wish to become authoresses; but you all wish to enjoy the pleasures of literature, and will not deny the utility of being able

to write a perspicuous and pleasing style. Were it only for the sake of those "winged messengers of love" despatched to absent friends, you need an agreeable vehicle of thought. Letters should never be carelessly written; the style may be easy and graceful, and at the same time show that care and attention which is a mark of respect to the person addressed. Even the folding and superscription of a letter tells something of the character of the writer, and the deference she deems due to her correspondents. In early life we are not aware what insight these trifles give to the character and feelings, to those who have knowledge and experience. Far be it from you to cultivate the exterior graces alone; the respect and regard should be felt, of course, and a careful expression of it should be exhibited. A letter ought to be written in legible, neat, and if possible, elegant, handwriting; not that delicate cobweb scribble, which costs more to read than it is generally worth. When a letter is franked, or sent by a private conveyance, it should be folded in an envelope, as neatly as possible. Fashion regulates the mode of sealing; sometimes a single wafer is deemed almost an insult; the fastidious Chesterfield thought it so; at other times it is preferred, by those who are tired of the sickly sentimentality of mottos. Sufficient attention should be paid, even to this seeming trifle, to know what is the custom of the day, and to follow it.

Many fine examples of epistolary style are to be found in the English language. Miss More could lay aside her elaborate style, and all the pomp of diction which she could use on occasion, for the simple playful language of confiding friendship. Some of her letters are delightful, and many of her learned correspondents have given fine specimens of easy, sprightly, and graceful letters. Charles Lamb's letters, for vivacity, warmth, and colloquial simplicity, are unrivaled. Sir Walter Scott's letters to Miss Baillie, and many others, are charming, though they deal less than we could wish in the domestic details which he could render so amusing. Cowper, and his friend the Rev. John Newton's letters have been universally admired. There is in Washington's epistolary writing, not only the dignified simplicity that we should of course expect, but a pleasing, easy style. The letters of Franklin are so characteristic of the man as to be very amusing. They are written in the concise and spirited style of his other writings, and ornamented with occasional flashes of wit and humor. Modern memoirs furnish many excellent examples of this kind of composition; so many, indeed, that it would be impossible here to name them. None of them should be imitated, however, as models; a letter, to be agreeable, should be individual; that is, it should show exactly the author.

In some seminaries for young ladies, it is customary to insist upon their writing *poetry* for a school exercise. Oh, the intolerable burden of counting out lines

upon the fingers, and making them match to words from the rhyming dictionary! Doubtless, facility in versification may be thus acquired by long practice, where there is no natural ear for the harmony of numbers. The altar is built, the wood is laid, but where is the fire, and where the burnt-offering? Sentimental scribblers, puffed up with self-conceit, they are in danger of becoming; and it is difficult to conceive of any advantage to be derived from forcing, or, endeavoring to create, a talent which has not been bestowed by the Almighty Author of our being.

But should young ladies never write poetry? If they are *poeta nascitur, non fit*, they will write "by stealth and blush to find it fame,"—not because it is wrong,—but true genius, and true sensibility, are ever accompanied by modesty and a high standard of excellence. There is little danger to be apprehended from repressing the early exhibition of poetical talent; if it really exist it will in time manifest itself; let education be judiciously conducted and the mind well disciplined, and it will not extinguish the fire of genius, but (to use a homely comparison) find it fuel to act upon.

Exercises in prose composition, that are often much disliked at school, are of acknowleded utility, and should not now be discontinued. Bacon says, "he seeth how they (his thoughts) look, when turned into words." We seldom know whether we have thoughts on any particular subject or not, until we endeavor to express them, and if we have, the expression gives to

them more clearness and precision. Often when some idea seems beautiful as it floats vaguely in the mind, it is painful to find how all the beauty vanishes when it is 'formed into words;' as the lovely vision of the painter's fancy, often resists all his attempts to fix it upon canvass. The conception was imperfect, and this could be demonstrated as the most frequent cause of failure in composition.

Coleridge somewhere says, or it may be in one of his translations from Schiller,

> "There exist
> Few fit to rule themselves, but few that use
> Their intellects intelligently."

Many, perhaps, who feel that they are made for something better than mere ephemera, nevertheless suppress the noble aspirings of their nature, and strive to be like the fluttering myriads around them. Unworthy effort! you may for a time tame down your mind to dull mediocrity; but have you thus gained the good will of those for whom you sacrifice so much? No; they, even they, would despise you for trampling under foot the glorious riches of genius. You may be unfavorably situated for the cultivation of mind, for it is "not possible for the best minds to attain their full development but amid an atmosphere highly charged with the electricity of thought," yet, to the Giver, you are accountable for *all* his gifts, and your means are proportioned to your responsibilities.

But although every one is thus bound to use the talents that God has given, none need covet the possession of genius; well might the sainted Hemans exclaim,

> "A mournful gift is mine O friends!
> A mournful gift is mine."

Something might here be said of the importance of the study of grammar and philology. They fill so conspicuous a place in the modern system of school education, that it may be deemed unnecessary to recommend them for farther attention. The philosophy of language is seldom understood by the young, and you would doubtless derive much advantage from a thorough examination of this subject. Horne Tooke's Diversions of Purley, afford amusement and profound knowledge on this subject; Campbell's Rhetoric, is not generally employed as a class book, and should by all means be attentively read, as should also Alison on Taste, and Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful.

CHAPTER X.

MODERN LANGUAGES.

"Frenche she spake ful faire and fetisely
After the school of Stratford at Bowe,
For Frenche of Paris was to her unknowe."—*Chaucer.*

When female education is conducted in a very liberal manner, young ladies acquire a knowledge of Latin, and occasionally of Greek. A good knowledge of Latin furnishes so excellent a foundation for modern languages, that you may deem it a valuable possession. The French being a language so universally spoken, has long been considered indispensable to a young lady's education; from the imperfect way in which it is usually acquired, as a spoken language, it can be of little use. In most cases, the difficulty of gaining a correct pronunciation and accent is so great, that it is not advisable to make the attempt, unless more favorably situated than is common. To be able to read and write it well, is much better than the useless smattering which many possess. If the foundation has been well laid at school, you can continue to perfect yourself in the language, without the aid of a teacher. You have already become familiar with the amiable Madame Cottin and Madame de Genlis, and can now perhaps enjoy Moliere, Racine, Corneille, and Madame de Stael. In cultivating a knowledge of this language, however, beware of becoming too fa-

miliar with modern French literature. Better to be ignorant of it entirely, than to learn it from the debasing, corrupting pages of French ficticious writing. Among modern authors, Mesdames Guizot, De Saussure and Necker, the poet Beranger, and some others, furnish unexceptional reading; but be careful to learn their character before you venture upon French books.

The Italian is easily acquired after the French. The sweet strains of Tasso and the sublime visions of Danté and Ariosto, cannot be perfectly transfused into another language. Modern Italy can boast of much that is interesting in elegant literature, besides the splendid Alfieri, and the well known letters of Ganganelli. Silvio Pellico, whose long and cruel confinement at Spielberg has been made known to the world by that most interesting book, "Mia Prigione," which has been translated into many languages, has written pure classical drama, which may safely be placed in your hands. Although there are comparatively few valuable books in Spanish, it can be added with so little trouble, after French and Italian, that it should not be neglected; it is a beautiful and dignified language. The German, as it is much more difficult, will remain with a favored few; but such are its treasures, that time and labor would not be wasted in its acquisition. With many defects, the German literature has a freshness and vigor of thought, a strength and raciness of style, beyond comparison.

Because Milton has said, forsooth, that "one tongue is enough for any woman," and thousands of meaner minds have echoed and re-echoed this saying—fear not; we live in another age, the charge of *bas-bleu-ism* is no longer a bug-bear. The great danger is, of becoming mere smatterers. The scanty gleaning of the school-room should not content you; go on with every thing that you have commenced there, until you make yourself mistress of it. Having begun to build, do not incur the ridicule that falls upon him who is not able to finish. Read at least a chapter in your French or Italian testament every day, and if you have leisure, take up some standard work, and read it critically. Write out beautiful passages in your note book; this is an admirable way to fix a language in memory.

CHAPTER XI.

CULTIVATION OF TASTE.

"Blest be the art that can immortalize;
The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
To quench it."—*Cowper.*

In every country the useful arts must first occupy attention; as wealth and luxury increase, the ornamental follow. In our country mind has been, till recently, occupied upon government, laws, religion, health, commerce, and the mechanical arts. This has been thrown upon us as a reproach; but, in the infancy of a country, these are the legitimate subjects for the energies of mind. If it be averred that the efforts for the mere accumulation of wealth, and the immense amount of invention expended upon the means to facilitate its acquisition, are a waste of mental power, there is truth in the assertion. But the time is past, when questions, such as Edinburgh Reviewers were wont to ask, were unanswerable. "Who reads an American book?" Every body. "Who ever heard of an American painter or sculptor?" Leslie, Sully, Cole, Weir, Greenough, Augur, and many more, have answered, upon the speaking canvass and breathing marble.

Our countrymen have shown great ingenuity in the mechanical arts; we know not why they may not in time become equally distinguished for genius in the fine arts. Whenever the taste of the people demands

gratification, artists will find compensation for their labors, and be stimulated to exertion; genius will be called forth from her retreat, and find patrons even in a republic. During the revolutions that have overturned Europe, many specimens of the masters, that had been kept from age to age in the cabinets of the prince and the noble, have found their way to this country. Our artists too have such facilities for going abroad, that they may be found studying the chefs-d'œuvres in the galleries of Italy, France and Germany; in the cathedrals of Spain; seated on the prostrate columns of the Parthenon, the pride and glory of Athens; or sketching amid the once mysterious glories of Egypt, the splendid temples of Karnac and Luxor. A taste for the higher efforts in painting and sculpture must depend upon the cultivation of the imagination. It is that which must give life and reality to the representations of the painter and sculptor.

Drawing is a fashionable accomplishment for young ladies; unfortunately, it is seldom any thing more than the mechanical ability to draw a brush over theorems cut by the teacher, or at least to copy with cold correctness; or it may be, to paint sprawling cupids and glaring rosebuds, to decorate an album. When the art is taught as it should be, it improves the taste for fine pictures, and for landscape in nature; it quickens the perception of beauty in all its infinite variety.

Although many may derive pleasure from drawing, as amateurs, few will become artists. It is an art in

which those who have genius *may* excel and practice even for a support. There are numerous examples for the encouragement of female artists, from Angelica Kaufmann down to the lady miniature painters whose beautiful pictures ornament our exhibition rooms. And so few are the ways in our country, in which females can gain an honorable independence, that this one is worthy of particular attention.

A knowledge of the rise and progress of Architecture, and its perfection under the classic Greeks, ought to be acquired by every well-informed lady. She ought not only to be familiar with the orders, as established by that wonderful people, but with the terms of the art, to enjoy fully the description of travelers, and the minute views of buildings in engraved representations. From ignorance on this subject, much that is interesting in all modern tours and sketches must be unintelligible. The pleasure derived from *seeing* a fine building too, will be greatly enhanced by knowing something of the style in which it is built. The simple chaste Doric, the graceful Ionic, the more elaborate and beautiful Corinthian, stand unrivaled models down to the present day. The Romans claim two orders, the Tuscan and Composite; but they are in part but alterations and additions to the Ionic and Corinthian, and far from being improvements. Then the Gothic, the elaborate, magnificent Gothic, so suited to the solemn grandeur of the cathedral and the church; the mingled style of St. Peter's, and the many splendid European specimens of modern Architecture,—all these furnish a wide

world of taste, that will richly reward the home-student, as well as the traveler.

Music. While the ear is sensible to melody, and the voice capable of producing it, music will remain, to every "nation, kindred, people, and language," a source of exquisite pleasure. Let those, then, who are gifted with genius for this divine art, cultivate it as they should every other "good and perfect gift;" not as a means of gratifying vanity, but of contributing to human happiness. Surely, it is a glorious privilege which the few possess, to be able to thrill with delight, or to solemnize to deep devotion, or to rouse to enthusiasm; a privilege for which they should be grateful to Him who made the air susceptible of such infinite variety of pleasing sounds, and gave the power to call them forth.

But a fondness for music is so universal, that the danger is, that young ladies will devote too much time to its acquisition. Those who have no genius must sacrifice years, and after all, give little pleasure by their mere mechanical performance. But fashion wills it, and who dares to dispute the despot? her martyrs at the piano and the harp we may pity, but cannot rescue. Are they not wasting there the energies given them for other and nobler purposes? Can they not confer happiness in other ways, less costly and more enduring? What an immense amount of good might be done, if all the hours wasted in the vain attempt to become skilled in music, were devoted to the cause of philanthropy!

Among those who are fine performers, it is pleasing to observe that a better taste in music characterizes

the present day. Instead of those displays of brilliant execution, which astonished without giving pleasure, we have more of the sentiment of music. Singing, too, has greatly improved; in lieu of the unintelligible jargon which might, for all the auditors could tell, be the language of Afghanistan, we now have the benefit of the words, which probably the authors intended should be heard; excepting some objectional songs, which, instead of being slurred and mumbled over, had better be omitted entirely. Even the punctuation and the emphasis of the language can be preserved, without injuring the expression of the music, "linked to immortal verse."

But fair readers, let those whose musical talents can thus afford pleasure, yield to solicitation without affected reluctance. Who is not tired of the rigmarole reiterated in every drawing-room, "bad cold," "out of voice," "only sing a little," "never play for company," &c., &c.? In fact, it is almost considered a want of modesty to play for company until you have exhausted every body's patience in urgent entreaties. All who understand human nature will confess, there is much more true delicacy and modesty in the young lady, who dreading to be so long the object of exclusive attention, yields to entreaty without all this coquetish delay. And be not displeased if there are those in society, still so barbarous as to prefer animated intellectual conversation, where there is harmony of mind produced by variety, to all-but the most exquisite music.

CHAPTER XII.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

"Dearly earn'd is the volume's wealth,
That opes to the lamp at night,
While the fairer ray of hope and health
Goes out by the sickly light."—*Mrs. Hale.*

It has been thought vulgar to possess health—rude health; not that any one would acknowledge herself so ridiculously absurd, yet the old adage in this case is true; "actions speak louder than words." It is generally believed that the beautiful fragile beings, too delicate to meet the first rude blast without shrinking, are most interesting to those whose taste is all decisive on this matter. Man, strong and robust, likes to be the defender and protector of the weak; he likes too, that his superiority should be felt and acknowledged. The natural delicacy and weakness of the other sex are thus fostered. That it should be so, is owing to a refined state of society that has its many advantages, and this one among its evils. But the arduous, imperative duties that in life's progress devolve upon woman, call for physical, as well as mental vigor. To hover around the couch of sickness, and smooth the pillow of the dying; to bear patiently with the querulous impatience of the aged, and the petulance of childhood; to lead into the right path the boisterous waywardness of youth; and to soothe, by unwearied kindness, tempers rendered harsh and irritable by intercourse with a cold unfeeling world;—are not these a

part of her humble ministry? It seems preposterous to urge the necessity of health; but, when we consider the many ways in which it is heedlessly injured, we reason as if it were considered of little importance. Want of exercise at one time, and too violent exertion at another; exposure to cold and dampness; imprudence in dress and diet; all these conspire to impair the constitution, and produce premature old age.

Want of exercise. Perhaps, you have no regular system with regard to this, and spend whole days in languid inactivity. Occupied with reading and needle-work, days pass without any more exercise than is necessary to take you from one room to another. Your reluctance to move demonstrates the *vis inertia* of matter; the slightest labor becomes an intolerable burden; beware! the monster dispepsia is beckoning you for one of his sallow, meager train. Escape for your life! Regular active exercise is indispensable. Walking, riding, and in a rainy day, or on other days if it be possible, active employment within doors. If your situation precludes the necessity for assisting in keeping the house in order, you can fill the flower vases, tastefully arrange the furniture, put the books in their places, keep your own room in the neatest possible order, and find many other things to give you employment, not entirely sedentary. "Exercise is not only useful in adding to the symmetry of the form, but also in lighting up and invigorating the spark by which that form is animated and beautified." It is a wonderful promoter of cheerfulness. In the country, the care of a garden, and the delightful walks

that abound, offer inducements to exercise scarcely to be resisted; in town, the change from habitual inactivity to fatiguing effort, is exceedingly injurious. Standing for two or three hours in a crowded party, or dancing a whole evening, is often attended with fatal consequences. Coming into the air after being heated in this manner often induces consumption. Alas, how many can trace this fell disease to the ball-room.

"Away!—away!—there is danger here,—
A terrible phantom is bending near;
Ghastly and sunk his rayless eye
Scowls on thy loveliness scornfully—
With no human look—with no human breath,
He stands beside thee,—the haunter DEATH!

In the lighted hall where the dancers go,
Like beautiful spirits to and fro;
When thy fair arms glance in their stainless white,
Like ivory bathed in the still moon-light;
And not one star in the holy sky
Hath a clearer light than thine own blue eye!

Oh, then, even then, he will follow thee,
As the ripple follows the bark at sea;
In the soften'd light—in the turning dance,
He will fix on thine his dead, cold glance,—
The chill of his breath on thy cheek shall linger,
And thy warm blood shrink from his icy finger!"

Our climate is so variable, that its changes should be carefully guarded against. Warm and comfortable clothing, and shoes impervious to dampness, if not recommended by the graces, good sense and prudence will insist upon. The American ladies, in this respect, are perhaps more imprudent than any in the

wide world. It is a ridiculous vanity to expose life itself for the sake of exhibiting a pretty foot in the most becoming attire,—a paper-soled kid or satin shoe,—upon a cold or damp pavement!

So much has been said upon the subject of tight-lacing, that little need be added here. The tocsin of alarm that has sounded through every land where the preposterous fashion reigns, has reached the ears of every reader. You have seen the Venus de Medici contrasted with a modern belle; which did you most admire? Undoubtedly the latter,—for thus fashion blinds to true symmetry and perverts the taste.

Physicians have been faithful in reporting the deaths occasioned by these unnatural contortions,—and surgeons have dissected the miserable victims. What more can be done? Forewarned thus, no more can be said. As rational beings—as accountable ones, abstain from a practice so deleterious—so wicked.

With regard to diet. A caution is necessary against cake, sweetmeats, and confectionary. A surfeit of sweets deranges the system, and should be carefully avoided. A healthful, wholesome appetite should be desired, and an indulgence in these articles at every hour in the day will soon destroy it. There is a morbid delicacy, with regard to eating, that is absurd: because Byron in his squeamishness could not bear to see a woman eat, some ridiculous coxcombs affect the same antipathy; and many a young lady has gone fasting in their company, rather than be digusting. Really, it would seem too absurd to mention such a

thing, were it not a fact that some young ladies seem quite troubled if they have a good appetite, and make many apologies for indulging it. It may be gratified without the *gusto* of a gourmande, which is too shocking. A refined and delicate manner of eating is expected, of course, in every young lady.

Among the means of preserving health, Franklin, in his letter to a young lady "on the art of procuring pleasant dreams," mentions "having a constant supply of fresh air in your bed-chamber. It has been a great mistake, the sleeping in rooms exactly closed, and in beds surrounded by curtains. No outward air that may come in to you, is so unwholesome as the unchanged air, often breathed, of a close chamber.

Physicians, after having for ages contended that the sick should not be indulged with fresh air, have at length discovered that it may do them good. It is therefore to be hoped, that they may in time discover, likewise, that it is not hurtful to those in health: and that we may then be cured of the *ærophobia* that at present distresses weak minds, and makes them choose to be stifled and poisoned, rather than leave open the window of a bed-chamber, or put down the glass of a coach."

Frequent bathing is another means of preserving health. In our climate, neither the cold nor the warm bath should be used, unless prescribed by a physician. The water should be slightly warmed, so as not to produce a chill, and not warm enough to relax the system. Ten or fifteen minutes is long enough to remain in the bath.

CHAPTER XIII.

POLITENESS.

"There is nothing so difficult to learn, as the kind of politeness which is neither ceremonious nor familiar; it seems a trifle, but it requires a foundation in ourselves, for no one acquires it, if it is not inspired by early habit or elevation of mind."—*Madame de Stael.*

True politeness has its origin in the heart; but the external expression of it is what is commonly called good manners. Who has not acknowledged its charm and yielded to its influence?

1. It is necessary to understand the customs of the place where you are, to avoid any departure from conventional good-manners. In going into company, a young lady should learn the mode of entreé. In most places in our country, it is customary to take a gentleman's arm, to walk up to the lady of the house and drop a curtsey, very gracefully, of course. If this is the custom, she should take his *left arm* here,—and in walking, riding, entering church, and at the hymeneal altar, the *left side*,—thus leaving his right arm free. These things seem trifling; but by understanding them, much embarrassment may be escaped. At a dinner-party, be sure to know before you leave the drawing-room, whether the first seat at the table belongs of right to yourself; if so, never decline it; if it does not, you will find yourself very awkwardly situated, if some gentleman, not knowing his own

place, interfere with the arrangements of the lady of the house, and place you at her right hand. A quick and observant eye will soon give you a knowledge of any local peculiarities in etiquette, to which you can readily conform. A truly well-bred lady is such every where; she would handle an ivory chop-stick in China, as gracefully as a silver fork at home, or a steel one, if she happened where they used no other. Even if it should have but two tines, and incommode her not a little, she would take no notice of it; for true politeness avoids giving pain. We have seen young ladies assume such airs,—on occasions where they have met with things different from what they have been accustomed to see at home,—such airs as made them quite ridiculous. The spectators probably would reason in this way:—"You may have eaten with a silver fork at home, but you are no lady."

A young lady, who stopped at a country tavern to dine, perplexed the clumsy waiter by calling for a finger-glass, and annoyed her party by bitter complaints about the vulgarity of a place where they had never heard of such an article. She might have been told of a gentleman, an elegant gentleman too, of the old school, who, when offered the finger-glasses at a friend's table, very innocently took one, and drank off the contents; the lady of the house immediately perceiving it, called the waiter, as if for some other duty, and ordered him not to pass them around, knowing that her guests would dispense with the ceremony, rather than give pain to an extremely polite gentleman.

2. A well bred woman, should be perfectly self-possessed.

To acquire this, a young lady must overcome that natural diffidence, or rather, the *mauvaise honte*, that will otherwise follow her like her shadow. The fashionable nonchalance, so much admired, cannot be acquired without sacrificing much that is interesting in female character. Everybody repeats, "when a girl ceases to blush, she has lost the greatest charm of beauty;" yet how few act as if they believe it, when they insist upon that imperturbable self-command in a *young lady*, which cannot be attained without some loss of truthfulness and natural modesty. Novelty and beauty must call forth, in the unsophisticated mind, wonder and admiration; there is no need of the vociferous exclamations of ignorance and vulgarity, nor the gaping wonder of a backwoodsman; but it is really unjust to compel the young to suppress entirely their enthusiasm, and practice the *nil admirari*. From practicing this show of indifference, they come at last to feel it, and half the pleasure of the spring-time of life is crushed, and the mind and heart hopelessly injured. Thus the attentive and observing habit of mind, upon which so much depends, is destroyed, and those tame unmeaning characters are formed, who move about like automata—the mindless puppets of the ball-room—the pretty "wall flowers," of the drawing-room. Every well-educated woman should be self-controlled; this comes more properly under moral discipline, yet, it should form the foundation of

that self-possession which is to be desired; very different from that self-satisfied and self-confident manner, which is so disagreeable in a young lady. The opposite extreme from the retiring diffidence of a young lady, which *is* pardonable, is that noisy hoydenish freedom of manner which is not, inasmuch as it is extremely troublesome, as well as contrary to good taste. The dull monotony, arising from the Procrustean system of bringing everybody to the same standard of quiescence, can be borne with more patience than the din of these romps, or the hue and cry of sentimentalists, like Dr. Syntax, in search of the picturesque. The quiet, unpretending dignity of a perfectly polite lady, is as far removed from one extreme as the other.

3. Gracefulness of motion is delightful, especially where it springs from an innocent and free spirit retained from childhood. A voice "sweet and low," and a manner courteous and gentle, are indeed "excellent in woman," but they should flow from the law of kindness, written in the heart. These pleasing expressions of politeness should not be neglected; they are like the beautiful color and rich perfume of the flower, or the graceful meandering of the rivulet; who denies their utility?

4. Due deference to age and superiority. The primness of boarding school misses has called forth sufficient animadversion and ridicule; there is little danger that these manners will continue long after their emancipation from the stocks and back board;

there is commonly excitement and pleasure enough in recovered freedom, to overcome the temporary formality which has been thus produced. It has been said by phrenologists, that the organ of veneration, or reverence, is not largely developed in this country. One would think so, from the behavior of young ladies at public places. The best places are yielded by courtesy to ladies; but have we lost all respect and consideration for others? It is provoking to see an aged respectable man turned out of his seat, (often, even at church,) by some pert girl of sixteen, who goes there, perhaps, for no better purpose than to exhibit herself and her finery. She might better take an inferior seat, or even stand for an hour or two, than thus incommode the infirm and venerable man who comes to listen to the messenger of mercy, it may be, for the last time. Time was, when grey hairs were honored, when elders were respected, when a life spent in the service of the country was a title to veneration; but now, *O tempora, O mores!* At public places, young ladies cannot be too quiet, nor too reserved; here, indeed, "silence is gold." The chattering and giggling at concerts and other places, where *some people go to hear*, are intolerable; it is not only ill-bred, but actually unjust; it is depriving our neighbor of his rights. Who does not dread the neighborhood of a reigning belle on such occasions?

It is a grievous fault for a young lady to be so exclusively occupied with the gentlemen, in society, as to pay no attention to the ladies; not a very uncommon

fault either. A beautiful and admired lady, the center of attraction, appears truly lovely when she endeavors to make others appear to the best advantage; and when seeking out some modest retiring girl, who has retreated to a corner, she forgets herself, in contributing to the enjoyment of another. The older ladies, too, have a claim upon your attention—they, to be sure, do not like to be neglected, especially when they act the chaperone; doubtless they often forego their own pleasure thus to oblige you, and it is ungrateful to show yourself insensible to their kindness. Another offending trait, is that restlessness and impatience that may be observed, when others are the objects of attention; an eye wandering in pursuit of some one to make up the deficiency, or, seeking for some more acceptable person than the one who is endeavoring to make himself agreeable.

Haughtiness is so offensive to the self-esteem of every one, that it is with common consent pronounced insufferable. Pride may exist without contempt, but it is an essential ingredient in haughtiness.

That confidential, communicative manner with gentlemen, commonly called *flirtation*, cannot be too severely reprehended. Gentlemen indulge in it for their own amusement; but, even in their eyes, it stains the purity and lessens the dignity of a young lady's character. They doubtless often say, when they see a young lady confirmed in this habit, something like what Godfrey Percy, in Patronage, says:

"Sir, she's yours, from the grape you have brushed its soft blue,
From the rose bud you've shaken its tremulous dew,
What you've touched you may take—pretty flirter—Adieu."

Flirtation should hardly have been mentioned as an offense against good manners, for it encroaches upon good morals, good taste, and good sense.

It has, we trust, been shown, that after due attention has been paid to etiquette and those forms of society that are conventional, something more is necessary to constitute *true* politeness. It must have its origin in the heart. Where shall we find a better code of politeness than that furnished us by St. Paul—it "suffereth long and is kind, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly." True, he calls it charity; but where shall we find any thing to equal it, as a guide even in what we term good manners? Politeness, in order to be easy, must be habitual. It cannot be donned and doffed, as readily as Goldsmith's Chinese Philosopher said an English fine lady could put on and off her company face, made up of patches, paint, and smiles. Like a fine dress, fine manners, to be pleasing, must not occupy constantly the thoughts, but must be borne about unconsciously, as if "part and parcel" of the owner.

CHAPTER XVI.

WOMAN'S HOME INLFUENCE.

Victoria. "I'd put a white coif o'er my braided locks,
And be a plain, good, simple dame!
Albini. And is indeed a plain domestic dame,
Who fills the duties of an useful state,
A being of less dignity than she,
Who vainly on her transient beauty builds
A little poor ideal tyranny?
Isabella. Ideal, too!
Albini. Yes, most unreal power;
For she, who only finds her self-esteem
In other's admiration, begs an alms;
Depends on others for her daily food,
And is the very servant of her slaves;
Tho' oftentimes in a fantastic hour
O'er men she may a childish power exert,
Which not ennobles, but degrades her state."
Miss Baillie.

Among the refined and intellectual Greeks, woman occupied a very subordinate station. Although a mere slave to her haughty lord, not acknowledged as possessing the least power or influence, nevertheless, if we could have looked into their hearts and homes, a strong under-current might have been discovered, swaying the movements of heroes, philosophers, and statesmen.

The Roman women possessed more individuality and strength of character, than the light, soft, untaught Grecian dames. Their influence was not only felt, but acknowledged. It was a popular subject for the ridicule of the satirist, and of grave philosophical

enquiry to the moralist. The Roman historians have portrayed the characters of some of the noblest, and some of the vilest of the sex. Who has not felt a glow of enthusiastic admiration, for the beautiful matronly virtues of a Cornelia, and a blush of shame and indignation that womankind should have been disgraced by a Tullia?

So highly were domestic virtues prized in ancient Rome, that the following epitaph was deemed worthy to be engraven upon the splendid tomb of a Roman matron;

"Domum mansit—lanum fecit."

Homely and faint praise would it be thought, for a modern dame,

"In her own house she stay'd,—
And woolen garments made."

But all Roman women were not such mere notables as to be deserving of no higher eulogium. Calphurnia, the wife of Pliny, was his friend, counselor, and intellectual companion. Writing to Hispula, the aunt who had educated her, soon after his marriage, Pliny says, "Her ingenuity is admirable; *her frugality is extraordinary.* She loves me, the surest pledge of her virtue, and adds to this *a wonderful disposition to learning, which she has acquired from her affection to me.* She reads my writings, studies them, and even gets them by heart; you would smile to see the concern she is in when I have a cause to plead, and the joy she shows when it is over. She

finds means to have news brought to her of the success I meet with in court, how I am heard, and what decree is made. If I recite any thing in public, she cannot refrain from placing herself privately in some corner to hear, where with the utmost delight she feasts upon my applauses; sometimes she sings my verses and accompanies them with the lute, without any master, except love, the best of instructors. From these instances, I take the most certain omens of our perpetual and increasing happiness, since her affection is not founded on my youth or person, which must gradually decay, but she is in love with the immortal part of me, my glory and reputation." In a letter addressed to Calphurnia herself, Pliny thus writes: "You tell me you are very much afflicted by my absence, and that you have no satisfaction in any thing but my writings, which you often lay by you upon your pillow. You oblige me very much in wishing to see me, and making me your comforter in my absence. In return, I must let you know, I am no less pleased with the letters which you write to me, and read them over a thousand times with new pleasure."

When the Roman republic had increased in wealth, and the people reveled in luxury, the women retained not their primitive industry and frugality. How were the latter days of Cicero embittered by the extravagance of the proud Valeria! As she brought him a fortune, she thought she had a right to indulge her expensive taste to the utmost; this involved him in such pecuniary embarrassment, that he, after enduring

it many years, at length divorced her. His domestic enjoyment, however, was not insured by this measure; for soon after, marrying his rich and beautiful ward, Publelia, he became so unhappy in consequence of her misconduct, that he repudiated her.

The retired, quiet enjoyment of earlier days, was so rare in Rome during the reigns of the emperors, that a wife like Calphurnia, possessing "frugality," might well be deemed a wonderful phenomenon. The folly and extravagance of Roman women, were only equaled by Cleopatra herself. Their time was spent at the theaters, baths, and other places of public amusement, and the moral influence of home was no longer felt among a degenerate, corrupt people, hastening to their downfall.

The inhabitants of northern countries, the Germans, Saxons, and other nations of the Gothic race, were distinguished from time immemorial for their considerate, dignified treatment of women. Among the Anglo-Saxons, the head of the table, as in modern days, was assigned to the lady of the house, who was called the bread-giver, a name from which the English word lady is derived. Much of the time was spent by the men of these rude nations, in social enjoyment, of which their wives and daughters were partakers. Doubtless their manners, though rough, were rendered much less so by this circumstance. How shall we account for the horrible custom among the Anglo-Saxons, of selling their beautiful daughters into slavery? The tempations of avarice led to this

abominable traffic; and the fair sons and daughters of England were "sold like cattle in all the markets of Europe."

Woman owes her present elevation of character and condition to Christianity; in all countries where its benign, holy influence is unfelt, she is still an unintellectual, a degraded being—and just in proportion to its purity, and its power over a people, is her domestic happiness. In France, during the reigns of many of her volatile and vicious sovereigns, the women of the higher ranks were worshiped as goddesses, ruling the court with despotic sway, while the lowest ranks were treated like field-slaves. During "the Reign of Terror," what were the women of France? The mind recoils and the heart shudders at the contemplation of the fiend-like influence they exerted. It is doubtful if at any time, there has been a healthful home influence exercised by woman, upon that theatrical fickle nation. Their language does not furnish the words *home* and *comfort*, and they live too much in public to enjoy either. French women, however, have given examples of heroism, fortitude, and devoted attachment, that have few parallels; the names of Mesdames Lavallette, Roland, and La Fayette will readily occur to the memory. They have more sentiment, enthusiasm, and romance, than English women; and less principle, stability, and good sense. Formerly, English wives were said to be the best in the world. One of the old writers, Lord Clarendon, says of the days of his grandfather, who lived in the

reign of James I,—"The wisdom and frugality of that time were such, that few gentlemen made journeys to London, or any other expensive journey, and *their wives never;* by which providence, they enjoyed and improved their estates in the country, and kept good hospitality in their house, brought up their children well, and were beloved by their neighbors."

In these comfortable homes were nurtured some of the strongest minds that England ever produced; and thus were formed some of those admirable wives, whose influence was afterwards perpetuated in New England. The national character was far more moral, and more respectable, than in the dissolute reign of Charles II., when those delightful English homes had been broken up by civil commotions, and London became the center of gaiety, luxury, and dissipation. The homely virtues were then quite out of fashion; unfortunately, among a numerous class of high-born and wealthy English wives, they have ever since been considered *mauvais ton.* Noble and honorable exceptions there are at this day, and were, even during that season of turmoil and strife. During the reign of the first Charles, when the eloquence of Jeremy Taylor was often wasted upon "ears polite," there were some who listened to his pungent preaching, doubtless, with intense interest. He has left us a portrait of one of these old-fashioned wives, which may serve as a model of excellence, even for our own times. In a funeral sermon, preached on the death of the Countess of Carberry, the wife of Lord Vaughan, he says, in

his usual quaint style; "I must be forced to use summaries and arts of abbreviature, in the enumerating those things, in which this rare personage was dear to God, and all her relatives." He then gives the following summary of the Countess' excellencies: "If we consider her person, she was in the flower of her age; of a temperate, plain, and natural diet, without curiosity or an intemperate palate; she spent less time in dressing than many servants; her recreations were little and seldom; her prayers often; her reading much; she was of a most noble and charitable soul; a great lover of honorable actions, and as great a despiser of base things; hugely loving to oblige others, and very unwilling to be in arrear to any, upon the stock of courtesies and liberality; so free in all acts of favor, that she would not stay to hear herself thanked, as being unwilling that what good went from her to a needful or an obliged person, should ever return to her again; she was an excellent friend, and *hugely* dear to very many, especially to the best and most discerning persons, to all that conversed with her and could understand her great worth and sweetness: she was of an honorable, a nice, and tender reputation; and of the pleasures of this world, which were laid before her in heaps, she took a very small and inconsiderable share, as not loving to glut herself with vanity, or take her portion of good things here below.

If we look on her as a wife, she was chaste and loving and discreet, humble and pleasant, witty and compliant, rich and fair; and wanted nothing to the

making her a principal and precedent to the best wives of the world, but a long life and a full age.

If we remember her as a mother, she was kind and severe, careful and prudent, very tender, and not at all fond; a greater lover of her children's souls than of their bodies, and one that would value them more by the strict rules of honor and proper worth, than by their relation to herself.

Her servants found her prudent and fit to govern, and yet open-handed and apt to reward; a just exactor of their duty, and a great rewarder of their diligence.

She was in her house a comfort to her dearest lord, a guide to her children, a rule to her servants, an example to all."

We look back with unfeigned reverence to those admirable women whose sacrifices, labors, and courage, were instrumental in laying the foundation of our own country. The legends of New England are adorned with names that are embalmed in memory; —*monumenta ære perenius.* In the days of our revolution they had not degenerated. Their self-denial, fortitude, and sincere simple piety are beyond all praise. It may be said, that the "times that tried men's souls" developed these virtues in the other sex. Perhaps it was so. They, like their husbands, had that unity of purpose, intent upon the attainment of a great object, which produces strength and true greatness of character. They remained at home, discharging their duty, while their husbands were engaged in the senate, or in the field of battle. While these

devoted wives were thus left to depend upon their own resources, did not the thought of them in their distant homes, give intenser fervor to the eloquence of the patriot-statesman, who plead her cause in the colonial congress, and more deliberate valor to the patriot-warrior on the day of battle? Who has forgotten "the Stark of Bennington?"

> "When on that field his band the Hessians fought,
> Briefly he spoke before the fight began,—
> 'Soldiers! those German gentlemen are bought
> For four pounds eight and seven pence per man,
> By England's king,—a bargain it is thought.
> Are we worth more? Let's prove it now we can,
> For we must beat them, boys, ere set of sun,
> *Or Mary Stark's a widow*.'—It was done."

Has the mantle of these venerated mothers descended upon American women of the present day? With all the improvements in modern education, are wives better qualified to make a happy home,—"to study household good, and good works in their husbands to promote?"

The brief learning of our great grandmothers was comprised in that respectable trio, reading, writing, and *cyphering;* but in strength of mind, decision of character, skillful domestic management, persevering industry, sound sober sense, and practical religion, where are their equals?

We have not adverted thus far to the influence of mothers. "Time would fail to tell" of Timothy, Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Napoleon, Newton, Wesley,

Sir Wm. Jones, Beattie, Cecil, Hall, Hooker, Doddridge, Dwight, and an innumerable cloud of witnesses to the power of this influence. Other and abler pens have portrayed the startling reality of this verity.

The influence thus commited to woman is the tenth talent, not to be spoken of vauntingly; with humility and lowliness of mind it is to be considered a solemn and a sacred trust, which must be accounted for at the bar of God.

From the examples that have been given, as well as from our knowledge of the original design of the Creator, in thus endowing woman for a companion and help-meet for man, we infer, that her true and most powerful influence must be—*at home.* That their influence may be happy and permanent, women must be *keepers at home,* in earnest that the sphere which Providence has allotted them should revolve with perfect order and harmony.

What shall we say of those bold and daring innovations which of late have given startling proof that some, at least, are not contented with that humble sphere. Has any female demagogue, though condemned by all sober well-wishers to their country and to the interests of the human race, exerted a baleful influence? Has Miss Martineau aided in persuading American women that they are not allowed the rights of free citizens? Alas! are we to be persuaded out of our best and truest interests by these masculine marauders? Can any one deny, that there is a desire to mingle in public affairs, a wrangling in controversy,

and a hankering for public applause, unbecoming the dignity and delicacy of woman? If any doubt this, look at the societies formed of both sexes, where *the ladies* take an active part in debate and management. Listen to their voices, from various parts of our land, loudly claiming the right of suffrage, the right to have endowed colleges of their own; in short, the right to be free, independent Americans. These encroachments are to be looked upon with jealous eyes by every lover of the *country's welfare*. Among the thousand and one flood-gates that are open for her destruction, this is not the least. Where will these bold innovators stop? Not if they love power as well as these maneuvers indicate, till they snatch the reigns of government itself into their own grasping hands. From such a consummation nothing could deliver us, but the still greater love of power and superior strength to maintain it, on the side where it now lies. Public opinion, happily, is still strongly against these bold strokes, and this "turn out" for higher privileges. Among the other dangers to which our free institutions expose us, this departure of American women from the sweet and serene sphere for which Providence designed them, was never predicted, even by the most gloomy prophet of our country's downfall.

The silent resistless influence of home and the affections,—these are woman's true glory. If it be, as the poet sings, that "Domestic Happiness is the only bliss that has escaped the fall," how careful should she be, to whom it is most precious, to preserve

it inviolate. Instead of stepping forth upon the arena of strife, she should make her home and her fire-side, a quiet, sweet sanctuary for those who must mingle amid the jarring and conflicting elements of the world—whose hearts would otherwise be hardened and seared by constant intercourse with such a world.

Some fair reader may enquire, why this advice to *Young* Ladies? Do you not expect at some future day to become a wife? Why should you affect to deny it? The voice of nature speaks out, and innocently too—such is my anticipation. Why should you disavow what is implanted in your heart by an Almighty hand? If any circumstances counteract this original design, you can be useful, contented, and respectable, in a single state; there are too many examples known to every one, of exalted and amiable character in women who have remained single, to doubt it; mean and despicable is it, to attach odium to that situation, which is made honorable by some of the brightest and best of the sex.

The same resources which will enable you to be happy and useful in one situation, will avail you in another.

Low and ill-natured must be the spirit of that being, who would ridicule the idea of a young lady's thinking of those virtues, and cultivating those dispositions which will insure connubial happiness. Every generous high-minded man will understand that this is her duty, and would despise the mawkish fastidiousness which affects never to think of such a condition.

A young lady who would be prepared for the responsible situation of a wife and the respected mistress of a household, has much to learn at her mother's fire-side. A cumbrous set of rules and maxims hung about one, like the charms which the gree-gree man sells to the poor African, will not ward off the evils, nor furnish an antidote to the trials of life. It is by the habitual exercise of those affections and those principles, which make her the light and life of her father's hearth and hall, that a young lady becomes fitted for another station. At home, she is in the genial school ordained by Providence for the nurture of those "flowers of loveliness," which will beautify another habitation. The habit of cheerful acquiescence to the will of others, may be acquired by submission to the will of parents; self-denial, by yielding to brothers and sisters; consideration for the welfare of dependents, by care not to give unnecessary trouble to servants. A young lady who is not an affectionate, docile daughter,—a loving, kind sister, cannot make a good wife. Wo be to the man, who, relying upon a promise made at the altar to "love, honor, and obey," trusts his happiness to such an one. A promise cannot implant new dispositions; a new affection does not often change at once the whole tenor of conduct and feeling. If it be a very strong one, it may re-mold the character in time; but time alone can test its strength and power. It is the dutiful daughter, who will make the obedient wife. *Obedient!* How antiquated! True; almost as old as the creation.

Many a silly girl exclaims, "I never will obey." What says the philosophical Paley on the subject of obedience? "One very common error misleads the opinions of mankind on this head; viz, that, universally, authority is pleasant, submission painful. In the general course of human affairs, the very reverse of this is nearer to the truth. Command is anxiety,—obedience ease." If strength and courage are given to man, he must be foremost in action and danger. If feebleness and timidity claim from him support and protection, what is due in return but love and obedience? The Germans have very orthodox notions on this subject. The famous Jean Paul Richter thus writes to his friend some time after his marriage:

"How happy I am, you should see rather than read. My Caroline, who wins the love of all,—of the men by her beauty, of the women by her captivating, cordial kindness,—subdues me by happiness to contentment. We have the whole town for friends. Her almost too great indifference to going out, her sinking into quiet industry, her strong, maidenly love, her *unconditional resignation to my will*, all this makes our love even younger than at first, when it was merely young. That thou wilt be in love with her is most certain."

About the same time, this submissive wife writes to her father. Does she complain of her bondage, and assert her rights? She says:

"My husband is perfectly contented with every thing as it is, and I am so happy that he is so, and

conform so willingly to his wishes, which to one of more pretentions would seem too limited, that I enjoy the sweet satisfaction of being to him what he requires. Let me ever repeat, that we grow happier every day. Nothing without or within disturbs us."

The well-spring of the affections is in your own hearts ; let it not be a sealed fountain ; let your love cheer your father, mother, brothers, sisters, friends, and your gentle docile submisison to lawful authority prove, that it has been well for you "to bear the yoke in your youth."

CHAPTER XV.

A DAUGHTER'S DUTY.

"With sympathies that have their birth
Where woman's best affections lie;
With hopes that hover o'er the earth,
But fix their resting place on high."—*Anon.*

How few daughters are fully aware of the sacrifices made for them by their parents! Your father, year after year, has toiled, perhaps, for that wealth which enables him to give you the luxuries and elegancies of life. Day and night has his anxious mind been exercised for your welfare. He has spared you from home and its duties, and given up the pleasure of your society, and your assistance, to fit you for life.—Or, if you have been so happy as to remain beneath the parental roof, you have probably been so occupied with your intellectual education as to have had little time to devote to him. Now, that you have more leisure, enquire how you shall contribute to your father's comfort and enjoyment. Have you acquired accomplishments? Consider it the highest gratification they can afford you, to exercise them for his amusement. Let the voice which he has been the means of cultivating, yield its sweetest notes for his pleasure; let his praise be more welcome to your ear than the applause of thousands. Is he fond of reading? Select your favorite passages and read them to him when he has

leisure to listen. Madame de Stael's strong attachment to her father, M. Neckar, was one of the most striking and pleasing traits in her character. In her "Ten Years Exile," she thus mentions him: "His mind had so much vivacity and penetration, that one was excited to think, by the pleasure of talking to him; I made observations to report to him,—I listened to repeat to him. Ever since I have lost him, I see and feel only half what I did, when I had the object in view of giving him pleasure by the picture of my impressions."

How elevating, how ennobling, is such a confiding friendship between father and daughter! Where it is possible, cultivate most carefully such confidential intercourse. Seek that advice which a father's superior knowledge of the world renders invaluable to the timid novice, ever needing a guiding hand.

Yield to your father that ready obedience which the sacred relationship demands. Increasing years and knowledge on your part, will not free you from this obligation. One of the wisest and best men of our country, the late President Dwight, remarked, that in the course of a long experience he had observed, that "there were two sins which were almost invariably punished in this life,—disobedience to parents, and falsity in love." The melancholy lives of many offending daughters, bear witness to the truth of this remark. How can it be expected, that those who practice habitual dereliction of duty in one relation, would do honor to any other?

The respect due to a father is often violated by those who have received a better mental education than their parents. And have you been thus elevated in mind, for no better purpose than to despise those who have toiled for you, and sacrificed their own pleasure to give you this very elevation? If so, your intellect has been cultivated at the expense of your heart; an odious defect in a woman. With what agony of grief might your father exclaim, "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child!" A delicate sensibility will lead to the greatest caution where this mental disparity exists, and the most assiduous efforts to repay, by respectfnl attention and kindness, the immense obligation thus incurred. The noble sentiment of the Theban General, Epaminondas, has been universally admired. After his famous victory at Leuctra, while the thrilling applause of Greece was sounding in his ears, he exclaimed! "My joy arises from my sense of that which the news of my victory will give my father and my mother." However high the elevation to which you in the Providence of God may be raised above your parents, they, by an immutable law of the same Providence, must remain in some respects your superiors.

Can you not find some way of making yourself *useful* to your father? In a large manufactory, not many leagues from Paris, the daughters of the wealthy owner are the only clerks for the large establishment. They keep the books, and with a very little

assistance from their father, write all the letters of a most extensive foreign correspondence. In the evening they have leisure, and elegant leisure; but until three o'clock in the afternoon they are entirely devoted to their employment. In this country, such a thing would be an anomaly. The delicate daughters of America shrink from the idea of industrious occupation, as if it were disgrace. Better would it be for them, if they were prepared for the vicissitudes which they may encounter, by some knowledge of business, and habits of industry. True, custom does not sanction their sitting at the high desks of the counting-room, but they may receive from their fathers that insight to the mysteries of book-keeping "by double or single entry," which may qualify them to keep family accounts, or manage their affairs if left alone in life. If your father is a professional man, my young friend, perhaps you hold "the pen of a ready writer," and can lighten his labors. You, who have scarcely known weariness only by name, cannot imagine the wearing, distracting nature of his employment. Study to be useful to him; when his brow is contracted with thought, and the multiplicities of his cares and duties almost drive him mad, aid him, if he will permit you to do so, and sooth him by your kind attentions.

Has a change come over his prosperous days? and has the wealth that patient industry or daring enterprize had gained, or that had been inherited from honored ancestors, passed away like the dew of the morning? What will you do to comfort him, during

the heat and burden of this day of trials? It may have gratified his pride, in the day of his prosperity, to see you making a splendid appearance. Lessen the pain that he will feel in denying himself this gratification, by indifference on your own part. Put far away false shame, and a mistaken desire to "keep up appearances." Demonstrate to him that your heart was not fixed on splendid apparel; at the same time show a scrupulous attention to neatness and good taste. Whatever changes may come, maintain that dignified self-respect, that will secure you from contempt. You will not be lessened in the estimation of one single wise or noble minded being, by accomodating yourself to an altered worldly condition. And here I am tempted to digress, to tell a short story, which is *more than half fiction.*

The long rows of elms, that ornament one of the loveliest streets on earth, had burst their wintry buds, and the light and graceful branches gently waved in the breath of early Spring. The grass, starting fresh from its long rest beneath its snowy covering, now wore its softest verdure. The far-reaching vista presented in the distance a perfect Gothic arch, formed by the limbs of the lofty elms which intersect each other through the whole length of that beautiful street.

Two strangers, arm in arm, were slowly sauntering along, apparently deeply engaged in conversation; stopping occasionally, however, to admire a scene so new and delightful.

The taller of these strangers was a splendid girl of eighteen or twenty, with large dark eyes of too dazzling brilliancy, and a person and gait that might have belonged to the "widow Dido." Her dress and manner proclaimed her an ultra-fashionist.

Her companion was a pale and exceedingly delicate girl of nearly the same age. If the comparison of a rose and a lily had not been worn out a thousand years ago, it would doubtless have served for this occasion. The lily moved with an *air* so sweetly feminine, so graceful and becoming, that it would have been a sad disappointment, had the face not answered the expectation formed by that prepossessing air; one glance at the fair face proved that the whole was in keeping.

"The loveliness of this beautiful world! I had never eyes for it before," exclaimed the latter, whom we shall call Alice; "It realizes the truth of poetical description," continued she, leaning against one of the trees, and looking upwards.

"You might think of one stanza at least, as realized, if you could see yourself, Alice, at this moment," replied the other, Irene, by name.

> "White bud, that in meek beauty so dost lean,
> The cloistered cheek as pale as moonlight snow,
> Thou seem'st beneath thy huge, high leaf of green,
> An Eremite beneath his mountain's brow."

"Why even you, Irene, feel the influence of this charming scene, as your quotation proves; is there not another stanza?" said Alice.

"There is," replied Irene, "but it is too sentimental; however, to gratify you, I will repeat it; but positively you are growing too romantic; it is *mauvais gout.*—

> 'Sweet bud! thou'rt emblem of a lovelier thing,—
> The broken spirit that its anguish bears
> To silent shades, and there sits offering
> To Heaven, the holy fragrance of its tears.'

Alice dear, I verily believe the tears are in your eyes. I would not have repeated this scrap, if I had suspected you of so much sensibility. Nonsense! I would most willingly exchange at this moment, this long row of tall trees, for the same length of tall houses in Broadway."

"Will you tell me candidly, Irene," said the first fair and gentle speaker, "what tastes, what passions, and what sentiments, are gratified by a walk in Broadway?"

"Who would believe it of the belle of New York! The admired, the courted, the idolized Alice Carson," exclaimed her gay friend, "absolutely becoming philosophical!"

"Do not ridicule, Irene, but answer me."

"Well then, ma belle, candidly and methodically: Under the first grand division, what tastes are gratified by a walk in Broadway? Firstly, a taste for the beautiful. Secondly, a taste for the sublime. Thirdly, a taste for eloquence. Fourthly, a taste for wit."

Alice.—Still jesting, Irene; cannot I persuade you to speak seriously once in your life?

Irene.—You will not listen to me; be patient. A taste for the beautiful—the human face divine is there exhibited most bewitchingly; the finely proportioned and graceful person, decorated by able *artistes*—feathers of all hues, collected from nature's aviary—flowers, out-rivalling nature herself—the silk worm's laborious thread beautified to such a degree, that the poor worm would never recognize his raw material—gems of "purest ray serene," no longer doomed to obscurity in dark unfathomed caves of ocean. Have I not proved that a taste for the beautiful may be gratified in Broadway, that most delightful of all promenades?

Alice.—Most satisfactorily—to yourself. And what passions are called into exercise?

Irene.—Love, ambition, envy, revenge, hatred, hope, fear, joy—all, Alice, of which the human heart is susceptible. These are the chief source of enjoyment. They keep up excitement, and prevent the sluggish current of life from absolute stagnation.

Alice.—Are all these passions pleasurable?

Irene.—You are departing from the question; you asked what passions were gratified.

Alice.—You can tell me, then, how they are gratified?

Irene.—Ambition,—a desire to excel; did we not so define it at school? When you prepare yourself for a walk in Broadway do you not desire to be more elegant, more recherché, more attractive than any one else? When you first put on that pure, sweet, chip-hat, with its delicate wreath of blushing white rose-

buds, for now I think of it, they are exactly the color of your blush at this moment; did you not cast another, and still another look at your mirror?—

Alice.—(Interrupting.)—Stay, Irene, that is vanity.

Irene.—Granted; that is woman's ambition.

Alice.—What a confession!

Irene.—Confess yourself, now,—have you not thus surveyed your pretty self often, from the top-most plume to the delicate heel of your shoe, and finding all as beautiful as if you had been fitted out by Cinderella's grandmother, have you not gone forth exulting—to conquest? And when you saw all eyes upon you, and drank in admiration from every one, then you were triumphantly joyful.

Alice.—(Sighing.)—Such things have been, but even then I felt that I was made for better things. There was a far-reaching hope of happiness, still unsatisfied. When admiration was new to me, I was intoxicated, bewildered by it; but it was not long before I could read envy in many an eye, and the whispers of malice and uncharitableness reached my ears.

Irene.—That of course enhanced your enjoyment. I love to be envied, and it raises my pride to be hated.

Alice.—It gives me no pleasure to be the cause of misery to others. My health, too, suffered in consequence of late hours and constant excitement. Satiety, ennui, and disgust, have since haunted my footsteps.

Irene.—A goodly trio! But you have named the true cause of all,—ill health.

Alice.—You mistake; those artificial pleasures, those factitious enjoyments, were not suited to my nature; they palled upon the lip. Here, in this sweet spot, my soul expands; I am like an uncaged bird, soaring free into a pure unclouded sky. Those powers that were given me for nobler purposes, but which were stifled during my butterfly career, now make themselves known; I am not all of "earth, earthy."

Irene was silent for one brief moment, and then resumed in the same light strain: "You have not allowed me to tell you how my taste for the *sublime* is gratified in glorious Broadway, by the boundary line, the magnificently ridiculous; nor, how the compliments of the beaux display their eloquence, and how my wit is called into exercise to parry them, and how—"

Alice.—Spare me, Irene; your mirth does not harmonize with the calm serenity of this beautiful evening.

Irene.—I fear we have already strolled here too long; it is getting late, and somebody says,

> "The dews of the evening most carefully shun,
> They are the tears of the sky for the loss of the sun."

So saying, they hurried across the public square to the ——, their temporary home.

As they were ascending the steps of the Hotel, they encountered a bevy of romping girls, dressed in the extreme of fashion, talking and laughing very

loudly; some of them had their bonnets in their hands, swinging them about, and all appeared in high glee, perfectly regardless of the attention they attracted. A gentleman who was passing them, said to his companion, "that is a party of Broadway dashers; they have come up to astonish the natives; they have no idea that there can be respectability, or gentility, out of their own city."

Alice gave her friend a meaning smile, as she said, "Do you recognize them as acquaintances, Irene?"

"No, indeed! what vulgarity!" said Irene, hastening into the parlor with Alice, and shutting the door quickly, to avoid them. It was useless, the party came rushing in. "Did you see me stare at that young man?" said one; "I never *done* any thing more complete; the poor youth did not know what to make of it; I like to make these country gawks wonder." "'Tis real sport," said another, "how they do stare and grin." "There goes *them* fellows again, that we have met so many times," said a third, stretching her head out the window; "I declare, the impudent creatures are bowing to me." "I suppose they never saw a fashionable lady before, and think they must bow," said the first speaker. "Have you been taking a walk?" said one, addressing Irene. "Yes," she replied, rising with dignity, and "I am going to take another;" so saying, she walked out of the room, followed by Alice.

The windows of their sleeping apartment overlooked the beautiful "Green," of that "City of elms."

The moon, now rising, shed her magic light over the scene, throwing the long shadows of the trees far across the open space, and silvering the tall spires and cupolas. Irene sat gazing, wrapped in thought. Alice, too, was disposed to contemplation. A full hour passed in silence. It was broken by Irene: "Those provoking hoydens! they have put me out of conceit of myself. Broadway dashers! how much of cockneyism in the very name. I will not acknowledge myself to belong to such a class,—yet how, after all, do we differ? our pursuits and enjoyments are much the same."

Alice.—Exactly the same, excepting that superior wealth and education have given more refinement to our circle.

Irene.—I cannot imagine any happiness but such as wealth confers, or rather procures; yet I do despise the "rich vulgar;" so it is not riches for their own sake, that I hold in such estimation; yet I could not be poor,—the thought is agony.

Alice.—You do not know your own resources; with such a mind as yours, talents so superior, you might find contentment without wealth.

Irene.—Never! You do not know my pride. I would not step down one round upon the ladder of society, for that right hand.

* * * * * * * * * *

Again the young friends were walking arm in arm through their favorite street. The light foliage had deepened to the richest verdure of summer, and the high grass bent to every breeze. But is that the

dazzling Irene? What a change! Gloom sits heavily upon her brow; her proud elastic step is gone. And has the dreaded evil come? Has penury marked that bright being for his own? Her father has shared the fate of thousands, and is pennyless. Her high hopes of happiness were "visions loved and lost."

Alice, the kind, the gentle Alice, is also changed. The roses of health bloom upon her cheek,—serene cheerfulness lights her blue eye; but it turns with soothing sympathy to her friend as she says, "there is no reason for this despondency; you have the means of independence, Irene; you are a fine performer on the harp, and on the piano; you can teach music."

Irene.—How calmly you speak of it, Alice! *I teach music!* I should be bored to death with teaching; I should be so mortified, too, to meet any of my former friends.

Alice.—Do you think it would lessen you in my estimation?

Irene.—Perhaps not, you are so wondrous philosophical.

Alice.—It would not lessen you in the opinion of any one who is governed by right feelings, or right principles.

Irene.—Do not speak of it, Alice; your intentions may be good, but you don't understand my character.

Alice was hurt, but she did not reply. Her own heart acquitted her; she sought her friends best interest. After a few moments silence she said, "Irene, it would give me great pleasure to have you make it

your home with me; but as my father has listened to my entreaty, and purchased a country house where we shall be very retired, on account of his delicate health, I feared it might not be agreeable.

"Thank you; I am not quite destitute of a home," haughtily replied Irene. "If my father has been obliged to give up his house in ——, he will probably take one in some genteel street. I do not think, however, I shall remain with him the next winter; it will be so intolerably dull; I can stay with my aunt Y. or uncle T.; they both live splendidly."

Alice.—And who will comfort and cheer your father?

Irene.—Oh, my sister Mary, you know, is not yet out, and will not be these two years; she is with him and will not mind our mortifying downfall as I do.

Alice.—But, dear Irene, think how much she needs an elder sister's society and advice. Deprived, as we both are, of our sainted mothers, we ought to endeavor to make up the loss as far as possible to our younger sisters.

Irene.—I tell you plainly, Alice, I have none of your philosophy; my heart is set upon another dashing season in New York, and my pride is up to carry it through with as much éclat, as we did the last. I shall show those who are rejoicing in our misfortunes, that I carry my head as high as ever.

Alice saw that it was useless to reason with her friend; she sighed to think of the misery such false views must produce, and changed the subject. "Are not these trees still more beautiful every day?"

Irene.—No; they are hateful, abominable—the filthy worms come streaming from every branch, and give one the horrors.

"Who can minister to a mind diseased?" thought Alice, and continued the remainder of the walk silent and thoughtful.

> "This is the state of man; a passing shadow
> Throws down the baseless fabric of his joy."

Irene, although endowed munificently with nature's gifts, felt the loss of wealth as the greatest earthly evil. She would not employ her musical talents, as had been suggested by Alice, as the means of honorable independence, but accepted an invitation from her aunt Y. to pass the winter in her gay and fashionable mansion.

Meantime her father had removed to a small, but neat and comfortable house, in a *genteel* street, as Irene was delighted to hear, for otherwise her step would seldom have passed the threshold. Happy for him that he had another daughter. She, though rejoicing in the gay spring-time of life, was sobered by sorrow, and taught wisdom by early misfortune. A blessed thing was it for him that he had a Mary.

Hard indeed was the struggle for the proud Irene, to "hold up her head as high as ever." Many there were, who slighted, who ridiculed, who slandered her. Many who had courted her society, when the mistress of the elegant mansion in ——, now passed her with a supercilious nod—for she had not borne the

honors of her former station meekly. Still she fluttered among the gay throng, and with a desperate effort, seemed the very spirit of joy.

During the latter part of this anxious winter, a former suitor, whom, in the meridian of her glory, she had scornfully rejected, again paid his addresses. She accepted, although she detested him. He had one sole recommendation; he was rich. It needs no prophet to foretel that hers will be a life of splendid misery.

How acceptable are the kind attentions of a daughter in the chamber of sickness! Who can administer the healing draught, move about with soft and silent tread, and lay "the cool hand upon an aching brow," with more tenderness than a devoted daughter?

And should age be creeping on with stealthy pace, be it your blessed privilege, my young friend, to make it "a green old age," by your deeds of love and your excellence of character. Then from your venerated father's lips shall escape the heart-felt testimony, "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

In some recent communications from Egypt, dated at Cairo, it is most interesting and encouraging to find, that after so many centuries of midnight darkness, the light of knowledge is at last dawning there upon woman's mind. Mahomet Ali, whose strong mind has overcome so many prejudices, has at length determined, among his many improvements, to introduce the

European system of education into his own family of daughters. One of his principal officers, Hekekyan Effendi, said to the English lady who was requested there to assume the charge of an instructress, "This is only the beginning of female education in Egypt, for the Pacha has much larger views; but he wishes first to try the experiment on his own family. *Much depends upon the approbation of his oldest daughter, whether instruction shall spread through the country; only gain her favor and regard, and you will carry every point to your utmost wishes.*" This is saying much for a daughter's influence. In a letter addressed to the English lady, on the same subject, Hekekyan Effendi writes:

"Previous to the Viceroy's departure for the Said, I was directed to inform you, that his highness had examined the specimens of needle-work and the drawings which you had the kindness to send; and that his serene highness had expressed his desire that you should visit his daughter, Nazly Hanum, two or three times a week, at Castle Guibarra, and that you should give her your advice as to the best course to be pursued in commencing the education of his children.

I congratulate you on this opportunity offered you to extend the blessings of instruction to the highest families of this benighted country. It is impossible to foresee the vast results which must proceed from the introduction of civilization in the family of the prince. Nazly Hanum herself, *pays great filial deference to her illustrious father's will in all things;*

and it is difficult to imagine that any obstacles should arise from her part, unless they should be determined by any, the slightest impolitic conduct on the part of the teachers themselves.

In seconding my illustrious prince and benefactor in his work of civilizing Egypt, I have been led to reflection, by the nature of my duties, and have as yet been able to trace our debasement to no other cause than that of *the want of an efficient moral and useful education in our females.* I believe, that in elevating *the soul*, by initiating it in the mysteries and beauties of nature, through the means of geography, astronomy, botany, geology, natural history, &c.; in proportion as we better comprehend the power, wisdom, and goodness of the great first cause, so are we enabled of ourselves to detect our own errors, and feel a secret invitation in our own bosoms to abandon them. In instructing the mind and the body in those innocent, useful, and varied occupations, which are the peculiar enjoyment of females, we enable them to escape those dangers and misfortunes, which are induced by the disorders of ignorance and idleness. Habits of industry, cleanliness, order, and economy, by increasing domestic happiness, will not only tend to make us better beings, but will also secure to our children that maternal education, which is, perhaps, the most important provision which can be made for after life in this narrow world, and without which, no succeeding efforts to obliterate the evil impressions received in early youth, can be effectual."

This sounds quite rational, coming from a land where the Mahometan creed, that women have no souls, has so long prevailed. Miss Holliday, the English lady to whom the above letter was addressed, writes, that she hopes to enter on the work as soon as she has completed some necessary preparations. She says, "I will then pursue every measure, just so far as prudence and duty seem to dictate; holding myself at liberty to turn back whenever I find it involve any thing contrary to christian principle."

It is impossible to estimate the amount of good that may be done, through the influence of Miss Holliday, and *Miss* Nazly Hanum.

Imagination portrays the delight these young Egyptians will feel, when the long hidden mysteries of literature and science shall be revealed to their wondering minds. And in ages hence, perhaps Mahomet Ali's eldest daughter will be loved and honored as the noble benefactress of Egypt, the day-star that first cheered them on their way to civilization, and would that we might add—Christianity.

Influence, like Charity, *begins* at home, and like it too, is in its nature diffusive. The sequestered mountain lake sends from its embowered solitude, perennial streams to gladden many a fair and fruitful field.

It may be thought an unpardonable omission, if the daughter's duty to her mother, should be passed over without a word. And yet, my dear friends, I feel disposed to commend it to your own hearts and consciences, and there leave it. If their promptings do

not produce tenderness and obedience, kindly aid and consideration, and entire confidence, advice is powerless. If filial affection does not gush spontaneously from an overflowing heart, what magician's rod can call it forth? In early Rome there was no law against parricide, because it was deemed impossible. It seems equally impossible that a daughter should be wanting in affection and dnty to her mother.

CHAPTER XVI.

A SISTER'S INFLUENCE.

"*Jane.* All sisters are not to the soul entwined
With equal banns; thine has not watched for thee,
Wept for thee, cheered thee, shared thy weal and woe,
As I have done for him.
De Montfort. Ah! has she not?
The sum of all thy kindly deeds
Were but as chaff poised against massy gold,
Compared to that which I do owe her love."—*Miss Baillie.*

"I will be a German in literature, an Italian in vêrtu, a Frenchman in gourmandise, an Englishman in politics, and a Spaniard in love. My *role* has been well studied, and it will show a pitiful want of spirit, if it is not well played." So said George Wilton, as the vessel which bore him to his native land neared the shore. He left home to travel in Europe, and to study a profession, when he had just attained his one and twentieth year, and had passed nearly four years abroad.

"New York is a fine city—a glorious city; I am not ashamed of her—she bears comparison with any of the boasted cities of the old world," said George, as her hundred spires, far reaching streets, forest of masts, and busy plying steam-boats scattered over her beautiful harbor, all bathed in bright sun light, glittered before his ardent gaze.

Among the many who crowded to meet long absent and loved ones, and welcome the wanderers home,

Wilton recognized not one well-known face; yet all looked familiar, for they were his own countrymen, speaking his own language, which, spite of his affectation and foreign prejudices, sounded like music to his ears.

"I am too completely a cosmopolite," thought he, "to be troubled at not meeting with friends, and too long an isolated being to care much for kindred; but home I must go, to see the old man and woman and their hopeful progeny."

He ordered his valet, for he sported such an appendage, to collect his luggage, consisting of trunks, port manteaus, boxes, dressing-cases, hampers, and baskets, which spoke as plainly as luggage could, of the vêrtu, literature, and gourmandise of which he boasted.

"And this Hotel I am not ashamed of," thought Wilton, as he drove up to the Astor House; "few Hotels in Europe are superior to this immense structure."

A formidable array of consommés and wines about his place at table, established his reputation with men of sense, as a regularly-spoiled American, and with the young and silly of both sexes, as an elegant traveled gentleman. Unfortunately, the exhibition of such elegance or folly has become too common to attract much attention. Wilton found himself equaled by many at table in the variety of his wines and liquors. Hoc, Sauterne, Lachrymae Christi, Champaigne, &c., &c., gratified the pride more than the taste of extravagant young men. Abroad, the expense of wine was comparatively trifling; here it was enormous. Wine-

drinking, though too frequently a vice, is often a mere matter of display. A journeyman tailor calls for his Champaigne, that he may appear like a *gentleman.* The parvenu exquisite too, in the superlative fineness of his broadcloth, the variety of his trinkets, chains, rings upon his fingers and thumbs, and even in the delicacy of his perfumery, rivals any petit-maitre. Poor Wilton's hopes of distinction from these sources were entirely frustrated. The conversation at table was also Parisian in the extreme. The reigning *stars* at the opera and theatre, and their *crack* performances,—the races, with the pedigree of racers,—gastronomic discussions upon ragouts and pâtés, and other still more questionable subjects, convinced Wilton that his own country had made rapid progress during four years, in European luxuries and follies. The older men raved of politics, and day after day condemned their "favorite aversions." Brokers talked of the rise and fall of stock, as learnedly and as eagerly as upon "Change" in London. In short, Wilton, in spite of all the efforts of Monsieur Toupet, his valet, and his own exquisite nonchalance, found himself but little noticed. Displeased with an exhibition where he could not "play first fiddle," he resorted to the yet untried field of German literature. "Them Germans are a mighty poor people," said a puffing little piece of pomposity, who had made himself quite an oracle upon some fashionable topics; "their learned men would live a whole year on what one of *us* spends in a month." "Them are the folks that sell their rats

and other varmints for pies," said another who sat opposite him; "I have read about them somewhere." "Oh no, them are the Chinese," said the first speaker; but, "nilly despertandum der gustibus, as *we* say, they are as good as a patty de grofor is to *us*." Here he was greeted by a laugh at his Latin and French, which he took for applause, and having gained the floor, congressionally speaking, he entered on an elaborate discussion upon bear-meat, and the best mode of cooking it among the Indians, and continued till some wag asked him, "if he ever lived upon beaver and raccoon, and what was the best mode of *dressing* them," which effectually silenced the little man. Wilton did not again venture upon the German. But one resource was left, vêrtu.

His raptures upon foreign chefs d'œuvres, were met by a cool assertion, that the Acadamy of the Arts of Design could show as fine an Exhibition as any in the world. When he spoke with enthusiasm of the old masters, he was told, that was merely a prejudice; and one gentleman who had seen them, said they were nothing but dark shadows, "all covered with smoke, and were not half so neat and gay as our pictures." Of statues, "we had casts of all of them, which were just as good as the originals." Wilton took refuge in contemptuous silence.

Another week and Wilton was near the home of his childhood. Why should he have wandered from it so far and so long? It was a beautiful, picturesque village in the western part of the state of New York.

The lovely lake glowed like burnished silver beneath the sky of sunset. It was a calm and tranquil hour. Those thousand associations, linked with his boyhood, came thronging around the traveler, and that half painful, half pleasurable emotion that return after long absence produces, overpowered him. A gush of genuine natural feeling warmed his heart, and glowed upon his countenance. A tear even started to his eye, but he brushed it hastily away, saying contemptuously, "am I still a boy?"

Four years had produced only that change in the family of Wilton, which years always produce. Time had dealt kindly with the hearty, good natured father; no wrinkles yet furrowed his smooth brow; a few grey hairs alone silvered his side locks. Mrs. Wilton, too, was but little changed. William, the brother of George, from a stripling of seventeen, seemed a young giant, looking down upon his delicate older brother. The grasp of his strong hand and his loud, "How are you George?" quite unsettled the nerves of the elegant exquisite. Great, also, was the change in his three sisters, children when he left them, now all young ladies.

"What are you going to do with these great staring girls, father?" was George's first salutation.

"Do with them!" exclaimed the proud father; "keep them at home as long as I can; they are the prettiest and best educated girls in the country.—Don't be bashful, girls, before your brother George; if he has seen foreign countries, he has not seen any better

than his own,—nor any better folks either." George acknowledged to himself that they were fine girls, but doubted much if he should find them well educated.

Great preparations had been made for the reception of the traveled brother. The tea-table was spread with a great variety of cake and sweatmeats, cold-ham, smoked beef, cheese, waffles, biscuit, &c., &c. The patience of the whole family was tested while George made his toilet. Mr. Wilton paced the hall, drawing out his watch every five minutes. "We have waited tea, two hours before he came, and one hour since," said he; "spoilt entirely, spoilt entirely!"

"What is spoilt, papa?" said Julia, the oldest daughter, "the tea? I can make it fresh at table."

"No," replied Mr. Wilton, half sorrowfully, "not the tea; your brother is spoilt; you can't make him fresh again."

"Oh! he is not at all injured by traveling," replied Julia; "he is a superb man, a perfect gentleman." She had been educated at the fashionable institution of Mrs. Z. and was considered the belle of the family.

"What do you think, Clara?" continued Mr. Wilton, turning to his second daughter; "Shall we ever take any more comfort in your brother? Is he not quite a foreigner?"

"He is very much changed undoubtedly," replied Clara; "but that you expect of course, papa; we have yet seen him but a moment."

"I think he is changed altogther for the worse, for I am afraid to speak to him," said Mary, the youngest

sister, a black-eyed romp of sixteen. "What do you think of him, Bill?"

"I nabbed his white paw, and gave it such a grip he won't get over it very soon," replied William; "and as for his Mounseer, I had a great notion to give him a hoist into the yard, when he came parley-vooing to me about some "varm vater for Mounseer Vilton."

"My children," said the kind-hearted mother, "How can you be finding fault already, with your long absent brother; he is the finest looking man I have seen in many a day." Just then, George made his appearance.

"Come to tea," said Mr. Wilton; "we have waited long enough in all conscience."

"So you *take tea* yet, mother?" said George, gallantly offering his arm.

"Take tea! to be sure we do; how could we get along without it?"

"Why in Europe we dine about this hour, and *tea*, as a meal, is quite unknown. Diable," exclaimed George, as he reached the bountiful tea-table, "what a profusion of Yankee sweets! cold ham, and raw beef too—barbarous."

"Barbarous indeed," lisped Julia; "we never had any thing but a bit of dry toast or sponge cake at tea in New York, and it looked so odd to me when I first came home."

"Come, sit down Bill," said Mr. Wilton, "we can eat cold ham or *raw* beef, after waiting three hours beyond our usual time."

"That we can, for I am half starved," said Bill, driving his fork into the ham, and cutting off a goodly slice; "I don't see what difference it makes whether we call it tea or dinner, its all the same thing; we eat when we are hungry, and drink when we are dry."

Clara poured tea, and presided at table with ease and dignity. George balanced his tea spoon upon his cup awhile, and then called his valet to bring some claret, and he would "just taste a bit of cheese—He did not know however that he could venture, as it was neither Stilton nor Parmesan." Clara saw an angry frown upon her father's face, and changed the subject by asking George, "if New York had not improved during his absence."

"Very much; I am not at all ashamed of our city; she looks proudly as you approach her, and very well sustains a nearer view; but the people—the people—

"Take another cup of tea, George," interrupted Clara, fearing again to see the unwonted visitant upon her father's pleasant face.

George now remained silent, attentively studying the countenance of his sister Clara. "Hazel eyes—no; deep dark grey; the finest eyes without exception that I ever saw; but so hidden beneath those long lashes and overhanging brow, that half their power lies waiting to be called forth. Beautiful, brilliant complexion—English entirely; a most feminine mouth, and a very tolerable strait nose—not handsome after all; don't like the expression—don't understand it;" thus thought George, as he scrutinized his sister's

face with the most complete nonchalance. During this time silence had been maintained; it was broken by Mr. Wilton:

"Clara, what is the matter child, are you ill? You have much more color than usual."

"I am perfectly well, thank you."

"Where are your spirits then?"

"Somewhat like the spirits of Glendower, they will not always come, even when you do call them. When a long expected pleasure arrives at last, I am apt to be a little sad, I cannot tell why. Have you not felt so, papa?"

"Yes, often and often, dear child, but I never quite understood the philosophy of it.—I thought you would have a thousand questions to ask your brother when he came home."

"I shall when we are better acquainted."

"Acquainted!" said Mr. Wilton; "that sounds strangely between brother and sister."

"Excuse me, father," said Clara, slightly blushing; "my brother does not know me at all, and why should he? Eight years have elapsed since we have lived together, excepting during his short vacations while at college. Our characters must have changed as much as our persons during that time."

"Very true," said George; "I only remember you as a curly-headed, blue-eyed, laughing girl, whom I used to call my bacchauté, and crown with vine leaves to make the resemblance complete."

"Or pin paper wings on my shoulders, to make me look like a fairy, sylph, or something else;" said Clara, her countenance brightening at the recollection of her merry childhood.

"Blue eyes!" said Mrs. Wilton; "Clara never had blue eyes—they were always a sort of grey."

George. "N'importe, I always thought they were blue—I should not have known Clara at all; she has become so staid, so dignified. What do you think of me, sis?" continued he, playfully.

"I have not made up my mind what to think of you yet, brother."

"Will your high mightiness be pleased, when you have fully perused me, to inform me of the important decision?" said George, changing his tone to one intended to be very sarcastic.

The large orbs of Clara were quickly suffused with tears; she fixed them seriously upon George and replied—"The opinion of a simple country girl like myself, can be of little consequence to an accomplished *foreigner*."

"I don't know what to make of her; was she ever from home?" whispered he to Julia.

"From home! she was two years with me at Mrs. Z——'s."

"Possible! then I am more puzzled than ever."

They then rose from the table. Mr. Wilton said he and William had some business to transact, and George might go and entertain his mother and sisters in the drawing-room. When there, George drew his

mother to a distance from his sisters, and began questioning her in a low voice. "Mother, don't you think your son has improved by traveling?"

"Very much indeed, with the exception of those monstrous whiskers; they really disfigure you."

"Oh, they are all the fashion, and quite indispensable in Europe. You really have got three nice girls; rough and unpolished, but brilliant gems. Julia, with her city airs and graces, I perfectly understand; she is beautiful. Mary, the laughing hoyden, wild as a young squaw; she is a splendid creature; but I don't know what to make of Clara."

"Clara!" said Mrs. Wilton, her eyes brightening. "You don't understand Clara! why, she is the pride of your father."

"That may be, but what are her pretensions?"

"Pretensions! she is the most unpretending girl in the world; our *domestics* idolize her."

"That may all be true, yet it gives me no insight to her character."

"I lean upon her for every thing. You know I have delicate health; Julia is fond of music and drawing, and can't bear to do any thing in the kitchen; she has no taste for household matters, and Mary is too young, so the burden comes upon Clara."

"Then she is one of your bustling notables, I suppose; a mere household drudge, like most Yankee women."

"You will find her out in time," said Mrs. Wilton, smiling significantly.

"As for Bill, he is a rough, coarse fellow; one needs a vocabulary for his slang; it is utterly unintelligible."

"He is a driving fellow. He loves horses rather too well, and has been a little wild; but lately he has made some great speculations, and is getting to be very rich."

"The flouring business goes on yet, I suppose? I hoped father had retired from it before this time."

"Oh, your father has not confined himself to that alone, in these stirring times. He has been speculating in almost every thing."

"Then I hope he is rich enough to leave off making money, and enjoy it like a gentleman."

They were interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Wilton and his second son.—"William has got to start for the West on business of importance, to-morrow morning bright and early, and as I suppose you don't rise before the sun, George, you won't see him again soon."

"I was just thinking about retiring," said George, for I am intolerably fatigued; I must summon Toupet; where is the bell?" said he, looking around the room for a bell cord.

"We don't use them; *help* won't come for bell-ringing here,—they are too independent," said Bill. "Your Johnny Crapeau ought to be tied to a bell-rope, or have one round his neck, for making a white slave of himself; a fellow too, dressed in broadcloth and satin. George, how can you have such a man-doll about you?"

"Good night," said George, bowing around; "Bon soir, mes belles sœurs."

Only one week had passed away; George had seen all the *natives*, as he called the villagers, and excited their wonder, or scorn, and was dying of ennui. He must be off to Saratoga. The country was too intolerably stupid.

"Well, George," said Mr. Wilton, "what have you been about in Europe? I have not questioned you much yet. Have you got your M. D.?"

"No M. D. for me. I hate the whole study and practice of medicine."

"Why, you went to Paris to walk the hospitals."

"I did, and walked through them and out of them forever. I found I had too delicate nerves for a physician."

"Then, what in the name of common sense have you been studying these four years, spending my thousands abroad?"

"Tableaux, statues, gems, coins, architecture, antiquities, la belle science de la cuisine, etc. etc."—

"Enough, enough! by which of these are you going to earn your living?"

"By the last, I suspect; but that is such a homely question."

"It's a *home* question, and one that must be answered, Sir. Here Bill has been staying with us ever since you left, with no advantages but common-school learning; but he is a keen one, a real man of business; he is worth a round hundred thousand, himself."

"I am glad he has been so successful; you will have the goodness, Sir, to allow me to take time for consideration; and as this is the season for traveling, I should like to take Julia to Saratoga. She is too pretty to be cooped up forever, in this mean little village."

"The village is good enough,—the prettiest village in the country, every body says."

"Oh, certainly, the scenery is very beautiful; but you know, father, Julia never can make her market here; there is nobody good enough for her. All the world goes to Saratoga at this season."

"The more fools they, to leave their own comfortable homes, to be shut up there in rooms ten feet by six, when the weather's melting hot. Besides, I don't want to send my girls, like hogs, to market."

"An unseemly comparison, father; they are beautiful girls, and I *should not be at all ashamed* of Julia, at Saratoga, or any where else."

"Of Julia! why not Clara, too; you are not ashamed of her, are you?"

"Not exactly; but she is quite eccentric—has some very common, plain notions—and is rather country bred. You must excuse me, father, most American women are rather deficient in manners."

"The American women are the most virtuous women in the world, whatever their manners may be; and as for Clara's not being fit to go to Saratoga, she is fit to go there or to Washington, if she is not fit for the court of King Louis Philippe, which I hope and

trust she never will be. If she wants to go to Saratoga she may go." So saying, he went to seek his favorite daughter.

George cared little how his point was gained, if he only succeeded;—the thought, however, crossed his mind, "I should be ashamed of Clara's downright honesty, among fashionable people."

Mr. Wilton soon returned to say, that Julia wished very much to go to the Springs, and Clara would like it, if it was perfectly agreeable to him, and her dear mother could spare her. "Dear child," continued Mr. W. brushing a tear from his eye, "we don't know how to spare her a single week; but we won't be selfish; she needs some recreation. You may go, George, and look out sharp for your pretty sisters, there. It is the haunt of fortune hunters."

George was not very much pleased to owe his father's consent to one whom he styled, "a pert little Miss, who had unaccountably gained the ascendancy over her doting father."

Every thing was soon put into a regular train of preparation. George superintended all things,—giving directions to the mantua-maker about sleeves, boddice-waists, and frills; very much to the amusement and annoyance of the village *artiste*.

Two hundred miles are nothing at all in these rail-road times. Every thing in the country drives too fast. An impetus has been given, that has sent us fifty years too far a-head.——But, to our story.

"This is a brilliant assemblage," said George, as he promenaded the ball room of the —— at Saratoga, with Julia and Clara; "I am not ashamed of it."

"You often make use of that expression, George. Why should you be ashamed of your country or your countrymen?" asked Clara.

"I shall be ashamed of one of my country-women, if she chooses this time and place for a sermon." They were interrupted by the approach of the Hon. Mr. G——, a United States senator, who had become acquainted with both the girls, when on a tour to the West, the preceding summer. Julia introduced him to her brother.

"Allow me to rob you of one of these ladies," said the hon. gentleman, offering his arm to Clara. She modestly accepted it, and thus they promenaded the room until the dancing commenced.

The beautiful sisters attracted much attention. Julia was pronounced by connoiseurs, a belle—a leading star of the season. Clara, from her animated conversation with the senator, and her decidedly intellectual physiognomy, was pronounced a *blue*. With a sensible man like Mr. G— she was perfectly at ease. His conversation interested and amused her, and her own became animated and brilliant. Her countenance was as variable as her feelings, and ever a true index to them; the vivacity and spirit which now illuminated it, gave a new brilliancy to her eyes, and a finer glow to her complexion.

"That is the finest face that I ever saw," said an elderly gentleman to his friend; "Who can it be?"

"You observe, Mr. G—— is the gentleman in attendance."

"I did not observe it before. I must seek an introduction," said the first speaker, who was no other than the ——.

Although Julia's beauty had at first attracted universal admiration, at the end of a week Clara was the center of attraction. George was surprised to hear her now talking French with a foreign minister, perfectly self-possessed; then, chatting with the same simplicity and ease as she would have done with her father, with the gallant ——. "I might well say I did not know that girl," thought he. In spite of all his efforts to be distingué—his wines, gastronomic science, &c., &c., with the efficient aid of Monsieur Toupet at the toilet, poor George was obliged to owe his distinction and the attention he received, to the beauty of one sister, and the talents and charming manners of the other. He had to submit to being constantly named, as "the brother of the Misses Wilton." He was acting a part that sat ungracefully upon him, and made pretensions which everybody's pride resisted. Clara, on the contrary, was independent and original, without being conscious that she was so. She pleased, because she made the grave and the gay, the young and old, pleased with themselves. Her object was not to attract attention, not to compel admiration, but the same that it had been, habitually, at home—to make every one happy. Of course, those who approached her put

on their holiday faces and appeared to the best advantage. There was a truthfulness in her very nature, that won confidence. She gave her opinions, when they were asked, with unshrinking moral courage, but obtruded them upon no one, and was ever the gentle but firm advocate of virtue and right principles. Vice stood abashed in her presence, and "felt how awful goodness is; and truth, how lovely."

George paid but little attention to his sisters. They had found an excellent chaperone in an aunt of the Hon. Mr. G——, an elderly and very respectable lady from the South, who took a truly maternal interest in them. Mr. G—— himself, was constantly of the party, and rode, talked, walked, just as it suited their pleasure.

"Girls," said George, one morning as they walked in the piazza of the Hotel, "I have spent my last penny—I am literally, sans argent. This Saratoga is a horrid bore after all, where one spends money deucedly. Your purses, girls, if you have any to spare." The sisters handed him most readily their purses, which had been scarcely touched. "Pay our bill," said the straight forward Clara, "and let us go home immediately, George, if you have enough."

"Oh, cannot we stay a little longer, Clara?" said Julia, eagerly; "I do not wish to leave yet."

"Stay! to be sure we can," replied George, "and I have no idea of quitting yet. You must write home to the old man for more money, Clara; you can get any thing out of him."

"What shall I tell him you have done with the ample funds with which he supplied you?"

"Nothing; the old fellow knows there are ten thousand ways of disposing of the needful."

"I beg of you, George, to speak more respectfully of our kind father."

"Spare your eloquence for the Hon. Mr. G——," said George and was off in a twinkling.

The next morning found George Wilton extremely ill, threatened with fever and delirium. He insisted upon going home immediately. As Saratoga was no place for them under these circumstances, they immediately consented. "But what shall we do," said George, "I spent all your money last night at the billiard table. I came home somewhat tipsy, I believe, for I have a faint recollection of scolding and kicking Toupet, and the rascal has decamped with my watch, broaches, rings, and even my snuff-box. The girls looked at each other in consternation. Just at that moment a knock was heard at the door of George's room, where they were holding this consultation: a waiter handed a letter, saying it had been sent by express. It contained the melancholy intelligence, that Mr. Wilton had been siezed with a fit of apoplexy, and was in imminent danger. William had not yet returned. Mrs. Wilton and Mary begged the immediate presence of George and his sisters.

"What will our poor father do without his Clara?" exclaimed Julia, bursting into tears.

"We must start for home to-day, live or die, Clara," said George, "and you must go and consult Mr. G—— about the readiest means of conveyance."

Poor Clara blushed, and for a moment hesitated.—"It is no time for fastidiousness," said George. "It is no time for reproaches," thought Clara, and went to ask for an interview with Mr. G—— in the drawing room.

With modest embarrassment she asked his advice and assistance, candidly stating all the difficulties in which they were involved.

"My dear Miss Wilton," said Mr. G——,"the pleasure I feel in being able to assist you in the slightest degree, has one drawback; gratitude is not the sentiment that I wish to inspire in your heart. I am grieved to place you under the least obligation to me, for a moment."

"You need not regret it, since I am not unwilling to incur such obligation."

"There spoke my noble Clara. I thank you a thousand times. And will you allow me to accompany you home? My carriage will be easier for poor George than any other conveyance."

Clara's heart throbbed, and she could only say, "Oh sir, you are very kind."

"I would, Clara, that any other time had offered, rather than this, to urge my hopes and wishes. It seems almost cruel to improve this occasion, when you are in the granting mood; but your frankness and independence are such, as to leave no doubt on my

mind that you will act freely. Will you, at no distant day, give me a legal claim to be your protector? You have known for some time, how entirely my happiness is in your keeping."

Clara replied, her eyes filling with tears,—"We shall soon see my dear father. I must hasten to tell George and Julia of your arrangements for our return."

George's illness increased every hour, until at length, when they reached home, he was in a violent fever, attended by most alarming symptoms.

Mr. Wilton had apparently nearly recovered his bodily health; his mind was hopelessly impaired, and it was deemed imprudent to mention George's illness in his presence. He was delighted to see his darling Clara again, and wondered at her frequent absences, while she was in her brother's room, ministering to his comfort. He seemed, indeed, to have forgotten his son's return from Europe, for now he never spoke of him.

Mr. G—— left the village two days after he saw the family re-united. Although Mr. Wilton was in such a state as to be entirely oblivious to many things, his mind was not altogether deranged. To the proposal of Mr. G—— he yielded a pleased consent, saying, "his beloved Clara would do honor to any station." It was affecting to hear him, at the same time, solemnly commit her to his care, as if she were still a little child, imploring him to be gentle and kind to the helpless lamb, that he spared from his own bosom.

George, whose constitution had been somewhat injured by excess in the luxuries of the table, continued

alarmingly ill, and entirely hopeless himself of recovery. Julia had been his favorite, but her ineffeciency in a sick room was painful to him and to herself. Clara, unable to be with him much during the day, watched by his bedside night after night. She slept only at intervals during the day time, in her father's easy chair. He was perfectly contented so long as he could look at her lovely face, and seemed not to perceive that it was pale and anxious.

"Clara," said George, one night as she sat by him, "I have made a discovery."

"What is it, brother?"

"I know your governing motives; those deeply rooted religious principles, which I have never appreciated, and scarcely till now believed in their existence. It is your perfectly feminine character, harmonizing so beautifully with these strong principles, that excites my wonder. I see they are the moving power of the whole moral machine. I have sought only my own pleasure, lived to no good purpose, and look back upon a spent life of utter worthlessness with remorse."

"Say rather, dear George, with repentance."

"Talk to me often, dear sister, on this subject; I am but a heathen.'

"I can do better than talk to you, George; I can send for our excellent friend, Dr. Molesworth."

"No, no, Clara, I prefer listening to you; it is his business, his duty—"

"Stay, brother; he then understands better than I do these momentous truths."

"That may be; but you *feel* their happy influence; while the dew is still upon the flowers of life, you have thought deeply, and given the incense of obedience from a warm, pure heart."

"You know not how sinful that heart is:—but since you are willing to listen to these sublime truths, I will read to you from a book, that can give you instruction and consolation." So saying, she took up her little bible, which she had often used while her brother slept, and only waited for a suitable opportunity to read aloud.

"What shall I read to you, George?"

"The parable of the prodigal son, if you please."

As she read with touching pathos this inimitable parable, George made no comment, but tears were upon his emaciated cheeks. Soon after, he said to her, "I have been viewing the character and conduct of young men, in the light of eternity. It will not bear the light of common sense; but in view of that account, which all must render at the judgment seat of God, how does it appear? Fearfully wrong. If I could but live my life over—but that may not be—and if I should be spared, could I persuade the infatuated beings who are chasing delusive bubbles, of their folly—of their crime? Clara, your sex have much to answer for. Your influence is all-powerful with us: why is it not more frequently exerted for our good?"

"The influence is mutual; those things which you admire, in general, are not such as exalt our character

as rational and immortal beings—beauty, wealth, wit, fashion; but as long as they are the main things sought by man, you must not wonder that we are eager for their possession."

"Yet, how many more of your sex are found on the side of religion, than of ours. What is it that so fatally blinds us? Alas! that I should have discovered my folly too late."

"It is not too late," said Clara.

"Not too late for repentance," he replied, mournfully, "but too late for renovation; I cannot now lead a new life, for it is almost spent."

"Not too late for regeneration," replied Clara, "for a new heart, God, through the influence of his Spirit, will give you, if you earnestly desire and ask for it."

"My mind is all dark upon these subjects; they are mysterious, and I have called them a delusion."

Clara was now summoned hastily out of the room. Her brother William had arrived: his schemes had proved visionary. The two largest creditors of his father and himself, had failed, and involved them deeply. Various speculations had been engaged in with his father's capital; even his mills and house had been mortgaged to furnish funds for these speculations.

William had not been prepared for the trying circumstances that awaited his arrival. A generous, merry-hearted fellow, thoughtless and venturesome: when the gales of summer floated the family bark, a pleasant companion, but totally unfit to take the helm,

during the wintry storm. He shrank dismayed from the responsibility that now devolved upon him. Clara encouraged him to have more confidence in himself.

"Oh, Clara," he replied, "would that I had your strength of mind!"

Clara replied, "You have not hitherto been called upon to exert your own; you will find it sufficient, if you have more reliance upon yourself. You must come to the task with courage and humility, for they are not inconsistent. If papa should enquire of you about his affairs, tell the truth; it is the safest and the best course. If he does not, do not allude to business at all. Take courage, and all may yet be well."

"Take courage," said William, "Yes, I will: when I have such a sister, shall I shrink from my duty?"

Clara was just leaving the room—she turned back, and said solemnly, "You have a mother and three sisters, who must lean upon you: look to God for strength in this trying hour."

Scarcely had the words passed her lips, when they were summoned to the bed-side of their dying father. A second fit of apoplexy had seized him, and he was already speechless: a few moments, and all was over.

Poor George rang the little bell by his bed-side, again and again, unheeded. Alarmed at the long absence of Clara, he crept from his bed, and slowly made his way to his father's room. With his ghastly countenance and emaciated figure, he looked like a

specter among the weeping family. He cast one look of agony at his departed father, and then suffered himself to be led by his brother to his own apartment. "How unkind I was to you, George," said William, with honest frankness, "when last I saw you—I hope you don't remember it now."

"My brother, the unkindness was all on my part; forgive me!" * * * * * *

Weeks passed away, and George Wilton, after a severe struggle for life, was decidedly convalescent. Still he needed much attention. William was now ever at hand to aid him; but Clara, though now obliged to devote much time to her woe-stricken mother, was still "his ministering angel."

"How could I have been so blind as not to perceive that admirable girl's worth, when I first returned from Europe?" exclaimed George one day, as she left his room.

"Because," replied William, "you were then a foreigner, and she is a true American girl."

"She is more, a true christian—unostentatious—not given to cant—charitable—cheerful. I am amused sometimes, however, by her strong attachment to *our* church; for so I trust I may term it, unworthy member as I am."

"I do not think she is illiberal, nor bigoted."

"By no means, or she would never have exercised such a blessed influence over my mind. I came home a swaggering fool; ashamed of my country, and God forgive me, of my relations too. If my life

is spared, I hope I shall redeem my character, that they may never again have occasion to be ashamed of me."

"You are too severe upon yourself, brother; only a little inflated you were; a few severe puffs, and you are quite natural again. If you owe much to Clara, I am equally her debtor. When you are stronger, I will tell you all about it."

After the expiration of a number of months, when health and some degree of cheerfulness were restored to the Wilton family, and the affairs had all been settled, so that every creditor was satisfied, George resumed the study of his profession. There was still a sufficient sum remaining to purchase a good farm. William became a thorough, persevering agriculturist, making his house a pleasant home for his mother and younger sister.

It was not until all the duties that Clara owed to her family, in their bereavement and affliction, had been affectionately and faithfully performed, that she gave her hand to Mr. G——.

On that occasion, though the wedding was a private one, Clara remembered her promise to her school-mates, Isabella and Geraldine. The former accepted the invitation; Geraldine had not returned from Paris.

"Now Clara, you shall wear the gold medal," said Isabella, taking it from a jewel-box upon the dressing-table. "You are all arrayed for this fearful ceremony; but I do insist that you wear this, as a testimo-

ny of your worth, for fear the Hon. Mr. G—will repent before he gets to church, and turn back, unless there is golden proof of your superiority, mental and moral, right before his eyes."

Clara.—"Isabella, dear, you are the same gay, thoughtless creature as ever."

Isabella sighed deeply. "Yet, Clara, I am not happy: the pleasures that I so fondly anticipated, grow wearisome. I have partaken of them to satiety; but I cannot withdraw from the brilliant circle, of which, they flatter me, I am the life and soul. Come, we must go down into the drawing-room; and since you think there is no danger that the honorable gentleman will change his mind, I'll leave the medal where I found it. Oh, how I burned with envy, when Mrs. Z— presented it to you, before the élite, assembled at our examination. You deserved it dearest—you were the best, the kindest scholar—you have maintained that superiority as a sister and daughter, and I know you will make such an obedient loving wife, that when men want to recommend a pattern to their wilful ones—they will say, "Now only look at Mrs. G—."

Clara.—Spare me, Isabella; I am painfully conscious of my imperfections, and you deepen this consciousness by your extravagant praises. My reliance is upon Him who has hitherto been my guide and strength, and in this new and solemn relation, I humbly trust, His "grace will be sufficient for me."

* * * * * * * * * *

To the younger brothers and sisters of a family, the eldest sister stands in a deeply interesting and responsible relation. With wondering and admiring eyes they look up to her, and as she walks in loveliness and beauty, the boy's heart throbs with exulting pride, as he exclaims, "she is my sister;" and the little girl lisps her sayings,—or pleads her example—"Sister does so."

One of the most beautiful delineations of this character has been drawn by Miss Baillie—"The young, the sweet, the good, the brave Griseld." Her father was one of Scotland's patriots, who in perilous times fled his country and found a refuge in Holland, where his scanty means afforded but a meager maintenance. The poem is founded upon fact, the Lady Griseld being one of the ancestral worthies of the Baillie family. Much is sung of the dauntless courage and daring deeds of the brave heroine, "though o'er her head had scarcely run her nineteenth year." But the simple domestic virtues so graphically described by the accomplished authoress, furnish a fine example for my gentle readers, especially if troublous times should cloud their life's morning.

"And well, with ready hand and heart,
Each task of toilsome duty taking,
Did *one dear inmate* play her part,—
The last asleep, the earliest waking.
Her hand each nightly couch prepared,
And frugal meal on which they fared:
Unfolding spread the servet white,
And decked the board with tankard bright.

Thro' fretted hose and garment rent,
Her tiny needle deftly went,
Till hateful penury, so graced,
Was scarcely in their dwelling traced.
With rev'rence to the old she clung,
With sweet affection to the young.
To her was crabbed lesson said;
To her the sly petition made;
To her was told each petty care;
By her was lisped the tardy prayer,
What time the urchin, half undrest
And half asleep was put to rest.

Who does not love to see the grandame mild
Lesson with yearning looks the listening child?
But 'tis a thing of saintlier nature,
Amidst her friends of pigmy stature,
To see the maid in youth's fair bloom,
A guardian sister's charge assume,
And like a touch of angel's bliss,
Receive from each its grateful kiss.—
To see them when their hour of love is past
Aside the grave demeanor cast;
With her in mimic war they wrestle;
Beneath her twisted robe they nestle;
Upon her glowing cheek they revel,
Low bended to their tiny level;
While oft, her lovely neck bestriding,
Crows some arch imp like huntsman riding.
This is a sight the coldest heart may feel;—
To make down rugged cheeks the kindly tear to steal.

But when the toilsome sun was set,
And evening groups together met,
Her feet still in the dance moved lightest,
Her eye with merry glance beamed brightest,
Her braided locks were coiled the neatest,
Her carol song was thrilled the sweetest;

And round the fire, in winter cold,
No archer tale than hers was told.
And do not, gentle reader, chide,
If I record her harmless pride,
Who sacrificed the hours of sleep
Some show of better times to keep;
That though as humble soldiers dight,
With pointed cuff and collar white,
A stripling brother might more trimly stand
Like one of gentle race mixed with a homelier band.

And thus some happy years stole by;
Adversity with virtue mated,
Her state of low obscurity,
Set forth but as deep shadows, fated
By Heaven's high will to make the light
Of future skies appear more bright.

At length—
From Britain's isle glad tidings came,
And her kind parent and herself depart
In royal Mary's gentle train.—
And Britain's virtuous queen admired
Our gentle maid, and in her train
Of ladies will'd her to remain:
What more could young ambition have desired?
But, like the blossom to the bough,
Or wall-flower to the ruin's brow,
Or tendril to the fost'ring stock,
Or sea-weed to the briny rock,
Or misletoe to sacred tree,
Or daisy to the swarded lea,
So truly to her own she clung;—
Nor cared for honors vain,
From courtly favor sprung."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ECONOMY OF HOME.

"She loves a rainy day who sweeps the hearth,
And threads the busy needle, or applies
The scissors to the torn or thread-bare sleeve;
Who blesses God that she has friends and home."—*Brainard.*

In our country, women, even of the highest rank, must "study household good." There may be many servants, and they may be under the vigilant superintendance of a hired housekeeper; but the order and elegance of the ménage will depend chiefly upon the good judgment and correct taste of the lady of the mansion. If she be deficient, it will be visible in spite of the splendid decorations of her drawing-rooms, and the costly luxury of her table.

If the home-education of a young lady be not such as to fit her for any station, however high or however humble, it is incomplete. A discriminating mind,—quickness of observation,—strong judgment,—correct taste and principles,—these will enable her to accommodate herself gracefully and cheerfully to the condition in life assigned by Providence. To fulfil its duties, she must have a practical knowledge of the whole economy of housewifery.

Lady reader, it may be, that in a missionary cottage on an Island of the Pacific, you may set the example of a well-ordered house, and a neat frugal table, to savages, who are thus to be instructed in the home

comforts of civilized life; or in a refined and polished land you may do the honors of a diplomatic mansion, so that American manners and American hospitality be not contemned; or you may be compelled, upon the limited means that most young men have to offer, to maintain the dignity, neatness, and elegance of an establishment far inferior to the accustomed splendor of your father's house; or upon the meager stipend of a country clergyman, "to entertain strangers," and "be given to hospitality."

Keeping accounts, the order and regulation of family expenses, the table, servants, furniture, visitors, &c., &c.; these must be learnt under the paternal roof.

The expenses of a family must of course be regulated, in part, by the wealth and station of its head. That there may be unity of purpose, the husband and father should make his family sufficiently acquainted with his resources, and the style in which he wishes to live.

In order to acquire a habit of systematic expenditure, every young lady should, if possible, receive a stated allowance for her personal expenses; be this large or small, a part of it—how large a part depends upon the charity and self-denial of the donor—should be devoted to benevolent purposes. This gives a freedom and a pleasure to acts of charity, which cannot be enjoyed where the demands are made upon a parent, and the bounty thus only passes through the hands of the merely nominal donor. However large

your allowance may be, unless you are systematic in its expenditure, trouble and perplexity will harass you. If at the beginning of the year you are needlessly extravagant, its close will find you without the means of purchasing even a pair of gloves. With splendid shawls and rich dresses, which have exhausted your funds, soiled gloves and untidy shoes are not in keeping; they give you the air which has well been called the shabby genteel. White kid gloves and satin shoes with a calico dress, for a morning walk, give the same appearance. These incongruities will frequently occur, if you do not make a careful "calculation" for all the articles indispensable to your wardrobe.

Beside this care of her own accounts and expenditures, a daughter should sometimes be allowed to keep "the House Book," as it is called. By so doing she will learn the price of servant's wages, of all the articles for family use, and for the table. Of these things most young married women are so ignorant, that they might be cheated to almost any extent by trades-people and servants. What, for instance, do they know of the prices of coal, wood, soap, potatoes, &c., &c. My young lady reader will smile, perhaps contemptuously, at the idea that any such knowledge could come within her province. The head of a family is not always at home; and when there, the all-absorbing duties of a profession may render such cares burdensome, and an obliging wife will endeavor to relieve him. If the mistress of a family trust entirely to servants to make purchases, while herself

ignorant of prices, she places before them too great a temptation to dishonesty. If the grocer's book is sent month after month, where an account is kept open, without examination; if butcher's and fishmonger's bills are suffered to run on from quarter to quarter without being paid; (seeming at last enormous, and discharged reluctantly;) if servants' wages are called for just when they please, sometimes receiving more than is due, and at others falling short of it;—how are family expenses to be regulated? Often, in this manner, every thing is left to take care of itself, and by the wastefulness and extravagance resulting from such a course, thousands have been ruined. It was Napoleon's custom, even when Emperor of France, to enquire the price of every article used for his household, and to make accurate calculations with regard to the necessary quantity to be consumed. It may be said that this was royal meanness; nevertheless, it prevented fraud and dishonesty. Many think it a mark of gentility, as well as of generosity, to be regardless of economy. They think that spending money with reckless freedom, proves that they have always been accustomed to wealth. It is proverbial that the sons of misers are spendthrifts, and men who have acquired wealth suddenly, generally spend it rapidly; while they who have lived year after year in the same respectable style, usually impart to their children their own habits of regular systematic economy. It is said with much truth, that the Americans are not an economical people. Money-making and

money-loving, even to a universal monomania,—that which is acquired with such mighty effort, they spend with lavish profusion. We know nothing about economy as practiced in Europe, by men of high sounding titles that would delight ears democratic. The Frenchman's invariable practice of taking up his two or three remaining bits of sugar, wrapping them in paper and carrying them from the café in his pocket, is only one example of the minuteness of their economy. The French women are wonderfully "good managers;" the care they take of their furniture and wardrobes can scarcely be imagined, even by a notable Yankee woman. An excessive love of display, and the tormenting desire to rival European luxury and elegance, have brought already so much misery upon our country, that it is high time that American women should enquire how far the blame comes deservedly upon them; and what measures they must pursue to avoid such ruinous extravagance.

Having learnt the prices of articles of home consumption, and the quantity necessary for an ample supply, you may be able to regulate your expenses. You will know how your table should be furnished on ordinary and extraordinary occasions, avoiding the extremes of niggardly frugality and wasteful superfluity. You will find that a skillful manager purchases most articles by large quantities, as they are thus reduced in price; besides, it is a saving of time.

The better to understand what to order for the table acquire some insight to the mysteries of the culinary

department. If your delicate fingers have hitherto only been familiar with the piano and harp, embroidery and letter-paper, can you bring them into contact with vulgar butter and sugar, eggs and flour? Horrible! Yet you may go to the far west and be without "helps," as the Trollopes, &c. aver that we call servants; or, in town, they may leave without "giving warning." And it should ever be remembered, that the varying tide of fortune may leave many who now ride triumphantly at the top of the wave, upon a barren strand.

The American ladies of lang-syne were exceedingly notable; their pride in pastry, puddings, pickles, preserves, and the rest of the category, was certainly more palatable than the boasted ignorance of their degenerate daughters. Sensible men will assure you, that it is no proof of talents, good sense, or good taste, to despise the manipulations of the pantry and kitchen. A good housekeeper need not be a mere domestic drudge;—if compelled to devote some hours every day to active employment, it would doubtless be an antidote to dispepsia and ennui, and need not lessen her refinement of mind and manners. A good "Cook's Oracle" should belong to every educated woman's library—not displaying its homely face among the elegant titled nobility of the drawing-room, or respectable gentry of the parlor library—but upon the kitchen book-shelf, by the side of the Bible, Cheap Repository, Almanac, &c. Many such receipt-books have been compiled for housekeepers, but they must

be tested by actual experiment before they can be relied upon. A young lady should be allowed to make these experiments under her mother's supervision. If a daughter can relieve her mother by sometimes taking her place, it will be a mutual advantage.

Kindness to servants—genuine judicious kindness, is not the most common thing in the world. In your father's house, be careful not to tax them too heavily; be considerate for their welfare, and endeavor to gain their respect and good will.

You can scarcely conceive of the labor you may save them by neatness and carefulness—by putting your books, working materials, and wearing apparel in their proper places, when you have done using them—by early rising and early retiring. Never ring for a servant unless it is absolutely necessary; consider whether you have a right to make even your own waiting maid take forty steps to save yourself one. Nothing shows a person's ill-breeding more plainly than a harsh imperious manner towards servants. Knowing how much more agreeable it is to be requested than commanded, it would seem as if every one might say, "will you do this?" or even, "please do that;" and there would be no want of propriety even in saying, "will you have the kindness to do it?" Human nature resents the imperative mood, but yields a ready acquiescence to gentle entreaty. You must not suppose that all servants are of course merely mercenary; they may serve with affection and possess a keen sensibility to kindness. An amiable

dignity of deportment joined with considerateness, and a hearty desire for their good, may secure faithful humble allies, whose interests are identified with your own. This happy union is sometimes secured even in this country, where a love of change is the universal passion. The yoke of servitude is very galling to a free-born Yankee; is it not often rendered doubly so, by the meanness and vulgarity of the master and mistress? Avoiding that familiarity which the old proverb says, "breeds contempt," consider what is really due to the feelings and character of a faithful domestic, and demonstrate by your conduct, that you have no contempt for those whom Providence has placed in a subordinate station; and that you recognize no vulgarity but such as arises from a low and vicious character. By uniform sweetness of temper, a grateful acknowledgement of faithful services, and a conscientious regard for their temporal and eternal welfare, you may promote their happiness and lighten the evils of their condition.

The freedom of our country, its liberal institutions, and much more its moral condition, place unmarried women in a less restricted and more influential situation than they enjoy in any other enlightened nation. They are of more importance at home, and take a more active part in receiving visitors than is customary in Europe. Yet, while under the paternal roof, there is no propriety in their receiving company without the countenance of their parents. All invitations should be given out in the name of the mistress of

the family, and the delicacy and modesty of a young lady will prevent her from monopolizing the attention of her mother's guests, old or young. There is, however, an opposite extreme, where young ladies pay no civilities to their parents' visitors, but either whisper and giggle by themselves in a corner, or sit in a formidable row, like dumb uninterested spectators. At a dinner table, at home or abroad, you are expected to be an attentive listener, or at most an intelligent questioner;—by no means to take the lead in conversation. At home you may endeavor to draw out the modest and diffident, and to relieve them from awkward silence; but can you in a party, talk to half a dozen beaux at once, and find them all some employment? Do you feel dissatisfied unless you create a sensation and attract much notice? Do not think those whose admiration you claim cannot perceive your motives. When displaying your accomplishments, beware of seeming to say, *admirez moi, admirez moi.*

It is almost insulting to a guest, to invite him just to make a display of an elegant richly furnished house, or in any other way to extort from him the tax of admiration and flattery. The frank cordiality of old fashioned hospitality is a thousand times more acceptable.

The substantial comfort of a house depends mostly upon its mistress; but its graceful elegance is frequently imparted by the younger members. The arrangement of furniture, books, pictures, prints, and the care

of them, may devolve upon young ladies. Even the arrangement of a vase of flowers, and the placing of it, may tell favorably of the taste of the presiding genius of the drawing-room.

Although domestic economy must necessarily occupy much of a woman's time and thoughts, it should be made as seldom as possible the subject of conversation. The affairs of the kitchen should never be discussed in the parlor, or at table. The regularity, order, and smoothness, with which the machinery operates, should be perceived only as it is upon the face of a watch, by the effects produced. A man of studious habits, who is much at home, should never be annoyed with the bustle of notable housewifery, the complaints that might hourly be made of the carelessness of servants, and the horrors of dust and cobwebs. The merits or demerits of servants are sometimes made the subject of conversation in society; but *young* ladies, it is hoped, have too much taste and refinement to choose such a topic.

There is little danger under the present system of intellectual culture, that a young lady will become too ambitious to excel in housewifery; the danger is, that despising the homely but useful knowledge, you will in time bring discomfort and discredit to that home, where confiding love has placed you.

"Charlotte," said a lately married man to his young wife, "my class-mates F— and N— are in town, and I have invited them to dine with us to-day. I have been to market this morning, and will give you the bill

of fare: a calf's head for my favorite soup, beef, pigeons, oysters, and a fine striped bass. *You* must order the cook to do every thing according to your own liking, and prepare such a dessert as suits your own taste. Our guests are both bachelors, and N— has a foolish notion that girls now-a-days know nothing that they ought to know. I wish you, my dear, to show him that *one* at least, does honor to her husband's choice."

The happy husband, with a look of trustful affection, bade his wife good morning, saying that he should not see her again until he had the pleasure of introducing his old friends, at dinner time.

Charlotte was in trepidation. Her cook, a stout wholesome-looking country girl, was unskilled beyond the most simple cookery; the mistress did not like to lose respect by betraying ignorance. The blushing honors of a housekeeper were still in their first week's freshness. "What shall I do? what shall I do?" she mentally exclaimed. After musing awhile, the thought struck her, "I'll go ask mamma." On went bonnet and shawl, and off went Charlotte to confess her embarrassment and ask advice. "It's all easy enough," said mamma; "you have my excellent receipt for calf's head turtle soup. Then, you must have the bass boiled, the beef roasted, the oysters fried in batter, and the pigeons stuffed, stewed, and browned." Home went Charlotte, saying over her lesson of boiled, stewed, and roasted, all the way. She summoned the cook. "Sally, we have company

to dine to day,—I wish to give you some *directions* about the dinner. Here is *my* excellent receipt for calf's head turtle soup." "Oh, goodness me," exclaimed Sally, "I never heard of turning a calf's head into a *turtle* before." "It is a fine soup, Sally; be patient and I will show you how," continued Charlotte, with becoming dignity, although somewhat disconcerted. "Listen now; the beef—yes, the beef must be boiled, the bass roasted, the oysters stewed and browned, and the pigeons fried in batter." "The pigeons fried in batter! Lor me! What queer ways you do have in this town!" exclaimed the unsophisticated cook. "Different places have different modes, my good girl; I dare say you will do very well. We dine an hour later than usual to-day, and you will have plenty of time."

Sally was a shrewd Yankee girl, and suspecting that her mistress did not know quite as much as she pretended, determined to follow the directions she had given, come what might. Charlotte, putting on her neat brown linen apron, went to work with right good will. Receipt-book in hand, she got together the variety of ingredients and condiments for the mock-turtle soup, and read the directions for the suitable preparation of them, to the attentive Sally, who then applied herself with all her might to boiling, roasting, stewing, and frying, according to her mistress' orders.

Having thus discharged her arduous task, perfectly to her own satisfaction, Charlotte made choice of fruits

and sweetmeats for dessert, and to relieve the cook, she undertook to make custards and a whip-syllabub herself. Before they were finished the clock struck three! It was but an hour to dinner; four o'clock was a late dinner hour in the good town of ——. When she had seen that the table was spread, and given orders to the waiter for the arrangement of her beautiful dessert, which she looked at again and again with satisfied pride, she had only fifteen minutes for her toilet—a task which usually occupied nearly an hour. The company arrived before it was completed, and the husband looked disappointed at not finding his wife in the drawing-room. Still more disappointed and chagrined was he when she did appear, heated by the unusual occupation of the morning, flurried by her hasty toilet, and anxious for the success of her dinner; her face looked red, shiny, and absolutely swollen, and her manners were as destitute of their usually graceful politeness, as possible. F— and N— looked surprised, for they had heard much of the beauty and accomplishments of their friend's wife. Conversation flagged, and yet the waiter came not to announce the wished-for relief; minutes seemed hours to Charlotte; her husband fidgeted and looked anxiously at N—, who, in spite of his customary good breeding, had a positively saucy look, that seemed to say, "so much for the housewifery of these very accomplished women." At length, however, the waiter announced that dinner was ready; the doors were thrown open and the smoking viands

were welcomed by all; for long waiting had given them keen appetites.

The soup was dark as midnight, having derived its superlative blackness from burned instead of browned flour, and an extra quantity of port wine. However, it passed off tolerably well—even an experienced gourmand would have pronounced it only a trifle too bitter, and a trifle too acid.

The soup discussed and removed—the master of the house cast his eye over the table, but not a dish could he recognize. "This is some abominable French cookery," thought he, "where every thing is intentionally disguised; however, I must undertake to carve." Before him stood a shapeless mass of pinkish and yellowish stuff, floating in a puddle of grease, which threatened to overflow the platter. Fish-knife in hand, he gazed at it awhile—what could it be? Why, boiled beef to be sure; the large sirloin of fat beef boiled to rags, without a particle of salt—the bones all nicely removed. He looked for the excellent striped bass. The dark débris of something of the fish kind certainly lay upon the opposite platter, for there was the head at least—the bones roasted to wonderful brownness. There was still hopes that the pigeons might be eatable. A parcel of strange looking dumplings made up a side-dish, but no birds were discoverable—neither could he form a conjecture as to the contents of the opposite dish; little, dark, shrivelled things, like nothing of the fish or flesh

kind. Not a vegetable appeared, for Charlotte had forgotten to *order* them, and Sally obeyed orders.

Relieved from embarrassment by the success of her soup, Charlotte had recovered her usual ease, and was talking quite agreeably with N—, when she was startled by an unwonted exclamation of anger from her husband.

"What the —— have we got here? Madam, please to have your cook called, to tell us what villainous stuff she has placed before us—for the life of me I can't discover."

Poor Charlotte, utterly confounded, bade the waiter call Sally. The girl appeared, her arms akimbo, and an expression of irrepressible drollery lurking about her mouth. "Woman!" exclaimed the enraged husband, "what messes have you given us, in place of what I sent home for dinner?" "Why! there's just what you sent home, cooked *exactly* as Mrs. *ordered* it to be done. My rule is, 'obey orders and break owners.' I said it over and over, till I got it by heart, (pointing to each dish,) boiled beef, roasted fish, pigeons fried in batter, and oysters stewed and browned. I hope they are done to your liking, marm," curtseying low.

It was impossible longer to refrain from laughter. The irritated husband burst forth into a peal, in which he was joined by his guests, and even the waiter and cook tittered, while Charlotte, no longer able to endure the mortifying scene, burst into tears and retreated to her own chamber. Sally, as soon as she could be

heard, said, "just let me obsarve gentlemen, you can have a *disart* for dinner, for the lady got all them gimcracks ready herself, and very nice you'll find them." Suiting the action to the words, she began removing the mangled and disgusting messes, and soon the dessert was upon the table. The friends merrily finished their dinner, or rather substituted the dessert, which really did credit to Charlotte, who, nevertheless, could not be prevailed upon again to make her appearance.

CHAPTER XVIII

DRESS.

"My yellow silk petticoat loop'd up with laurel,
So elegant,—yellow and green!
My train of blue satin! (judiciously chosen,
'Twill make a pelisse in the spring,)
And then my red feathers! I'm sure lady Susan,
I *must* be remarked by the king."—*T. H. Bailey.*

The satirists of every age, have considered woman's vanity and love of dress, legitimate subjects for their keenest strokes. The enormous hoops, crape-cushioned head-dresses, furbelows, powder, and patches, of the days of Addison and Goldsmith, only gave place to other fantastic modes, which have in turn called forth the ridicule of lesser wits, down to the present day. Whether all their poignant witticisms ever lessened the number of patches, made "top-knots come down," or reduced the size of a sleeve, is somewhat doubtful. Fashion is a goddess who will not be laughed out of countenance. Her frown is terrific; her votaries proclaim from her high places, "It is better to be out of the world, than out of the fashion."

As a *first* rule, then, (though last in importance,) let your dress be in the fashion—provided, always, that it does not infringe upon any of the following rules; namely—

2. Let dress be adapted to the season of the year. Many a bright and beautiful girl has gone down to an

early grave, in consequence of neglecting to guard against the inclemencies of this changing climate. You have hitherto been watched by the vigilant eye of maternal affection; now your life is, in a measure, in your own keeping; yes, your very life, for one single night's imprudence in laying aside a warm garment might prove fatal. Do not object to any precautions for the preservation of health because they have a clumsy appearance. Flannels are indispensable a greater part of the year. India-rubber, fur, and thick-soled shoes should be worn much oftener than they are. How absurd, to risk health, and life itself, for the sake of having a foot look an eighth of an inch smaller. How preposterous, to be exposed to an atmosphere below zero, with thin silk stockings, and expect to escape uninjured! Not only absurd and preposterous, but absolutely wicked. We have no right thus to tamper with life.

3. The dress should not fit so tightly as to impede motion or respiration. It is believed that the evils of tight-lacing have been so faithfully delineated during the past ten years, that none can be ignorant of them.

Thus forewarned, if you continue a practice so destructive to health, life, and even to true beauty,—a lingering suicide,—surely, a fearful account must be rendered to Him whose laws are thus daringly violated.

4. Dress should be neat. Some one says that neatness is next to the cardinal virtues. It seems indeed allied to purity of thought, and delicacy of sentiment;

giving a charm to the plainest attire, and rendering the richest more elegant.

5. Dress should be simple. The most expensive apparel should possess this grace; in this, as in every art, elegant simplicity is the highest beauty.

6. Dress should be modest.

7. Dress should be appropriate. There is a natural fondness in the young for gay colors. And why should they not admire what has been made so beautiful? Earth wears her robe of pleasant green—the sky melts into its lovely blue, or glows with crimson, purple, and gold—the flowers blush with delicate hues, or are sprinkled with gorgeous dyes—the gems of ocean shine with dazzling luster, and our Maker has deeply implanted a love of the beautiful in every human heart. The utilitarian may deny this, but with all the splendors of creation around us, we have but to open our eyes and his arguments are forgotten. Youth, buoyant with hope, and radiant with gladness, why should it be shrouded in somber hues? Have we not here the teachings of nature? Should not life's spring-time and summer be clad like their prototypes, and old age wear the sober livery of winter? Goldsmith compares the style of dress appropriate to different periods of life, to the three orders of Grecian architecture. The elaborate and beautiful Corinthian, for youth; the graceful, but less ornamented Ionic, for middle life; and the chaste, simple Doric, for venerable age.

Children love the gayest colors; but as the mind expands, and the taste refines, more delicate hues are preferred. Colors in dress, that do not harmonize or contrast agreeably, pain the eye, as discords in music do the ear. Light blue and pink, purple and blue, green and blue, yellow and pink, worn as contrasts, are unpleasant to almost every eye; while purple and yellow or orange, blue and brown, salmon and blue, green and pink, lilac and green, are pleasing contrasts. This is not a factitious taste, but is, as the painter well knows, derived from observation of the harmonies of nature. Fashion may reconcile us for a time, to almost any absurdity; but good taste, being founded in natural sensibility to beauty, will not yield entirely to her caprices.

It is much to be desired that the young ladies of our country, would dress with more plainness and simplicity, in the street and at church. A Frenchman who had just arrived in one of our largest cities, the first morning after his landing, walked through the favorite street for promenading; on returning to his Hotel, he enquired of a lady, "Madame, where is the ball this morning?" "The ball! what ball?" "I don't know what ball, but you Americans have one very strange custom; the ladies all go to the ball before dinner; some ride, more walk, all dressed for the ball; ha! ha! ha! republican vulgarity." In no other civilized country do reputable women walk or ride out, in full dress. In Europe, ladies do not go to church to display their finery; they have other

public places where their vanity may be gratified. Almost the only arena for display in many places in this country, unfortunately, is the holy sanctuary; the place for humiliation and self-abasement. Gay as a parterre of tulips and hyacinths at one season, and waving with plumes like a regiment of soldiers at another. Is this a Christian assembly, met to worship God? Not, that such an assembly should be clothed in sack-cloth, or any other peculiar and homely garb; but surely a simple and unostentatious style of dress would be far more appropriate.

On a journey, a plain dress is most becoming. We form an opinion of *strangers* from their appearance; it is the only index. When a young lady carries her light silks, her embroidery and jewelry upon her person, in stage-coach, car, and steamboat, through the length and breadth of the land, we conclude that they are her only letter of recommendation, and there *may* be those to whom it is sufficient.

7. Dress should correspond in *some degree* with the wealth of the wearer. There should be moderation and sobriety, however, arising from principle. The extravagance of wives and daughters has doubtless increased men's desire to be rich, and led them in many instances to those rash endeavors and wild speculations, that lately threatened destruction to our country. Is the present comparative calm a proof that they have become more considerate, more economical? Are there none who still encroach upon a father's fond indulgence to gratify vanity? If you follow Shaks-

peare's rule, "costly as your purse can buy," how will you be able to obey a charge coming from higher authority, "to do good, to be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate?"

8. Dress should not occupy too much time and thought, nor be made the subject of never-ending discussion. Well chosen, neatly made, and carefully put on, it has already been a cruel monopolizer of time; give it no farther attention than is necessary to preserve it from injury, and let not that care be apparent. A splendid dress may be worn so consciously as to lose all gracefulness and elegance.

CHAPTER XIX.

CONVERSATION.

"Talk to women, talk to women as much as you can. This is the best school. This is the way to gain fluency,—because you need not care what you say, and had better not be sensible."—*D'Israeli.*

It is not very unfair to believe, that most young men have adopted this motto as their own; at least, their conversation in ladies' society, generally indicates that they think they "had better not be sensible." If young ladies are flippant and silly, may it not arise from a similar desire to please? It is morally certain that the tone of conversation will not be much improved, until the taste of your superiors is more correct.

Every lady considers it complimentary to have sensible rational conversation addressed to her; it proves that her mind is not considered vastly inferior. She need not say much; a good listener is invaluable, and Bacon says, "the honorablest part of talk is to give the occasion." Let us learn farther from his wisdom: "*She* that questioneth much shall learn much, and content much, but especially if *she* apply her questions to the skill of the persons whom *she* asketh; for she shall give them occasion to *please themselves* in speaking, and herself shall continually gather knowledge." Shakspeare makes Gratiano say, "silence is only com-

mendable in a neat's tongue dried." But a severer satirist on the sex says:

> "A dearth of words a woman need not fear,
> But 'tis a task indeed to learn to hear."

The solemn fop, the flippant coxcomb, the prosing pedant, all may like "to please themselves," by prating to you, each in his peculiar style; and to "apply questions to the skill" of this category, requires more than the wisdom of a Bacon; and to listen to them—"poppy and mandroga," are not so consummately narcotic.

Flattery, censoriousness, slander, sarcasm, egotism, tittle-tattle, exaggeration—dark catalogue! Yet of all these conversational vices, ladies young and old have been accused. Flattery sometimes arises from too strong a desire to please, without any baser motive. Compliments are not always wrong; they may come from an affectionate heart, that can with difficulty conceal its sentiments and emotions. When there is not the slighest deviation from truth, and when nothing is sought, or to be gained, they should be given very sparingly,—not entirely proscribed.

Flattery implies an intention to deceive, to mislead with regard to appearance or merit, either to gain favor, or to make sport of another's vain credulity. It is a base, a mean and craven spirit, that offers this incense at any shrine. Every lady should have too much self-respect to offer, or to receive such incense.

Censoriousness brings so much unpopularity to those who indulge in it, that few are willing to apper so unamiable. But there are some fine ladies who complain, that,

> "Folks are so awkward, things so unpolite,
> They're elegantly pained from morn till night."

Every thing appears to them as distorted as their own faces in a cracked mirror. They are careful to suggest to their friends every defect that they discover in disposition and character, and vastly ingenious and quick sighted in the discovery. The bright side of character has no charms for them. Instead of depicting their acquaintances, as Queen Elizabeth would have her face painted, without shadow, their censoriousness casts every feature into the deepest shade.

It is said of the profound Locke, by his biographer, that "he was at first pretty much disposed to give advice, where he thought it was wanted; but experience of the little effect it had, made him grow more reserved."

But censure of the present is far less malicious than *slander* of the absent. False, treacherous, hateful slander, whose wounds no balm can cure. In times gone by, the gentler sex were accused of a strong predilection for that "sweetener to a female feast;" but in days of better education, and less tea-drinking, let us hope that they are not so culpable. God's holy law has protected "our neighbor" from this violation of his rights, and all mankind cry out against him who

"filches a good name." Even in the most retired moment, with your tried and faithful friend, beware of whispering one word to injure the reputation of a fellow-being. Condemn vice, by word and deed, and have moral courage to avoid the society of the vicious, whatever be their rank and station. You are partakers in other's sins, if you do not thus openly show detestation of crime. But sully not the reputation of the virtuous, by the venomous breath of slander; it will not pass away like your breath upon the mirror, leaving it bright and pure,—it will go out into a world of wickedness, and rest a dark cloud upon their once fair fame.

Vanity leads to unprofitable conversation. Hour after hour is often times wasted upon the discussion of the color of a ribbon, or the shape of a shoe. The dress of the fashionable and the unfashionable is a most fertile topic of conversation, giving zest to the vapid hours of the unintellectual. Who doubts that due attention to *dress* must be rendered? But the interminable discussions to which it leads, to the exclusion of better subjects, lowers the intellect, and tells too plainly the ignoble aim of female vanity,—to spread every sail to catch the breeze of admiration.

Sarcasm is a dangerous weapon, often recoiling upon the wielder with keen and biting stroke. A dull weapon will wound, if directed to a vulnerable spot, and those who have little sense, and no wit, can be spitefully severe. Of such, Hannah More says, "They exhibit no small satisfaction in ridiculing women of

high intellectual endowments, while they exclaim with affected humility, and much real envy, that 'they are thankful *they* are not geniuses.' Now, though one is glad to hear gratitude expressed on any occasion, yet the want of sense is really no such great mercy to be thankful for; and it would indicate a better spirit, were they to pray to be enabled to make a right use of the moderate understanding they possess, instead of exposing with a visible pleasure, the imaginary or real defects of their more shining acquaintance."

It is dangerous to be severe upon the faults of our friends, even in jest. Like blows given by boxers, at first in sport, they often end in angry earnest. Lively *repartee* may sometimes be agreeable; when it delicately avoids personality, it may give brilliancy to conversation; but this can seldom be avoided. Defend us from the quips and quirks of a habitual punster, who snaps up your honest words, and turns them into traitors before your eyes.

"To women, *wit* is a peculiarly perilous possession, which nothing short of the sober mindedness of Christianity can keep in order. Intemperate wit craves admiration as its natural aliment; it lives on flattery as its daily bread. The professed wit is a hungry beggar, that subsists on the extorted alms of perpetual panegyric." The rational, sensible conversation of those who prefer being agreeable to being witty, is vastly repugnant to such; if others writhe under their inflictions, they yawn under this.

Wo to the woman who gains the reputation of wit. She is expected never to open her mouth to speak, without dropping pearls and diamonds; if her wit be not chastised into meek subordination, she is feared by one sex and hated by the other. Even although it be thus chastised, there are many who look upon it in its harmless playfulness, as they would upon the gambols of an uncaged tigress.

But of all faults in conversation, *egotism* is the most common, only, because pardoned by all those who indulge in it themselves. A tête-a-tête between two egotists is a laughable strife for the balance of power. The eagerness of each to maintain the ground —the volubility of the one who gains it for a time— the anxiety of the other to seize the first faltering pause—impatience overcomes at length all politeness, and both talk till one has fairly talked the other down. In society, the thoughts of these egotists cannot by any means be diverted from themselves. It appears as though there were not a spot in the universe, that fond self-love did not associate in some degree with their interests.

"When I was with Parry," says the traveler, "we encountered some of those tremendous icebergs"— "That reminds me" interrupts the egotist, "of what I suffered during a ride last winter, when the snow-drifts were as high as the horses' heads," and so on, and on, with a tedious tale of *egomet*, while all wait with impatience for the solicited narrative of adventure. The traveler again commences, but goes not far before

another chord is struck in the egotist's mind, which inharmoniously interrupts the speaker, who now despairs of finishing his story. Neither iceberg nor volcano, geyser nor maelstrom, tornado nor avalanche, can arrest the egotist's thoughts, and turn them from beloved self. Were every member of the social circle equally governed by this monopolizing egotism, they would resemble a flock of chickens fighting for a delicate morsel thrown among them—one snatches it up and runs, another seizes it and begins to enjoy it, when a third makes off with it, but chances to drop the prize; half a dozen new claimants fly at it, until it is finally trampled under foot and lost. It would be an effectual cure, were the egotist to bite her tongue, every *third* time that *I* or *me* came to the tip of it. "The unruly member" would run the risk of being totally disabled.

"Conversation is the music of the mind, an intellectual orchestra, where all the instuments should bear a part, but where none should play together."

The silly *tittle-tattle* of meddlesome busy-bodies, is almost too contemptible to be noticed. "They live very expensively at Mr. B——'s; so their cook told our waiter. They spend for the table alone, forty dollars a week, week in and out, through the year." "What do they have for dessert?" "Creams and ices, fruits and pastry, sweetmeats and jellies, every thing in its season." "Well, then I think they must pinch in wine or meats—for, after all, that is no great sum." "Mr. G—— is said to be engaged to Miss K——; is

it so?" "I think it must be, for they walked home from church together, last Sunday, and she looked very lovingly upon him."

"Stale, flat, and unprofitable" stuff; yet this makes up the sum total of the conversation of a class of young ladies who have much leisure, few intellectual resources, and little moral principle.

Girls often bring from the boarding-school a sort of school slang, which they have *sported* among themselves, and which appears as awkwardly in society, as would the red morocco shoes that delighted their infant fancy. Others, who have been educated at home, introduce the by-words and pet phrases, which are playfully employed, and may be tolerated in the family circle, but which it is extremely ill-bred to use before strangers. Indeed, every thing that comes under cant, slang, and vulgarism, should be most carefully avoided. Young men at college become familiar with a set of words, which the uninitiated need a new vocubulary to understand. Every profession and employment has its cant; now if all these were brought into society, what a Babelonish jargon should we hear! By common consent, every thing of this kind is pronounced in bad taste; but so inveterate are habits, that refined people even, will betray their pursuits and their places of residence, by local and professional cant. And often the habit of exaggeration is acquired at school, where, sweetest, superlatively beautiful, delicious, the most beautiful, the most hateful, most horrible, &c., &c., are epithets

with which all conversation is plentifully spiced. Truthfulness is thus endangered, and although there is no intention to deceive, exaggeration is a species of falsity morally wrong.

It is said, that in this country there is not enough of l'esprit du societé to elicit that brilliant play of thought and language, which gives zest to the conversation of some European women; that men in general are too much occupied with business and politics, and meet seldom for social intercourse, and women have too little gaiety, taste, and cultivation, to render conversation spirited and amusing. "Things are often said." How true it may be, those who have lived much in town can best determine. There is a style of conversation, wanting in dazzling brilliancy, and, perhaps, in light and graceful playfulness, but which will better satisfy reason and conscience, and accords better with the dignified and rational character of a well educated American woman. Though not as amusing, it is characterized by more truthfulness and kindliness. Sacred subjects are never treated with lightness or unholy familiarity; vices are not softened down before the roué, into innocent gaieties, very pardonable in wealthy young men; expletives bordering upon profaneness do not give it pungency, nor indelicate allusions sully its purity.

"She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness." This is what gives to conversation its crowning excellence—the law of kindness—the philosopher's stone, that transmutes all

to gold. Thoughts, breathed forth from a warm true heart, a heart that forgets selfish interests in a generous sympathy with others, find a ready ear.

A pleasant colloquial style, appears to be scarcely attainable to those who are not so happy as to enjoy it from nature. Many examples might be given of men of genius, who have been sadly destitute of conversational talents; yet all have by no means been thus deficient. Coleridge was distinguished above all his cotemporaries, for the wonderful fluency and richness of his conversation; yet one of them remarked, that "he discoursed, he never talked." Walter Scott *talked* with people; we might know that from his works. With his warm hearted kindness, infused into his racy style—his exhaustless fund of anecdote, and immense field of illustration—how could he be otherwise than a delightful companion? Hannah More, as you well know, was remarkable for her colloquial talents; in early life, how difficult would it have been for her to deny herself the intense delight that she enjoyed in that circle of learning, wit, eloquence, and rank, where she shone with such unrivalled brilliancy; not altogether unrivalled either, for there were the warm hearted Mrs. Boscawen, the elegant Mrs. Montague, and the learned Mrs. Elizabeth Carter.

Madame de Stael was so fond of conversation, that it was misery for her to live out of Paris; for there only, in her estimation, could any thing deserving the name of conversation be enjoyed. Happily,

American women know little of conversation as a *fine art*, and therefore seldom talk for display. Although the just demands of society often call them from their own firesides, may their sweetest, dearest enjoyments be there,—may they ever find *home* a sphere wide enough for sprightly, rational, intellectual conversation; that whenever they mingle with larger circles, it may be easy, useful, cheerful, and agreeable.

CHAPTER XX.

EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.

"Spirit, proud spirit, ponder thy state;
If thine the leaf's lightness, not thine the leaf's fate;
It may flutter, and glisten, and wither, and die,
And heed not our pity, and ask not our sigh;
But for thee, the immortal, no winter may throw
Eternal repose on thy joy, or thy wo;
Thou must live, and live ever, in glory or gloom,
Beyond the world's precincts, beyond the dark tomb."

Miss Jewsbury.

ISABELLA ——'S JOURNAL OF A WEEK.

Monday. Heard the morning bell ring, but felt too sleepy to mind it; turned over and tried to resume the thread of a delightful dream, where it had been broken off by the vexatious jangling. Could not sleep again, but continued the dream in a sweet reverie. Enjoyed it so long, that there was no time to dress for breakfast. Slipped on my dressing-gown, and rang for Fanfan. Good creature, she brought me delicious hot coffee, an egg, and toast, and while I discussed my breakfast, I revelled over Bulwer's last, fresh from the press. Don't believe Geraldine M. has seen it yet. So delighted with its gorgeous pictures of human life, that I nearly forgot an engagement to go out shopping, and paying half a dozen morning visits. Dressed in a hurry; looked blowzy as a milk-maid, in consequence. Mem.—Must give myself more time to arrange my toilet. Hurry discomposes the countenance and gives one a sort of con-

sciousness that is decidedly vulgar. These morning visits are a horrid bore. Mrs. M. has new furnished her drawing-room. Salmon and brown! odious! Ottomans, chairs, lounges, and cushions, all embroidered by the girls. Salmon ground work, and patterns of oak leaves and acorns. Horridly natural! And this is the taste they have brought from Paris, after a two years' residence there. Praised every thing to the skies; poor Mrs. M. most exquisitively delighted. Geraldine looked a little suspicious. Had company to dine—some of papa's "sensible men;" couldn't bear their prosing; left them to come and dress for Mrs. B's ball. Find it a good time to write journal, while Fanfan dresses my hair. I can now and then take a peep in the mirror, and am not so over anxious and impatient as when I watch all her movements. Ordered the carriage to be at the door at half past nine; hate to be too early.

Tuesday. Awoke at ten o'clock, so exhausted that I could not rise. Breakfasted in bed. The glare of light, and the crowded suffocating rooms, gave me an intolerable head-ache. Could scarcely open my eyes. Made Fanfan bring me a mirror. How pale and ugly I looked—eyes inflamed—lips dry and feverish. Obliged to get up at one, to dress for Mrs. M's dinner party. Was glad enough that they dine at decent hours. Should have made a sorry figure in broad day-light. Splendid porcelain, glass, and plate; but still that odious salmon and brown every where. They must have ordered their porcelain from Sevres

themselves, for nobody else ever had such a want of taste. Thought I should have died with suppressed laughter, to hear poor Mrs. M. ask Monsieur Brouillard, in her Yankee French, "Admirez vous mes filles ouvrage?" Unlucky man! he bowed, and "pardonnez moi, pardonnez," was all he could utter, for not a word could he understand. How ridiculous for her to attempt to speak French! I never try, for my four years study has taught me that I know nothing about it. Geraldine looked as if she would flirt with W. if she durst; but her father's eyes were seldom turned away from her long. Papa says he is a shocking *roue';* but then he *is* so elegant—talks such brilliant nonsense—and makes every body so superlatively ridiculous, that he is delightful. Handed us to the carriage, and then, with most imperturbable impudence, jumped in, right in the face of Aunt Susan's civil "Good evening, Sir," and her significant farewell bow, and rode home with us. I verily believe he would have walked in and made a call, even at that late hour, if aunty had but paid him the compliment of inviting him.

Wednesday. Rainy. Went down to breakfast, and for my pains, got a horrid scolding from papa, for letting W. attend me home. He says Aunt Susan will never do for a chaperone, if she can't keep such silly sparks away. Insisted that I should cut his acquaintance. Can't possibly just now, as I have made an engagement to go with him to look at some new prints at C's in ——. Half sorry, but can't break my

word. Papa scolded me too, for not practicing more; so to get into favor again, sat two hours at the piano and two at the harp. Papa says, if I don't read and speak French I shall have a master. Horrid! when I pass for accomplished; what a disclosure that would be. Told Fanfan to give the word, "not at home," to the porter, for all day. Was vexed half to death when I found W's card among those that had been left. Geraldine M's too; wonder if they came together. A téte-a-téte dinner with papa. Lectured me constantly about my awkwardness; first, I spilled half a drop of soup; then, because I laid my fork upon the table-cloth; then, because I did not say what part of the bird I would have, that he was carving. Mimicked me in the most ridiculous manner—"It is immaterial Sir." Then I was vexed and cried, and at length was obliged to leave the table before dessert; threw myself upon the bed and bawled outright. I am wretched. I wish papa was not so dreadfully particular. He really could not have been more severe upon me for some very great fault, than he was for my gaucheries. Then, to add to all his other severities, he would not let me go to Mrs. G's to night. I know why; she is W's aunt, and my wise papa says she is an intriguing manœuvring woman. Thank my stars I can manœuvre for myself.

Thursday. Awoke early, refreshed with a long night's sleep. A kind message from papa, hoping I had recovered from my head-ache. Went down all smiles and good humor. The good man was quite

delighted; filled my purse nobly. Went into —— street at twelve. Met W. and walked with him for an hour. He is a delightful creature; his remarks upon every body so piquant. How he ridiculed poor Mrs. Zebediah K. and her fat daughters; and more than all, my favorite aversion, Mrs. M. Bought four splendid prints for my port-folio, because W. admired them. Came home and dressed for dinner. Some of papa's "sensible men," to dine with him. Tried to talk to a traveler, but found I had quite forgotten my Geography; can't imagine where Apulia is. Made some egregious blunder in talking to Dr. R. about English literature. Papa looked mortified and vexed. Wonder if he thinks I ought to know every thing. Promised to take me to the theater to night; a great privilege, for he will not allow me to go *often*, because it is not *genteel*.

Friday. Exquisitively entertained. ——'s performance was magnificent. She well deserves her reputation, and is, sans doute, the leading star. I am glad I saw her in her crack character. I can't see why papa is so rigid about the theater. He says three times in a season is enough for a young lady; it is not in *good taste* to go oftener. Do not know what to do with myself till it is time to dress for dinner. Dull, formal dinner at Mrs. F's; nobody ever there but clergymen and doctors. Wish I could get resolution to take up a book from that immense pile, for the improvement of my mind. Fanfan carefully dusts them every day, and that is all the handling they have

yet had. Oh! I can't touch them now, for I must practice. Papa intends I shall play at Mrs. R's this evening; a select party; not more than a hundred. Let me see, what shall I play; Di tanti palpiti? It *is* as old as the hills, and voted passé; but W. admires it, and if I play it, he will thank me so expressively.

Saturday. W. does turn over a music-book more gracefully than any other living being. All the world allows he has uncommon fine taste in music. He said I played divinely, last evening. How jealous somebody looked. Going to leave my card at a dozen places where I know they are out. All gone to the raffle this morning. It is a shame that I could not have a ticket; only twenty dollars apiece, and but fifty tickets, and such a splendid diamond snuff-box! It really was given by Napoleon to one of his Generals. It would have made such a splendid addition to my bijoutiére. I hope Geraldine M. will not get it. Her pearls are finer than mine. Poor Mrs. M. says, they were "bought in Paris; and it stands to reason, that they should be *plus mieux*." These M's are not *genteel* after all their fuss; yet I am eaten up with envy and hatred towards them. Must go to Madame ——'s and try on my bonnet. How many hours reflection it has cost me; and now I am anxious about it. If it should not be becoming, oh dear, dear, what should I do? I must wear it tomorrow.

Sunday. Hoped it would rain, because I had a pimple on my nose; but no, it is bright and clear as possible. Must begin to dress. My bonnet is perfect.

Sunday Evening. What a sermon from Dr. ——. While I listened, the tears actually came into my eyes. It was upon the uncertainty of life. But, I am yet so young; life is bright before me; how could I deny myself delightful balls and parties? Yet, if what Dr. —— says, is true, I am made for something better. When he described "the self-pleaser," I am sure he looked at me; his dark eyes seemed to pierce to my very heart. Papa said, coming home, that I had shown uncommon taste in the choice of my bonnet, and W. bowed to me as I passed him, with such *empressement.* Well, I will read a chapter in the Bible to night, for I mean, *sometime or other*, to be good.

Can it be, that an immortal creature thus spends years of a brief probation? How precious is the treasure whose golden sands are thus treacherously wasting away! The question comes home to every conscience,—How shall I perform the duties that I owe to my Creator, my fellow-beings, and myself? "As he that lives longest," says a great moralist, "lives but a little while, every man may be certain that he has no time to waste. The duties of life are commensurate to its duration, and every day brings its task, which, if neglected, is doubled on the morrow. But he that has already trifled away those months and years, in which he should have labored, must remember that he has now only a part of that of which the whole is little; and that since the few mo-

ments remaining are to be considered as the last trust of Heaven, not one is to be lost."

It would be well for every one, after a careful consideration of her own condition and responsibilities, to make out a set of rules for the arrangement of time. The peculiar circumstances of each individual would have their influence in modifying these rules; but every one should be systematic. Something like the following might be appropriate to your condition, viz:

1. My waking thoughts shall be upon my heavenly Father, who has spread over me the wings of love, and opened my eyes upon another day. Sensible of his mercy, and anxious for a continuation of his blessings:—

2. I will spend half an hour (or more,) before breakfast, in reading his Holy Word, and in prayer.

3. After breakfast I will endeavor to assist my mother. Should she need my aid in the nursery, or in the pantry, or elsewhere, it shall be cheerfully yielded.

4. If the occupations of the morning do not afford sufficient exercise, I will walk with my younger sister, and call upon some poor pensioner upon my mother's bounty. I can set her room in order, perhaps, and my little sister can carry some flowers to give it a more cheerful look. I can read the poor old woman a chapter in her beloved Bible, and then return home. I must devote some time every day (or every week) to this, or some other benevolent purpose.

5. My next hour must be for *study*. As one hour is all that I can now devote to it, my application must be such as to make it profitable.

6. My wardrobe must be kept in order. A portion of time, *sufficient* for this purpose, must be daily devoted to it, or to some other needle-work.

7. I must be on my guard against time-stealers, who would entertain me for hours with scandal and unprofitable gossip. Endeavor, when making those visits which friendship and the etiquette of society demand, to avoid these faults myself.

8. An hour or two for miscellaneous reading, to writing letters, or an analysis of what I have been reading. I will not indulge myself in sleep, when in health, during the day.

10. I will endeavor to spend my time at table, profitably, promoting as far as lies in my power, cheerful social intercourse.

11. If my father requires any assistance that I can render, my time must be appropriated to it. If I can entertain him with music, or reading aloud in the evening, I will endeavor always to be in readiness.

12. At the close of every day, I will spend some time in self-examination,—

> —"talk with my past hours,
> And ask them what report they bore to heaven."

13. I will again read a portion of God's holy book, and of some other book of practical or devotional religion.

14. Again will I commend myself to the care of Almighty God; confess my sins; implore his pardon for the sake of Jesus Christ; ask for his grace and intercession, and for the aid and guidance of his Holy Spirit.

Such plain, specific rules, conscientiously written, and conscientiously acted upon, may keep you from that temptation which you pray not to be led into; but which idleness, and the want of arrangement in the employment of time, would expose you every hour.

God may have showered upon you noble gifts; is life passing away, and these gifts still used only for self-gratification, ministering to your own pride? The moral influence that you exert at this period of life, when the spell of youth and beauty is around you, is incalculable. It is fearful to consider with what thoughtless unconcern you are exerting this influence. Hitherto, your time has been mostly under the control of others; now, you have more freedom, more leisure, and the one, five, or ten talents, which the all-wise Dispenser has bestowed, must be doubled by your earnest zeal, and untiring perseverance. The work of self-education must go on; but self must not monopolize your time and heart. "The varied air and scenery of nature, are not more intended and adapted to renew bodily health, than are the varied spheres of benevolence to promote mental health. Have something good to live for, *beyond yourself*, if you would live happy."

CHAPTER XXI.

FRIENDSHIP.

> "Friendship is no plant of hasty growth;
> Though rooted in esteem's deep soil, the slow
> And gradual culture of kind intercourse
> Must bring it to perfection."—*Joanna Baillie.*

The human heart needs the solace of sympathy; the mind, too, seeks companionship. During life's early morning, friendships are the result of accident rather than of choice; yet even then, there is some real or fancied congeniality of feeling. As the judgment matures, you will be able to analyze character, and to choose friends with more discrimination. Yet how seldom, even at the noon of life, is the judgment exercised in the choice; some fortuitous circumstances bring us into propinquity with one of whose mind and heart we know little; an intimacy is formed which bears the name of friendship, though wanting in some of its essential ingredients. This companionship is what usually passes current in the world, for the pure beaten gold of friendship. You may, in the course of life, complain of the selfishness, the inconstancy, the desertion of *friends*, when they were never such; they were only united to you by those cobweb-chains with which interest binds society together. A heart filled with integrity is never distrustful, and they who are most in danger of being

deceived, are themselves strangers to suspicion and deception. Yet, the friendship of such is often sought by the self-interested. The cunning, who have not sincere and upright hearts, know the value of them.

But we are romantic enough to believe, that there is such a treasure as true friendship, even in this imperfect state; the true metal, but not without the dross that alloys every thing of human origin. If you feel a modest consciousness, my kind reader, of deserving a sincere friend, you will doubtless gain one. Well says the wise man, "He that would have friends, must show himself friendly."

Our blessed Savior, when on earth, enjoyed, we may reverently believe, the pleasures of friendship. With Martha and Mary and their brother, he seemed, emphatically, at home. In his human nature, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, he needed the sympathy and kindness of intimate friendship, and found them in the disciple who leaned upon his bosom, the loving and beloved John. What touching proof the dying Jesus gave of trustful faith in this friend. "When Jesus saw his mother, and the disciple standing by, whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son! Then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother! And from that hour, that disciple took her unto his own home."

True friendship cannot exist without *entire confidence*, a *self-sacrificing spirit*, and *mutual forbearance*.

There must be confidence in the character of a friend.

Unless you believed your friend to possess generosity, sensibility, and affection for you, there would be little love on your part, sincerity, prudence, and integrity, or there would be no respect. This belief leads to trustfulness and unreserve in communicating your sentiments, hopes, sorrows, fears, plans of usefulness—in short, every thing that interests you, that you may elicit sympathy or advice. How important is it then, that your friend should not only possess an amiable character, but in addition, those fixed principles which alone give stability and permanence to the qualities that you love and respect?

A *self-sacrificing spirit* is indispensable. Wait not to be told how you can oblige your friend, but find ways of doing it yourself; invent them. If she is more admired and carressed than yourself, rejoice that you possess the love of one so amiable. If, on the other hand, you have the superiority, make it up by the more assiduity and tenderness on your part; at the same time, be careful that her delicacy is not wounded by these efforts; you do not wish to burden her with gratitude, lest the equality of friendship should be destroyed.

But this spirit has its severest trial, when sincerity and honesty compel you to reprove and admonish. There are times, when you will be obliged to run the risk of losing a friend by your faithfulness. Shrink not from the responsibility. If you consider it one of

the advantages of friendship, that it is the means of refining and exalting human character, you will receive advice and reproof thankfully, and offer it kindly and sincerely.

Imperfect and sinful beings as we know ourselves to be, we need much *forbearance*, even from those who love us best. Because you find a friend has some *faults*, that is no reason why you should discard her. God forbid that you should ever have the bitterness and anguish resulting from the discovery that you have loved and trusted one who was utterly unworthy. There should be a constant endeavor to elevate and purify the heart and mind of your friend, and a still more vigorous effort to improve your own. Sad and disheartening would it be, if we could never have friends until we felt perfectly worthy of their love. Then, in mournful desolateness might we exclaim,

> "Each in his hidden sphere of joy or wo,
> Our hermit spirits dwell, or range apart."

We have much on our side to be borne with and to be forgiven.

How much it becomes us then, to look with a charitable, tender, and forgiving spirit, upon the faults of our friends.

The youthful aspirant for friendship, must put far away the romantic expectations, which spring from a too vivid imagination. Her Utopian dreams may prevent the enjoyment of that calm, rational, but still

imperfect friendship, which alone exists in this fallen world.

> "But for those bonds all perfect made,
> Wherein bright spirits blend,
> Like sister flowers of one sweet shade,
> With the same breeze that bend,
> For that full bliss of thought allied,
> Never to mortals given—
> Oh! lay thy lovely dreams aside,
> Or lift them unto Heaven."

CHAPTER XXII.

ACTING FROM GENERAL PRINCIPLES.

"I do not put abstract ideas wholly out of any question, because I well know that under that name, I should dismiss principles; and that without the guide of sound well-understood principles, all reasonings would be only a confused jumble of particular facts and details, without the means of drawing out any sort of theoretical or practical conclusion."—*Burke.*

A *principle* is a truth admitted as fully proved, involving many subordinate truths. A *rule* may be merely arbitrary or conventional, formed to suit some particular condition of society, established without other authority than that of the members of that community, and only obligatory upon them. The manners and customs of different nations are such rules. A *precept* is a command respecting moral conduct, having the sanction of revealed truth. Neither rules nor precepts can be found suited to all occasions, and to every individual being; but there are principles which are universally applicable. The Bible contains a few such general principles, founded in immutable truth, and of infinite obligation. Unfortunately, they are not the governing principles of many of the human race; instead of them, rules and maxims are substituted, without questioning their origin or their tendency. Among these maxims sanctioned by long usage, is the very popular one, "Do at Rome as the Romans do." It has ruined millions. It makes no exceptions, but sweeping away the whole moral code,

leaves you to be governed entirely by public opinion, which changes like the clouds of a sunset sky, into thousands of fantastic shapes, taking their momentary hues from apparently accidental causes. You reply, perhaps, "we must do as other people do; the many probably are right, and we should be ridiculed or blamed by them, if we were singular." So far as regards fashions, customs, and modes that do not involve moral considerations, it is well to show an accomodating spirit; it is no proof of greatness or goodness to affect singularity, or to despise suitable attention to these things. But then, nice discrimination must be used, to ascertain whether they encroach upon what is true, lawful, and right.

What will people say? Alas! how many have been driven from the path of duty, by this intangible phantom? Terrific consideration! What will *people* say?

> "They praise and they admire, they know not what,
> And know not whom, but as one leads the other.
> And what delight, to be by such extolled,
> To live upon their tongues, and be their talk,
> Of whom to be dispraised, were no small praise,
> His lot, who dares be singularly good?"

Until this dreaded *people's opinion* is based upon Christian principles, it cannot be a safe guide.

Neither is it safe to take for a model, a fallible, mortal, ever liable to err. Your admiring partiality may lead you even to imitate the faults, and imbibe the prejudices of your model. How will you act for

yourself, under new circumstances, when you have not your guide at hand? Encompassed with doubt and perplexity, you hesitate until the time for action is lost, or necessity brings you to a hasty irrational decision.

Will it be for my worldly interest? Such a motive looks glaringly odious in black and white; yet how large a portion of mankind are governed by no other? Who, that has not been sullied by long intercourse with the world, does not turn from it with aversion? Besides, it is often difficult to decide what is for one's worldly interest; the world is an exceedingly capricious idol, and when you have served her *too openly*, may turn upon you with contempt.

It becomes, then, of the utmost consequence, to fix some general principles of conduct in the mind, that you may not be driven about, like thistle-down, by every idle breath.

The Bible contains two grand ultimate principles, namely: holiness produces happiness; sin, misery. All the *commands* of God are founded upon this immutable truth; the *precepts* of the gospel flow from the same source. "Thou shalt love the Lord with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself."—"Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you."

But my young friends may say it is difficult to act from general principles; it requires reflection and reasoning. And for what else were reason and conscience given, but to control accountable beings? When these ultimate principles, and those directly

deduced are understood, and the decision is made to act from them, the whole conduct will in time be habitually referred to them; and instead of being hampered and burdened with thousands of rules and maxims, that may or may not be applicable, the freed spirit rejoices in the glorious liberty of truth.

You are surrounded by a circle of your acquaintances, who are dissecting the character of an absent member of that circle. They magnify her faults, they ridicule her foibles, they misinterpret her motives. What are *your* principles? Is it immovably fixed in your mind, that *slander* is a violation of the ninth command of the decalogue? Then your countenance will express disapprobation, and if possible, you will gently, but courageously, defend the absent.

Is it customary in the place where you reside, to send the message, "not at home," when it is not convenient to receive visitors? In defense of it, it is said, that it is perfectly understood; it is the fashion; every body thinks it right. But is it truth, simple truth, more precious than gold? Truth is essential to holiness; falsehood is sin. You not only depart from strict verity yourself, but also oblige another to utter a falsehood. You teach deception, perhaps to an ignorant being, who may thereby be led into an endless train of dishonesty and crime. You shudder at the idea of uttering an absolute falsehood, when it is thus presented to you; but have you not often been guilty of it in this manner, without compunction?

You are in company with young men, who are called "gay, fashionable, spirited, good-hearted fellows." They jest about sacred things. Do you smile with them, or does your countenance, "more in sorrow than in anger," administer deserved reproof. Do you accept from their hands, two or three glasses of champaigne, while they, following your example, think ten or twelve glasses not too much for themselves? And then, can you make sport of it, if they are a "little merry?" Perhaps your smile has encouraged the first step on the fearful road to irretrievable ruin; your example severed the last restraint; your levity sealed the doom of an only son, the joy and hope of his aged parents. If things were called by their right names, what you frequently hear mentioned as gaiety and fashionable folly, would excite disgust and abhorrence.

Fixed principles will produce true *independence* of mind, an excellence rarely found, even among men; by some, it is thought incompatible with the natural delicacy of female character; but since God has created you rational and accountable, and given you principles for your guidance, you cannot say to any human being—

> "God is thy law—thou mine—to know no more
> Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise."

You cannot fulfil the duties that devolve upon you in relation to others, without some independence. You cannot live without exerting influence; perhaps

many look to you for example; if your course is as uncertain as that of the fluttering insect, governed by the impulse of the moment, you can hardly fail to mislead. Generous impulses, noble impulses, are often lauded; but so long as the human heart is sinful, you may not trust implicitly to its impulses; they may be right, but it is mournfully certain, that they may be wrong.

Independence of mind gains confidence. They who seek popularity by listening with a pleased and acquiescent ear to every body's opinion, without advancing any themselves, may gain it for a time, but it cannot be lasting. The self-love of the multitude will be thus gratified, until they reflect; then, they despise the passive beings who have flattered and cajoled them. The wavering, yielding mind, has no confidence in itself, and surely can inspire none.

True independence, or moral courage based upon Christian principles, *secures peace of mind and a quiet conscience.* That being must resemble "the troubled sea when it cannot rest," who has a knowledge of right principles, without moral courage to act from them; wave after wave sweeps them away, leaving the vacillating theorizer a prey to tormenting and unavailing regrets. Broken resolutions are thorns not easily extracted from the conscientious mind. There is no rational cheerfulness but that which flows from a good conscience.

This independence, or moral courage, *should never be obtrusive,—never savor of self-sufficiency.* "It

vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly." Having for its foundation, those principles which are "pure, lovely, and of good report," it should carry itself modestly and gently. Although every one ought to possess moral courage strong enough to bear them right onward in the path of duty, judgment, sober judgment, must teach them *when* they are called upon to act. It is not your province, fair reader, to be censor-general; nor, "with the cant of philanthropy, to go Quixoting for adventures on the fields of humanity." What can be more dangerous for a young lady, than what in common parlance is styled, to *disregard public opinion?* It would not be very convincing proof, either of the delicacy of her sentiments, or the correctness and strength of her principles. A truly delicate minded young lady shrinks from the idea of being subjected to public opinion. She ought to love and cherish the good opinion of her friends as inestimably precious; but in general, she should desire, that the world at large say as little as possible about her. She asks not the world's praise, and hopes to escape its censure in the quiet, noiseless path, that she pursues. It is pitiable if any, misled by excessive love of admiration, are seen in the streets, and in public assemblies, till they become the talking-stock of every idler and gossip in the community.

> "Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes;
> The canker galls the infants of the spring,
> Too oft before the buttons are disclosed;

And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent."

It is not then, that daring masculine independence which braves the world, that becomes a woman. Neither will her own fixed principles make her less reverential—less docile. Happily, the sphere in which her Creator places her, though it calls for the habitual exercise of moral courage, does not often demand unshrinking boldness. She is, from physical constitution, timid and dependent; the affections are the noblest part of her nature, and they are exalted and strengthened by those principles by which she should forever be governed.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PREJUDICE.

"Prejudice. Wise men imbibe, and fools never get rid of it. It is a little vile weed which grows in every man's garden."—*Anon.*

All that we call opinions, which are not the result of reasoning and reflection, are prejudices.

There are prejudices of childhood; prejudices imbibed from parents and teachers; prejudices derived from books; and selfish prejudices.

We revel amidst the sweet reminiscenses of childhood; but the glory that like a halo surrounds it, gives it the dim uncertainty most favorable to prejudice. They who were kind and indulgent to us, were good and lovely; we knew no other criterion of excellence; the bad excited wonder and abhorrence only as they figured in the tales of the nursery. If, unfortunately, the Supreme Being was represented as awful in power and fearful in severity, without his most distinguishing attribute of love, the infant mind shuddered at the idea of his presence. The darkness was horrible, for the terrific being was there, and the effort was made to drive him entirely from the thoughts. Here were the first prejudices against religion;—deeply rooted prejudices, haunting us in long after years. Had God been uniformly represented, as a kind and benevolent being, supplying all the wants of childhood, making the glorious sun to shine, and the beau-

tiful flowers to bud and blossom, far different would have been the first impressions of his character. While moral distinctions are faint as the first dawn of morning, the mind cannot bear the full effulgence that beams from the justice of God. Carefully examine what prejudices on this sacred subject, thus derived, still remain. There are, perhaps, many such which interpose a dark cloud between you and your heavenly Father.

Yet there are some prejudices of childhood which we would not remove. If the early loved and lost are excellent even to perfection, so let them remain. Who, with unhallowed hand, would tear away the veil? If your mother was better than any other mother, your home more comfortable, your garden more beautiful, or even your own dog the most faithful, it is well. Memory will there linger with delight, so long as this world is your dwelling place.

Prejudices imbibed from parents and teachers. Almost the whole of your knowledge comes under this denomination. You have taken it from others without examination, and it is natural and right that it should be so. Weak, dependent youth must be kept in leading strings; but when years have given maturity and strength, the bounding spirit frees itself. Prejudices, venerable from antiquity, are often fondly cherished, possessing a poetical beauty, of which philosophy in vain attempts to rob them. Many prejudices derived from parents, it would be almost sacrilegious to destroy; such are those of home, country, and sect.

But each human being has an individual, moral, and intellectual existence, and must think, reason, judge, and act for itself, as an accountable moral agent. It becomes then a solemn duty, to divest yourselves of those prejudices which dim the intellect and obscure the *right* and the *wrong*, which should ever shine out in as clear and luminous contrast as the stars upon a wintry sky.

Some superstitious prejudices handed down from one generation to another, are merely absurd; every one can laugh at them, and yet be more or less affected by them. Not the school girl alone, but many a wise and strong-minded man will turn away with anxious look from the crescent moon, as she lightly sails in the eastern horizon, if the first glance of her be caught over the left shoulder. The folly of this superstition is readily acknowledged, yet there are few who have heard in their childhood that this was omnious of evil, who have not a preference for seeing her pale majesty peering over the right shoulder, although the next hour, or even the next moment, it may be forgotten.

So it is with Friday, poor unlucky Friday, from time immemorial under the ban of prejudice. Many carry through life an absolute dread of beginning any important undertaking on this unfortunate day. They may have been told there was one, who despising this superstition—a bold adventurous mariner—purposely commenced building a ship on Friday, launched it on Friday, named it Friday, and sailed from port on

Friday—and the consequence—it was lost, presumptuous captain and all! Doubtless this is the invention of some would-be wise one, to perpetuate this silly superstition.

The ill omen that accompanies the breaking of a looking-glass has saved thousands of them from destruction, and was probably invented by some cunning housewife, to secure the valued piece of furniture from rough handling by careless servants. These, and sundry other foolish superstitions, are harmless matters of sport to instructed philosophic minds, to which they nevertheless cling with surprising tenacity. There are other superstitions long maintaining their tyrany of fear over the youthful mind. How powerful, how mysterious are these influences! Shadows have been cast over life, by tales told at the nursery fireside, or during stolen visits to the kitchen chimney-corner.

And in after years, what witchery held the listening circle of staring school-girls spell-bound, while the graphic narrator of ghost stories, made the heart thrill with mingled fear and delight. So felt Orra, the heroine of one of Joanna Baillie's splendid tragedies.

> "*Orra.* How, pray! what fearful thing did scare him so?
> *Cathrina.* Hast thou ne'er heard the story of Count Hugo,
> His ancestor who slew the hunter knight?
> *Orra. (eagerly.)* Tell it, I pray thee.
> *Alice.* Cathrina, tell it not; it is not right;
> Such stories ever change her cheerful spirits
> To gloomy pensiveness; her rosy bloom
> To the wan color of a shrouded corse.

(To Orra.) What pleasure is there, Lady, when thy hand,
Cold as the valley's ice, with hasty grasp
Seizes on her who speaks, while thy shrunk form,
Cowering and shivering, stands with keen-turned ear
To catch what follows of the pausing tale?
Orra. And let me cow'ring stand, and be my touch
The valley's ice; there is a pleasure in it.
Alice. Say'st thou indeed there is a pleasure in it?
Orra. Yea, when the cold blood shoots through every vein;
When every hair's pit on my shrunken skin
A knotted knowl becomes, and to mine ears
Strange inward sounds awake, and to mine eyes
Rush stranger tears, there is a joy in fear.
Tell it Cathrina, for the life within me
Beats thick, and stirs to hear it."

How hard it is for cool sober reason to overcome these phantoms of prejudice; it grapples with them and they are overthrown, but not vanquished until after long and severe struggles.

But far more hurtful are the tangible prejudices against nations, sects, parties, and individuals, derived from high authority. Here, indeed, our *opinions* are as two grains of wheat in two bushels of the chaff of prejudice. Many years since, when *party strife* ran high, there was a writing-master in Connecticut, who gave his pupils for a copy in their writing books, the following climax:

Deist, Atheist, Democrat, Devil.

If prejudices are thus sedulously infused into the fountains of knowledge, the streams must flow forth tinctured with bitterness. One master might unite

his prejudices against all denominations of Christians, for instance, and another against all but his own; the graces of chirography embellishing something like the following copies:

Episcopalians, are mere formalists.
Presbyterians, are all sanctimonious.
Methodists, are a set of wild fanatics.
Quakers are sly rogues with grave faces, &c., &c.

Alas, if not written with pen and ink, are not such uncharitable prejudices often times more inveterately fixed in the mind of youth, than if graven in granite?

The respect due to superiors does not involve the necessity of adopting their hurtful prejudices. The law of benevolence, superior to every other law, forbids it—"Love thy neighbor as thyself."

Besides, blind prejudice cramps and degrades the understanding as well as the heart. The semi-civilized nations of the East, bound by the adamantine chains of caste, reject all innovations and improvements, although they might thereby be relieved from the oppression and suffering which they endure. The Chinese remain, from generation to generation, imitative and ingenious; but fettered by prejudice, they rarely adopt the improvements of other nations. The Turks, seemed by their religion and civil polity as impregnably fortified against "the march of mind," as their beautiful Golden Houn is against a foreign foe. The wonderful genius of the present Sultan has

exercised its gigantic strength in levelling these barriers; more has been thus accomplished by his single might, than had been effected by all other Moslem minds since the days of Mahomet.

The prejudices of individuals in the same manner prevent that range of thought, that expansion of the understanding, in which an emancipated mind rejoices.

Prejudices derived from books. More weight is attached, and firmer credence given to what is printed, than to what is orally communicated. No little child doubts what he has read in a book. "Why! I have seen it in print," is no uncommon assertion to prove that a thing is true. The very wood cuts scattered about the nursery, may give lasting prejudices. Some pictures, not designed for children, are most unlucky caricatures, indelibly fixing ludicrous associations in the memory. "In a picture of the temptation of Eve, Fuseli has put on the serpent the head of a young man with wings. The reptile is there the size of a boa-constrictor, smiling to fascinate, and twisting round the fatal tree. With the same degree of attention to literal construction, such painters, if they intended to represent a scene in the land of Canaan, might characterize it, probably with equal truth, by a river of milk, and another of honey, with whatever else might in their ideas add to the effect." Almost every child in our country has been enlightened on the subject of the temptation, by a similar design, with the explanatory couplet,

In Adam's fall,
We sinned all;

which, by the way, modern theologians have discovered to be as heterodox in doctrine, as its illustration is apochryphal. Another fanciful, or rather matter of fact illustration, represents the prophet Isaiah, with his tongue extended, while a large-winged angel with a pair of immense tongs, is touching it with a coal. Sacrilegious as such illustrations are, yet they abound, filling the memory with images that no effort of the will can obliterate. Many of the nursery-books substituted in lieu of Mother Goose's Melodies, and Tom Thumb, give gloomy views of human life, spreading a dark pall over infant hope. The little hymns about the dark grave, the deep cold pit hole, where babies are so pathetically represented as lying in dreary solitude, add ten-fold to the natural dread of death. It is dangerous at this early period to summon terror to the aid of religion. How much more beautiful, beautiful in truth as well as poetry, is that well known hymn of Mrs. Gilman's, beginning, "Mother how still the baby lies!"

Who does not wish that their infant imagination might have been gladdened, and their infant reason satisfied, with such a view of death? With more advanced childhood come the story books, from whence so many false notions of human life were derived. The reward of virtue, and the punishment of vice, are described as invariably enjoyed and suffered in this life; or worse, the pleasures of sense are set up as idols for the full heart's first worship.

Then, the enchantress' spell of romance held you, not in durance vile, but in fancy-land—lovely, beautiful fancy-land; looking from its fascinating realms upon the world around you, even the most elevating and useful pursuits of the beings of real life were disgustful. No moated castles and gallant knights, as of olden times. No Almacks, no royalty, not even the hope of a Countess' coronet gilds the future. Your own country seems a rude, inelegant corner of creation, the poorest possible field for refined romance.

History and Poetry implant their prejudices. War, painted by genius, has a glory not easily dissipated. Strange that the timid, shrinking nature of woman, should delight in the recital of deeds, the sight of which would freeze her heart's blood!

Military greatness, in this age of nobler aspirations, must be cast down from the high pedestal where it has so long been worshipped. Ambition has a lofty look and noble bearing, as Poetry delineates him; but rob him of the mask and graceful drapery in which she has enveloped him, and often he stands forth,—contemptible selfishness.

Each historian, too, has his peculiar prejudices; according to one, Oliver Cromwell is a patriot, almost a demi-god, while many more represent him a villain, an arch fiend. Looking at the vast array of prejudices which have thus usurped dominion over the human mind, perhaps you are ready to exclaim with Pilate, "what is truth?"

Selfish prejudices. Their name is Legion. How readily we turn what we call in our pride, "the telescope of truth," to magnify or diminish, as suits our self-love. Frivolous pursuits, unattainable pleasures, difficulties to be encountered, enemies to be overcome, how mighty they appear! Reverse the tube. The more noble, the philanthropic, the patriotic pursuits of the good, their excellencies of character, the sacred interests of others, how insignificant they seem. "The reason why we so seldom carry on the happy vivacity of youth into mature age, is that we form to ourselves a higher standard of enjoyment than we can realize, and that our passions gradually fasten on certain favorite objects, which, in proportion to their magnitude, are of rare occurrence, and for the most part out of our reach." Instead of thus wasting life in grasping at shadows, look at your real condition; consider its capabilities for happiness and for doing good. *C'est le premier pas qui coute.* Give up to-day some darling prejudice to which you have fondly clung, and to-morrow another, and still another will be vanquished. Be not disheartened. *Be candid, be sincere, be in earnest,* and you have the promise of a holy Guide, who will lead you into "all truth."

And if the weakness of a spirit enshrouded in clay, shut out some glorious truths from dwellers on earth, the promise shall be fully accomplished when you drop this mortal covering, and pass from the shore of death immediately into that world where error and prejudice are unknown.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONSISTENCY OF CHARACTER.

"Thy hopes, are they steadfast, and holy, and high?
Are they built on a rock? Are they raised to the sky?
Thy deep secret yearnings,—oh! whither point they,
To the triumphs of earth, to the toys of a day?—
Thy friendships and feelings,—doth *impulse* prevail,
To make them, and mar them, as wind swells the sail?
Thy life's ruling passion—thy being's first aim—
What are they? and yield they contentment or shame?"

Miss Jewsbury.

Consistency of character is the very key-stone of the arch, giving completeness and strength to all the virtues.

In order to be consistent in the right way, you must have a just sense of the importance of the objects at which you aim. A consistent *lawyer* is one who applies all his learning, his zeal, and his eloquence, to gain a bad cause as well as a good one. A consistent *fine lady* is one whose parties are the most splendid, whose dresses are made by the most fashionable modiste, whose bonnets are the perfection of elegance, whose manners are as regulated as her watch, to suit all times and occasions, and who pays her bills or not, just as suits her convenience. A consistent politician goes all lengths with party, right or wrong, even though the measures of his party tend to the destruction of his country. In these cases, unity of purpose produces consistency. It therefore becomes of the utmost consequence to ascertain what is your aim. The question here is, not what you know, or what you

are, but what you intend to be. The passionate lover of science climbs the fearful precipice, and perils life itself for a single little flower, belonging to a genus that is wanting in his herbarium. What efforts should be deemed too great, to attain each flower of beauty that adorns the garland of woman's worth.

I know a lady, (would that her modesty would permit me to name her,) who furnishes an admirable example of consistency of character.

As a Christian, she has fervent piety, without the least tincture of austerity. She is liberal and catholic in her views and feelings towards other denominations, and at the same time maintains a strong and wholesome attachment to the Church to which she belongs. With genuine meekness and humility, she possesses self-respect, and does not disclaim the respect of others. Her cheerfulness springs from good health, and a good conscience; she is never light-minded and frivolous. In her most sober moments, she is not gloomy. She has quickness of perception to discern whatever is sinful in others, and moral courage to warn and reprove, without severity or bitterness towards the offender. Her charity is open, but not ostentatious. Possessing uncommon disinterestedness, her motives are often misunderstood by the selfish, and oftener misrepresented; yet she submits to reproach without a murmur; though naturally extremely susceptible to public opinion, she has fortified her mind to meet injustice. She yields to the world when it would be unwise to differ; but makes no

compromise that involves a sacrifice of principle. Although uncommonly active in doing good to all within her sphere of usefulness, she neglects not the culture of that personal, spiritual religion, which results from devotion and close habitual introspection.

This lady's *intellectual character* has been mostly formed by self-education; the foundation, however, must have been well laid; in perfecting the superstructure, the ornamental part has not been neglected, though it is rather of the simple chaste Doric order, than the more elaborate Corinthian. She is learned, without the slightest approach to pedantry. Her memory is so tenacious, that she is minute and circumstantial, but not tedious. The expressions she uses in conversation are so clear and correct, that you become possessed of her ideas, scarcely perceiving the medium through which they have been communicated. Her imagination is vivid and lively, but sobered and chastened by a strong discriminating judgment. Hers is not a masculine mind; it is peculiarly, sweetly feminine, so that her learning and her superiority are pardoned by the other sex; they set so gracefully and becomingly, that they never obtrude themselves into notice.

My amiable friend's *manners* are "the outward and visible sign" of her noble character. Perhaps in these free and easy days, they may be thought too formal; when dignity was considered essential, they would have been admired as a model. She is self-possessed, without that impudent assurance which provokes cen-

sure from its total indifference to public opinion, and wounds the beholder's self-esteem. In her dignity there is no haughtiness; the most timid and bashful girl would seek shelter under her superiority, sure of that kind considerateness which the highly gifted and naturally modest ever show to shrinking diffidence. The grace of this lady's manners is not altogether the borrowed grace of art, that is termed elegance; her heart, full of love and good will, diffuses kindness and unction over her whole demeanor.

In her intercourse with the world, and in her family, she has all the prudence necessary for the safe conduct of affairs. Her economy is systematic, without a touch of meanness. She knows the value of wealth for the comfort it secures, and as a means of bestowing benefits; her mind is too noble for avarice to find there a dwelling-place.

Her decision of character prevents her actions from being the sport of circumstances. Her generosity is far removed from prodigality; she has the courage to say no, to the most earnest solicitation to a popular charity, if her judgment does not fully approve, or her funds have been consecrated to some other use. Industrious herself, she is careful that her family imitate the example; yet their hours of recreation she strives to make agreeable, by joining cordially in promoting innocent hilarity.

This sketch might be thought incomplete, if nothing were said of the *momentous business* of the toilet. Our friend is not neglectful of her apparel; her dress

is always scrupulously neat; but if it does not fit with the trim precision of a milliner's doll, she would be satisfied. She would not willingly offend the eye of good taste in the choice of colors; she would prefer being in the fashion to being out of it; yet it is evident that no time has been taken from other duties to attend to this, and that dress is not the first, second, and third thing, in her mind.

Being thus beautifully consistent herself, is not this lady a severe censor upon those who are less so? In example, she may be, but in words, never. The law of kindness dwells upon her lips, and the bright side of character seems ever present to her generous mind.

CHAPTER XXV.

AUNT SUSAN.

"The last ungathered rose on our ancestral tree."—*Holmes.*

"Were you ever in love, Aunty?"

The lady to whom this startling question was addressed, had seen at least fifty summers. Her sweet and tranquil face had been ruffled by few storms, though there was just that shade of pensiveness which gives interest to such a countenance. A blush mantled the still rounded cheeks, and shot over her fair high forehead, as she replied—

"That is a question seldom asked of an old maid of *forty nine.*"

"Forgive me, dearest Aunt, but answer me," said Isabella, throwing her arms around Aunt Susan's neck, much to the detriment of her snow white plaited ruffles.

Aunt Susan.—I will do both on one condition—that you tell me what you have been thinking about this last half hour; for, even by the dim light of the grate, your countenance betrayed that the subject was one of intense interest.

Is.—Indeed! Well then, it is a great secret to-day, but to-morrow every body will know it. Geraldine M. was married this morning, to that insufferable coxcomb, W.

Aunt S.—What! that very fashionable young man whom you extolled last winter as so elegant, so interesting?

Is.—I might have been silly enough then, to think he was interesting; but I never should have run away with him, as Geraldine has done, in opposition to her father.

Aunt S.—And you, Isabella, were at the marriage! that accounts for your agitation and hurry this morning.

Is.—Yes, Aunty, I had the honor of being brides-maid to the happy couple; only two other persons were present, and alas, there was no grooms-man! I suppose, had it not been for a promise of long standing, there would have been no brides-maid either. This, you remember, is the second time I have had to officiate in this manner. Geraldine made a match, all for love, in opposition to the wishes of every friend she has on earth. Poor Mrs. M. will die with vexation, for he is not worth a sous. They told her long ago, father, mother, sister, brother, and all, down to the fourteenth cousin, that they would renounce her for ever, if she married W. Now there is romance for you. A very different affair from Clara Wilton's prim, unsentimental, humdrum wedding.

Aunt S.—Different indeed! That was every way a suitable match.

Is.—Chacune a son gout. I have always thought Clara's the most common place, dull, matter-of-fact courtship and marriage, that ever *happened*, as the saying is. Mr. G., fifteen years older than Clara,

formed upon the old Sir Charles Grandison school, so accustomed to debating in congress, that he always speaks as though he had the floor, and would not be interrupted. And as for Clara, she is a good girl; but now I think of it, the very counterpart of Miss Byron.

Aunt S.—The disparity in age, of which you complain, is nothing at all.

Is.—Well, Aunty, we will waive that discussion, and even leave Geraldine's affair for the whole town to discuss, to-morrow morning, and take up the *previous question.* Were you ever in love? But, dear Aunt, I am a naughty child, and don't gratify my curiosity, at the expense of your feelings.

Aunt S.—Years have done their kindly work of healing; I had almost said of obliteration. Yet I can remember enough to satisfy you, and can relate with calmness, I trust, what has never before passed my lips. Let me see, all stories begin, "Once there was"—

Is.—There was a young lady once in love.

Aunt S.—And only once, Isabella. I had just returned from school, when I became acquainted with Leslie. For several years he was a frequent visitor at the house of my guardian.

Is.—And you fell in love with him, Aunt Susan?

Aunt S.—(with dignity,) By no means. My affections were not so easily won. Avoid prudish reserve, and affected indifference; but sully not the purity of your young heart, by carrying it in your hand, ready to offer to the first man that you encounter. I accept-

ed Leslie's attentions, and a simple liking grew to a strong affection, when he professed the same for me; but I must shorten this part of my story.

Is.—Oh no, no, I wish to hear all about it. Did he propose?

Aunt S.—He did, and after but little delay, was accepted.

Is.—But why any delay, if you loved him?

Aunt S.—Nature, strong, all powerful nature.

Is.—Art, all powerful art. Were you not a little prudish in those days?

Aunt S.—At the risk of seeming sentimental, I must answer in the words of my favorite poet:

> Love's lightest, fondest weakness, maiden shame;
> It was not pride, that hid my bosom's flame.

Is.—But I interrupt your story.

Aunt S.—I have little to tell. The day was set for our marriage. Leslie had wealth, and the world pronounced him every inch a gentleman; but alas, he was totally destitute of religious principle! In a conversation with my brother, your respected father, a few weeks before the time appointed for our marriage, Leslie betrayed his opinions; he was an infidel. You would not wish me to describe the agony that this discovery produced. I will only add, that after mature deliberation, I wrote to him, that until his prejudices were removed, and his opinions based upon revealed truth, I could never be his. Such an answer as he wrote! it would chill you with horror;

he ridiculed my weakness, and all that is sacred and holy. Can I be sufficiently grateful for that protecting Providence which saved me from uniting myself with one who might have destroyed my happiness in this life, and periled that of my soul hereafter?

Is.—Did he ever marry, Aunt?

Aunt S.—He did, and broke the heart of a lovely woman, who lies in an untimely grave. Unrestrained by principle, and disappointed in schemes for political distinction, he resorted to gambling for excitement, and intemperance for forgetfulness; he died, and it is not forbidden to weep, even over an infidel's grave.

These melancholy reminiscences have brought others to my mind, which may serve as warnings to my sanguine Isabella. One of my early friends, much resembling yourself, married a weak-minded, vain man, whose self-love was so much stronger than his love for her, that she has been subjected to continual mortification. Notwithstanding her vivacity and gaiety in youth, she is a highly respectable and talented woman; but her husband every where makes himself ridiculous, so that she cannot be very happy, at home or abroad.

Is.—Never fear for me, Aunt; I detest a fool.

Aunt S.—But the glare of dress and fashion might blind you, as it has done Geraldine.

Is.—I confess I was blinded for a short time; but W. is not an absolute fool. To be on the safe side, I resolve that I never will marry a fashionable dandy.

Aunt S.—Poor Amelia Saybury! She was the heiress of our circle. Her embroidered satins, her splendid muff and tippet, and more than all, her beautiful set of pearls; what envy they excited! She married a man of fortune, which, added to her own, seemed inexhaustible. They were excessively extravagant, and squandered it all; and now, as he has no profession, nor any kind of business, it is difficult to conceive how they are supported. It is said, they are reduced to the most distressing poverty.

Is.—But you would not infer from this, that every man should have a profession, or employment.

Aunt S.—In our country, even a man of wealth should have some occupation; not that he may increase his wealth, but to render him more useful to the world, and more prepared for the vicissitudes which all have reason to apprehend.

Is.—I never will marry an old curmudgeon, who would grudge me every dollar. Indeed, I would not marry an old man, whatever might be his rank, talents, or wealth.

Aunt S.—Even at the risk of being that despised creature, an old maid!

Is.—That does not alarm me at all. Who is more beloved than Aunt Susan? And you surely are infinitely more happy than any of your companions who married.

Aunt S.—You speak extravagantly, Isabella. I am more contented and cheerful than many of my married friends; but I know some, who are united to

men of sense and worth, who enjoy that assistance in life's rough journey, and that protection and guidance which is very important to our feeble, timid sex. I would not have you suppose, my dear, that I undervalue what I do not possess.

Is.—There is one frightful fault, that you have not mentioned,—a violent temper. I was once visiting at a house, where every one stood in mortal dread of the tyranical master. His poor wife trembled when she heard his step upon the threshold; the children ran and hid themselves; and the servant who opened the door, durst not look within a yard of his countenance. When he entered the room where we were sitting, the poor woman cast a furtive glance to know what mood he was in, and when she saw the flush and frown upon his ugly face, she grew pale, but endeavored to smile. Such a lugubrious smile! I have heard of the smile of a milestone,—hers looked more like the smile of a gravestone. I resolved then, that I would keep out of the way of such torments.

Aunt S.—But even worse than the temper you have described, is the sullen, dogged, morose disposition, that never breaks out into sunshine. You may sometimes expect generosity from the passionate man, and occasionally good humor; but in this case, you have only dull, sluggish indifference, however much you may need sympathy and kindness.

Is.—Well, Aunty, there are as many obstacles in the way of matrimony, as the damsel found who went for the talking bird, singing tree, and golden water.

Aunt S.—And I cannot tell you of any enchantress' spell against them. Prudence and Principle, two very serviceable handmaidens, may guard you on the right and left, and yet you may not escape all evils.

Is.—I fear I should make but a fickle affiancée. The moment I discovered any odious trait in a man's character, I should say, excuse me, Sir, and be off.

Aunt S.—Be careful then, how you enter into such an engagement. To break fealty without the most urgent reasons, proves either contemptible weakness of mind, heartlessness, want of delicate sensibility, or obtuseness of moral feeling. I hope, Isabella, you will not be so dishonorable, nor so unprincipled.

Is.—Don't speak so seriously. I believe the best way is, not to trouble myself about the matter.

Aunt S.—You are right, and think as little about it too, as possible. Make yourself worthy of love, and you will be contented in any situation. You have now to set yourself earnestly about improving your own character, lest you bring some of the evils upon another which you wish to avoid yourself.

Is.—Well, with the terror of bad husbands before my eyes, I shall at least not marry without the consent of my father, and the approbation of my prudent aunt. Let me see, (holding up her fingers and counting upon them,) I have pre-determined not to marry, —*Firstly*, the infidel. *Secondly*, the immoral man. *Thirdly*, the silly Narcissus, who would make me blush for him every moment. *Fourthly*, the old man, rich or poor. *Fifthly*, the old—no, the young

curmudgeon, for there are misers young and old, and the young will grow worse and worse, every year, till he will out-Elwes, Elwes. So I'll none of him. *Sixthly*, the extravagant idle man, who will soon be at his money's end and his wit's end. *Seventhly*, the furious passionate tyrant. *Eighthly*, the morose sour creature, who would turn the cream in my coffee by looking at it. *Ninthly;* have I counted all? Do give me a ninth and a tenth to made up the decalogue. I know there are a dozen more that would come upon the proscribed list, if I could only remember them.

Aunt S.—Don't puzzle yourself child, to muster any more. You will think me prejudiced, perhaps, in favor of my own condition, because I seem to you so happy. It is not so. As I look toward the downhill of life, it is a melancholy thought, that I am alone; that I do not hold the first place in any human heart.

Is.—(fondly embracing her,) But you have the love of every body, dear Aunt Susan, and a home wherever you are; next to my father, I love you better than any body in the wide world.

The next week, a little packet was handed to Isabella by Aunt Susan's waiting maid. It contained an affectionate note, intimating that her dear niece had *some* faults, and among them a touch of that PRIDE, which she had endeavored to portray for her benefit, in the accompanying

HISTORY OF AGNES FLEMING.

It was one of nature's holidays. The sun had shone with tempered brilliancy, and now a soft and lovely twilight succeeds, inviting all to come forth to revel in the bland and balmy atmosphere of June. Voices of mirth are on the breeze, that tell of rosy health, and joyous childhood. But who is she, lone watcher in that small and cheerless chamber? A bedstead stands in one corner; the snowy whiteness and rare fineness of the linen spread over it, do not correspond with the plain furniture of the apartment. Here lies "the only son of his mother, and she is a widow." But why goes he not forth to join the merry revelers without? Lift the light linen that covers his face, and read the answer there. Those eyes will no more look out upon morning's loveliness, nor evening's glories. The delicate eyelids have been carefully closed over them, and the long lashes will no more be lifted. The ear, so ready to listen to the slightest sound of joy or grief from that loved mother, is sealed until the trump of God shall sound on the morning of the resurrection.

Who can measure the depth of agony in that lonely mother's heart, as she gazes on the remains of her noble boy? How beautiful are the features of that face in their calm repose! From the fair and lofty forehead, the soft brown hair is drawn aside in wavy outline, yet she rises and again arranges it with scru-

pulous care. There is a fearful composure in her manner; it is not the composure of Christian resignation.

Agnes Fleming was an only child. A tender mother and a careful nurse watched over her infancy and early childhood; but when she left the nursery, her education was entirely given over to her father. The young Agnes, gifted with a mind of no common order, received with avidity the knowledge which her father poured into it, from his own deep, full fountain. Not only her intellectual culture devolved upon her father, but her whole moral culture. Mrs. Fleming never interfered. Her husband exercised over her, that sorcery which the famous Leonora Galligai was accused of employing with Mary de Medici; namely, the power which great minds have over weak ones. She was never known to dissent from him in opinion; his infallibility was unquestionable.

The rapid development and the astonishing progress of Agnes, encouraged and delighted Mr. Fleming; his new employment rendered a life which had formerly been monotonous, varied and interesting. His own faculties, aroused from a lethargy which the indolent habits of a man of wealth, without occupation, had induced, started with the freshness, force, and accumulation of an ice-bound river loosened from its thraldom. Agnes, like the genial influence of spring, had freed them from their frozen uselessness. Mr. Fleming possessed all those traits of character which, in the eyes of the world, are most brilliant and fascina-

ting. His chivalrous devotion to woman, would have done honor to the most palmy days of knight-errantry; and his graceful courtesy, romantic generosity, and "high sense of honor," could only have been equalled by the Chevalier, "sans peur et sans reproche." If, however, you sought for correct principles, as the foundation of this character, you would seek in vain; there lay pride—indomitable pride. Wealth, as such, he despised; family distinction was quite another thing. Descended from a long line of *gentlemen*, who had possessed station and rank in England, he neither despised, nor affected to despise these distinctions. He dwelt upon them with exultation to Agnes; but it was not his intention to make her proud of these alone; from her earliest years he instilled into her mind, that it was *disgraceful* to be vicious, that she should avoid falsehood, meanness, and everything akin to it, because they were beneath the dignity of human nature. For the honor of her sex, she must be refined, well bred, and elegant; for the honor of her family, she must be intelligent, noble minded, and generous; above all, she must have that pride of character, that would enable her to dignify any station, or to bear up under the *frowns of fate*. From such works as Pope's Essay on Man, and Cicero's Offices, as she advanced in age, he taught her morality and virtue. His plan was, to give Agnes a masculine education, without destroying the sensibility and delicacy of the female character; perhaps he thought nature had done enough in making them a part of her physical

constitution, and they therefore needed no fostering care. At the age of twelve, she had read through Virgil, the Æneid, Bucolics, Georgics, and all, and could recite Eclogue after Eclogue, with admirable fluency. She was more familiarly acquainted with Jupiter and Neptune, Mars and Apollo, Juno, Minerva, and Venus, than any living beings out of her own home; for it was a part of Mr. Fleming's system, to keep Agnes entirely secluded, until she had finished her education. To give vigor to body and mind, she was allowed active and even athletic exercises. With her father, she could take long rides on horseback, play ball, pitch quoits, and roll nine-pins, and when he left her to amuse herself, she could climb trees and rock on their topmost branches, and build bridges over her favorite little rivulet.

As Agnes increased in years, she displayed an independence of mind, that would not have yielded to any tutor, but one possessing the strength and decision of her father. As it was, they often disagreed, and their long and animated discussions sometimes aroused a storm of passion, upon which the placid mildness of Mrs. Fleming acted like oil upon the tempestuous waves.

The philosophical, mathematical, and classical education of Agnes, had not entirely destroyed her intuitive sense of the beautiful in nature. Her rambles among the hills and woods about her father's dwelling, were her greatest pleasure; but they cherished a love of solitude and reverie, which had been

produced by being denied communion and companionship with those of her own age.

Mr. Fleming was a firm adherent to the church of his ancestors, although there were few of its members in the part of the country where he resided, and its solemn services were there seldom performed. When Agnes was about sixteen, her father mentioned to her, that the Right Reverend Bishop of that diocese would soon visit the little church about ten miles distant, for Confirmation, and that he wished her to be prepared for the holy rite. Agnes very innocently asked what preparation was necessary. The Catechism, the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer, was the reply. The two latter she knew by heart; but of the former, she was entirely ignorant. "How did this happen?" he exclaimed, surprised and half angry; he then remembered, that it was his own fault, for he had wished to teach every thing himself. "It is strange, that I should have forgotten it; but you have time enough now to commit it to memory, daughter, and I wish you to begin this very day."

Agnes' mind was too inquisitive not to be arrested by a study so new, so different from her usual course; she made many enquiries of her father; but they were answered in such a way as to check without satisfying her curiosity.

Dressed in a simple robe of white, with her dark hair floating upon her shoulders, as in childhood, Agnes knelt to take upon herself those solemn baptismal vows, that had remained as if forgotten by her sponsors.—

"And many a blooming, many a lovely cheek,
Under the fear of God, turns pale;
While on each head, his lawn-robed servant lays
An apostolic hand, and with prayer
Seals the covenant."

Agnes had been awed, but not with the holy "fear of God;" the solemnity, the beauty of the scene, had excited emotion, but not religious emotion; it was natural sensibility. So little had she been instructed in the Christian religion, and Christian duty, that she doubted not the propriety of taking upon herself those solemn vows which she was unprepared to fulfil. If there was a pang of conscience produced by a glimpse of her unworthiness, it was stifled by the consideration, that she had endeavored to be such as her father wished; he was her guide and her exemplar. She arose from that sacred service, with a half mournful, half joyous feeling, that she was no longer a child.

From this period, until Agnes had arrived at the age of seventeen, Mr. Fleming devoted himself with more than his usual zeal to the completion of that education which had hitherto so gratified his ambition. She was mistress of almost as many languages as the learned Elizabeth Smith, and in mathematics, could enjoy Newton and Laplace. As for accomplishments, as they are usually termed, Agnes had not much to boast; upon an old harpsichord which had been in the house from time immemorial, she could play by ear, all the tunes she ever heard her nurse sing, and that was the extent of her musical science. Although

this was proof enough of genius, to have induced almost any parent to cultivate it, Mr. Fleming would not do it, because he must for that purpose have employed a teacher in the house, or spared Agnes from home. To avoid this, he had taught her the elements of drawing, with the rules of perspective; but she had neither genius nor taste to pursue the art; he even taught her to dance, with the aid of a dark Orpheus, who, if he did not draw the bow of a Paganini, excited equal wonder and envy among cotemporary musicians of his own color. Agnes did not dance with remarkable grace; this was no disappointment to Mr. Fleming, for he was not anxious that she should. He had never allowed her to be complimented about her personal appearance; her mirror might have told her, that it was fine; but Agnes was "too proud to be vain."

The time arrived for Agnes to make her début. A splendid ball, given by the members of a hunting club in the neighborhood, was chosen as the suitable occasion. The company were mostly assembled, when Mr. Fleming walked into the ball-room, with his elegant daughter leaning upon his arm. He was yet in the full glory of manhood; time's rough hand had not been laid unkindly upon a single trait of manly beauty. The air, the lofty bearing of father and daughter, were strikingly alike, and there was also a strong resemblance in countenance; the expanded nostril, that gives an animated, spirited expression, was a remarkably characteristic feature in both faces.

As Agnes knew nothing of the world, excepting from books and the conversation of her father, a scene so trying to a novice might have disconcerted her; but the desire to do honor to her father, and the consciousness of her own superiority, enabled her to maintain perfect self-possession. For some time, no one approached to beg an introduction; the effort she had made to overcome the timidity natural to every young woman, had given more than usual coldness and hauteur to her demeanor, and an expression of face as far from agreeable as could well be conceived. A bachelor, who was a friend of Mr. Fleming, near his own age too, but who still flourished as a young man, at length solicited her hand for the dance, and led her to the head of the room.

The delighted father could not keep his eyes from his idolized child. He unconsciously kept time with his foot, as she moved through the dance, and when she stopped, his gaze was fixed upon her alone. Fearing that this might be observed, he endeavored to turn off his attention, and to converse with a gentleman who stood near; but his eye would occasionally wander to the object of attraction. Suddenly he thought he perceived a change in her countenance; it was deeply flushed; but that might be from the exercise of dancing; but then her eyes were flashing with indigination, and the curl of her lip denoted any thing rather than pleasure. Mr. Fleming grew anxious—excited—and when Agnes at length cast an imploring look towards him, as if for protection,

exceedingly irritated, while her partner was bowing and smiling as if he were saying the most polite and agreeable things imaginable, Mr. Fleming could bear suspense no longer; he walked up to his daughter, and said, "Agnes, for Heaven's sake tell me what ails you—are you ill?" "Not ill," she replied, "but offended. Will you lead me to a seat? Mr. —— has insulted me." Mr. Fleming turned a fierce look upon the bachelor, and was about to say, I must ask for an explanation in another place; but the unsuspecting man grinned in his face so provokingly, that he lost all self-command, and knocked him down. The dancing ceased, and great was the commotion in the ball-room. While some were enquiring into the cause, and others assisting the fallen man to arise, Mr. Fleming left the apartment with Agnes, and ordering his carriage, was soon on the way homeward. The agitated father enquired what Mr. —— had said, that offended her so deeply. She replied, that she was ashamed to mention the gross flattery that he had addressed to her. That it was "an insult to her understanding to suppose that she was so vain as to be delighted with such silly compliments." The flattery was such as most men address to young ladies—ridiculous, it is true, and often disagreeable; but so much the custom of the world, that only Agnes' ignorance of its customs, and her pride, made her deem it insulting. Mr. Fleming was exceedingly chargrined that he had been so hasty, but had the generosity not to blame Agnes, or we might say the justice,—for the seclusion from society, the

high cultivation of mind, the pride and independence of character, the want of vivacity, softness, and gentleness, that unfitted her for the light gaiety of a ball-room, had all been owing to himself. Tears were unfrequent visitors in Agnes' eyes; but now they flowed freely, from anger and mortification. It was in vain that her father endeavored to soothe her wounded pride, by telling her, that men were much addicted to the language of compliment—that perhaps her modesty had exaggerated its impropriety—that he was gratified that she had so much nobleness of mind as to be above the meanness of vanity. She would not be consoled. "Mr. —— thought her a fool, and every body else would think her the same, because she had no self-command."

The next morning a friend of the ill-treated bachelor waited upon Mr. Fleming, to "demand satisfaction." Mr. Fleming was not willing to offer any apology. "Time, place, and weapons" were therefore agreed upon; his *nice sense of honor* would not permit him to refuse a challenge. It was decided that the meeting should be at sunset, in a sequestered spot about two miles distant.

Agnes was called into her father's library to hear the result of her resentment. With surprising calmness, her father spoke of the possible consequences; the necessity that his wife should at present remain in ignorance of the whole matter; for, in consequence of indisposition and an exceedingly nervous temperament, she had not been informed of the events of

the preceding evening. He then gave her various directions about his affairs, recommending the continuance of his faithful agent in his present situation, and naming to her the gentlemen he had appointed as executors to his will. Agnes loved her father as deeply as she was capable of loving; but she heard this without fainting, and even without tears. She blamed herself as the cause, but never once thought of entreating her father to refrain from vindicating his honor. She firmly believed that he would escape unhurt, and hoped Mr. —— would come off with a very slight wound. The proud father, pressing her to his heart, called her his noble heroic girl, and imprinting a kiss upon her high forehead, bade her farewell.

Agnes sat at the window, watching with intense anxiety for her father's return. The stars came out one by one upon the clear sky, until the host of heaven was marshalled in glorious array. She listened to catch the faintest sound—all was silent but the tumultuous beating of her heart. The very stars, in their pure and lovely light, filled her with awe; a fearful dread of approaching evil brought her to an agonizing sense of dependance upon Almighty Power. She sunk into the attitude of devotion, with her hands convulsively clasped—but she could not pray. A low distant sound summoned her to the window; nearer and nearer it came, until the slow motion of a carriage could be distinctly heard. Oh, he is wounded! he is wounded! thought Agnes, and

breath and motion seemed suspended. Soon she heard heavy footsteps and suppressed voices in the hall below; then came a shriek so loud and piercing, that it thrilled through her frame like electricity. In an instant she was in the hall. There lay the lifeless form of her father, covered with blood; her mother rushed by her a raving maniac. The unusual noise in the hall had startled Mrs. Fleming; she opened the door of the parlor, and the first object that caught her eye, was the corpse of her husband! In that wild shriek, reason vanished, and memory passed into dark oblivion. She never recovered.

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And Agnes is alone. She sits with arms folded upon the marble table, her eyes fixed upon its curious mosaic, yet she sees it not. The soft light, that comes through the window of the vaulted ceiling, falls upon her face, revealing the change that grief has wrought; the deadly paleness where the roses of health glowed upon cheek and lip; the thin nostril expanding with every breath; the dark eyes, that flashed with dazzling luster, dull and sunken in their sockets; yet that countenance has not the calm subdued expression, that sorrow often produces. Around her are the records of the wisdom of past ages, arranged with scrupulous care in their beautiful cases of polished rose-wood. The marble busts of men of immortal genius, seem mounted as sentinels over the treasures of learning and science. An Apollo, in his sublime majesty, looks from a pedestal in one

corner; a Minerva decorates the opposite corner; while the others are ornamented with a group of the graces, and Cupid and Psyche. Appropriate decorations these for the library of the Tusculan Villa, and the cold philosophy that Agnes is endeavoring to cultivate, is such as might have suited Cicero's daughter. As she looks at the splendid portrait of her father—which the artist's skill has rendered so like life, that it seems to be reading her every thought—does not self-accusation make her shrink from that eagle eye? Does she not feel that the pride of intellect, which led her to construe into an insult the trifling of a man of fashion, laid that father into the self-murderer's grave? No, she gazes upon it almost with adoration, and glories in a death so noble in defense of his honor and his daughter's delicacy. So deeply, so firmly had Agnes imbibed her father's opinions with regard to duelling, that she would have deemed it craven cowardice to have refused a challenge. And now, where so large a portion of her life had been spent in the pursuit of knowledge, day after day she sits with her father's favorite books before her, endeavoring to find consolation or temporary forgetfulness. The kind nurse, who had been retained since her infancy as a companion and assistant to her mother, has just returned from a distant journey There, far away from home and kindred, her mother lies in a lonely grave; the skill of physicians, and the most tender treatment, had failed in restoring reason; a feeble constitution could not sustain the shock, and in three months from that awful event she was no more.

Agnes was now sole heiress of an immense fortune. The neighbors and acquaintances of her parents had called to offer condolence, and had been refused admittance; after a while they called again, dropped their cards, and then left Agnes to her chosen solitude. She now saw no one but the servants, and the excellent nurse, who was tenderly and devotedly attached, and now watched over her with maternal care. Agnes was a kind, considerate, and even a gentle mistress. Her pride never exhibited itself to her inferiors; it would have been beneath her lofty character to treat them with contempt.

The first time that Agnes visited her father's library after his death, she found a letter addressed to herself, in which he revealed to her his favorite plan. His nephew, George Stanley, was at an university, where he had nearly completed his education. It had been his intention, on his return, to receive him into his family, with the hope that he might become attached to Agnes, and a union take place, which would make up to him the want of fortune on his own part; no intimation of this scheme had ever been given to Stanley. Mr. Fleming conjured his daughter to receive him in the same way that he would have done, and if they were mutually pleased, as he had not left him even a legacy, he hoped the consummation would be such as he fervently desired.

A request made in such a manner, Agnes felt bound in *honor* to fulfil. George had occasionally been the

playmate of her childhood—the only one—and therefore remembered with some interest and pleasure.

Some months passed away in the same monotonous manner with Agnes, when she was aroused to exertion by the arrival of her cousin George. The idea that she must make herself as agreeable as possible, was not exactly suited to Agnes' taste; however, she was compelled to make the effort. Pearson, as the nurse was called, must do the honors of the house, and receive him as her guest.

George Stanley was a gay, impulsive young man, whose collegiate education had not cured of a passion for hunting and fine horses. Agnes was spared for awhile from having much of his society, by the attractions the neighborhood offered for his favorite amusements. Remembering, however, her former fondness for riding on horseback, he urged her to accompany him, and this exercise, so beneficial to the health and spirits, brought back to Agnes a portion of her former vivacity. She endeavored to discover if she had made a favorable impression upon her cousin, and if the progress she was making in his good opinion was such as to encourage hope. Oh, what a sacrifice of maidenly pride! She, who of all women

> Would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,

must "stoop to conquer." She suspected that he liked her fine horses better than her fair self; moreover, if she could have seen into the depths of his heart,

she would have discovered, that he had never once thought or cared whether she liked him or not. After a visit of a few weeks, Stanley finding it rather dull, made the apology of business in town, and left Agnes to the enjoyment of her former solitude.

Nurse Pearson grieved to see her dear young lady relapsing again into gloom, and wondered that any human being could be insensible to such transcendant excellence. Her anxious eye could discover nothing but indifference in the manner of Stanley; but in her darling foster-child, she thought her shrewdness had detected an emotion that she probably wished to conceal. No such emotion, however, existed. The strong desire of Agnes to fulfil the last request of her venerated father, had deceived the good woman, and perhaps Agnes herself was deceived by it, into a belief that she was not indifferent to her cousin. It is not necessary to dwell upon the mortification she felt at the sudden departure of Stanley. It is certain that she was not lowered in her own estimation by it, and one source of consolation was, that he was not capable of appreciating her merit.

Again Agnes resorts to the library, and her father's eyes are bent upon her, she fancies, with kind approbation. His generous intentions towards his nephew had been frustrated by the young man's own want of taste and discernment.

One evening, at twilight, as she sat in the loneliness of this beloved sanctum sanctorum, "musing upon the chequered past, a term much darkened by untimely

woes," she heard the approach of a horseman, and almost immediately the door of the library opened, and in rushed George Stanley. The unceremonious entrance, and familiar manner in which he saluted her, abashed the startled girl; in that place, too, where he had never been permitted to enter before.

"You did not expect me, coz—hope my coming again don't displease you—taken lodgings at the hotel two miles off—nearest place I could find to put my head in—got a fine horse—come to you in five minutes—come every day."

There was a bold audaciousness in Stanley's manner, from which Agnes shrunk with disgust. What could it mean? She was compelled to treat him with politeness, though every pulse in her body throbbed with indignation.

"Why, my sweet coz—my pretty Agnes—here you sit moping among the gods and goddesses, looking almost as pale as their marble selves. And there is the old gentleman himself, if the dim twilight don't deceive me. I should think you would die with the blues. Come," continued he, seizing her hand, "let us take a stroll about the grounds. You have played Niobe here quite long enough."

The dim light alone prevented George from seeing the flush of indignation upon his cousin's face, the contemptuous curl of the lip, and that most superlatively proud lifting of the head and flashing of the dark eyes. She withdrew her hand, but could not speak.

"Have I taken you so by surprise, that you can't find voice to welcome me? How is Pearson? Good creature, I hope she is as charming as ever."

"We will go and find her, if you please," was the brief reply.

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Two weeks had passed since this interview, and Agnes was betrothed to the man whom she despised. That Stanley had learnt from some source which she could not discover, her father's intentions, and her wish to fulfil them, she could not doubt. Never for a moment did she flatter herself that he loved her; she believed, that deserving his respect and esteem, they must be yielded as her right; what more could she wish?

The eremite seclusion in which Agnes passed the year that intervened between her betrothal and nuptials, was spent in endeavoring to fortify her heart against all misgivings. Nature had not gifted her with uncommon sensibility, and the stern, masculine education she had received, was not calculated to increase it; yet woman's nature would at times assert its rights, and the repugnance she felt to an union in which her heart bore no share, it was difficult to quell. In her mind, the distinctions between virtue and vice were such as had been fixed by the Latin and English classics. She never brought her motives before the tribunal of an enlightened conscience. Never trembled in view of the sinfulness of her heart, in the sight of a Holy Being.

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Before the altar where Agnes had received the imposition of hands from the reverend minister of God, she kneels, again to take upon herself solemn vows which she is unprepared to fulfil. A benumbing apathy seized her, like one in a bewildered dream; she could not articulate the words that made her a wife. But the ceremony was over, and Stanley handed her to the carriage which was to take them to town. Arrangements had been made by him for spending the winter in such a manner as to impress every one with an exalted opinion of his wealth and taste.

Agnes, as the mistress of a splendid mansion, was compelled to receive crowds of strangers, for whom she could not feel the least interest. Her manners, cold, repulsive, and haughty, rendered her an object of universal dislike. This mortified Stanley, whose greatest ambition was to be popular among his own set, the élite of the town.

"Wife," said he, "I can not see what good your dignity and magnificent airs will ever do you or me in town; I advise you to lay them aside until you can play them off again among the sages and goddesses of the old library where you were *educated*."

The shrug with which this elegant speech was uttered, expressed sovereign contempt, and the peculiar emphasis upon the last word was such a reflection upon the generous man to whom he owed so much,

that it sent a sharp pang to the very heart of the indignant Agnes. She did not reply, but laid it up "for the remembering of after years."

In society, she was cold and reserved, because she had no sympathy with the people whom she met; knowing nothing about the subjects that interested them, and caring less. Occasionally, some one who had heard that she was a literary woman, would venture a remark about the last novel or play, or ask some such unmeaning question as "Are you fond of poetry?" or "Which do you like best, Italian or Spanish literature?" Dressed in a splendid velvet, or embroidered satin, with her hair arranged in the most tasteful manner, and profusely ornamented with diamonds, at the request of her vain husband, Agnes would stand in a drawing room, leaning against a column, with an air as abstracted and mournful as Lady Macbeth's, in the sleep-walking scene; and her lofty mien and carriage bore a striking resemblance to a tragedy queen, at a masquerade. Stanley she seldom saw, excepting on these occasions; he was engrossed by a continual round of dissipation.

With a lively pleasure, that was an unwonted visitant to the heart of Agnes, she left town, to return to her much loved home. She had long known, that Stanley was worse than indifferent; he had openly manifested positive dislike; but she maintained towards him, that outward respect due to her own dignity and his situation as her husband. Notwithstanding the rough jokes about the library and its grave

society, Agnes found more happiness in returning to it, than she had enjoyed elsewhere. Nurse Pearson's ardent warmth of affection, too, was like a ray of sunshine upon the frozen sterility of her heart.

The summer was quickly over, and Agnes feared she should be again compelled to return to town; to her glad surprise, Stanley readily consented to her remaining at what he now termed *his* country-house. After calling upon the faithful agent, whom Agnes, at her father's request, had retained, for large sums of money, to be forwarded as soon as possible, he returned, to prepare to appear at the approaching races with great éclat.

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A new vein was struck in Agnes' heart, when she became a mother. The fountain of tenderness, which had long been sealed, gushed with pure and renovating freshness. For a while, the stream of affection was unsullied by earthly mixture. But as she gazed upon her lovely boy, she thought he was like her idolized father, and *she* would educate him to be such as he and all the world would admire. Visions of his greatness floated before her imagination—her ambition would at length be satisfied—that *education* which had been ridiculed, should be transferred to her son—her pride would be gratified by seeing her own mind reflected by another, who would shine with transcendent luster before the world. She named him after his grandfather, Alfred Fleming.

On receiving news of the birth of his son, Stanley wrote to Agnes, expressing his joy, and requesting that the child might be named George. He pleaded his numerous engagements in town, as an apology for not paying her a visit, and promised to be home early in the spring.

The next day Agnes despatched a messenger for the nearest clergyman, and for two of her acquaintances to stand as god-father and god-mother for her son. Before evening he was baptized, and named Alfred Fleming.

During the winter, Stanley occasionally wrote to Agnes, making many inquires about his little George, which were *dutifully* answered, without mentioning the child by name. Spring had long donned her loveliest robes, and was about yielding her sweet reign to her warmer sister, before the tardy husband was ready to return to his neglected wife and child.

It was not possible for the father to resist the sweet influence of his beautiful boy. A bright smile played around the infant's lovely mouth as he looked into his face, and glowed warm to his heart; for his sake, the mother was met with cordial kindness.

It seemed as if the horizon of Agnes could never remain long unclouded. Stanley had been home three days and the boy's name had not been mentioned. He was brought into the parlor one morning after breakfast, and was amusing his father with some infantile pranks, that he had already learned. "Clap your hands, Alfred," said his delighted mother. He

was in the act of putting his little dimpled hands together, when a loud exclamation from Stanley changed his merry laugh to a scream of terror. "What did you call the boy? His name is George," said Stanley in a thunder-toned voice.

"His name is Alfred Fleming," quietly replied Agnes.

"No such thing. I named him George; you know Madam I did. How durst you call him by any other name? From this time henceforth and forever, see that he is so called, or by Jove—"

Agnes interrupted him. "That name was given him in the holy sacrament of baptism and can not be taken from him."

"Then he shall be unbaptized, for I forbid that he shall retain that hated name."

"To the noble hearted man who bore that honored name, you are indebted, Sir, for house, home, every thing that you possess," replied Agnes, no longer able to control herself.

"Yes, his cunning plan of robbing me of what I had a right to expect from him, drew me into the snare. On my return to town after my first visit to you, Madam, I learned from one of the executors of his will, what he expected of me; that I should marry his daughter, whom his foolish notions had so spoiled, that probably no one else would take her. I was the victim of my own generosity; for, pitying you, I have brought all this upon myself; but I have not sold myself into bondage. I *will* be master here." So saying, Stanley

flung out of the house, and during several days after, spoke not a word to Agnes, nor inquired after the child.

This shocking altercation had raised the spirit of Agnes to its utmost height; she determined never to call her boy by any other name than the one she had given him. In this she was seconded by Nurse Pearson, who venerated his grandfather. A message from the father, in the most imperative terms commanding the servants to call the young master, George, was therefore totally disregarded.

About a week after this matrimonial quarrel, Agnes had been out taking an airing with her child and nurse. As the carriage drove up the avenue leading to the house, she caught a glimpse of some one at work upon the wing that was used for the library. As she drew nearer, she perceived that several men were employed in pulling it down, and had already made some progress in the work of destruction. Agnes alighted from the carriage, and entering the house, flew to her father's beloved library. What a scene of confusion—books, prints, statues, pictures, globes, all were removed from their places, and men were employed carrying them as fast as possible to an old lumber-room. She ordered them to desist. They replied that they were obeying the directions of Mr. Stanley, who was about to build a new wing, and make some other alterations. "Then I countermand his orders. Leave your sacrilegious work immediately." There was an energy and power in the man-

ner of Agnes, that could not be resisted. The men on the exterior came down, and those within walked off amazed and intimidated. "Here at least I will be mistress," said Agnes, wrought up almost to frenzy, and seeing her father's portrait, which had not yet been disturbed, she apostrophized it in languauge that was almost impious.

When the first fury of the tempest, that raged in the mind of the unhappy wife, had subsided, she commenced replacing some of the scattered books; while thus intently occupied, Stanley entered the apartment and demanded who had ordered his workmen to leave the business about which he had employed them.

Agnes with assumed calmness replied, "That her father's library *should* remain as he left it, for his grandson, and she had not thought there was a man living, who could be so mean and so debased, as to show such ingratitude as he had done to his benefactor."

It is useless to dwell upon the tornado that followed. Stanley was naturally violent and impulsive; his rage knew no bounds; after dashing in pieces several busts, and raving for a while like a madman, he snatched up his fowling-piece which happened to lie near him, and whistling for his dogs, went off into the neighboring woods, as if in pursuit of game. He had not been absent an hour, when one of his dogs, a sagacious pointer, came running home at full speed. He barked, whined, and tugged at the coat of one of the servants, till he became alarmed, and calling

another man, they followed the dog. They reached a swamp covered thickly with bushes, and penetrated with some difficulty to the spot where the pointer led. Suddenly, the other dog set up a terrible howl—they reached the spot—there lay Stanley with his fowling-piece beside him, discharged in such a way as to shatter his head and face in the most shocking manner. The men ran back—the coroner was summoned—the inquest holden—and the verdict given; "killed by the accidental discharge of a fowling-piece." A surgeon had been called, but arrived after the body was removed. On examining the wounds, he was seen to shake his head and pronounce the word "accidental," in a manner that implied a fearful doubt.

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In a quiet little village, more than eight hundred miles from her home, lives a widow with her bright and beautiful boy. Old Nurse Pearson regards him with wonder and delight as he reads aloud to his mother; five years have changed him from an infant in her arms, to this prodigy of learning.

Agnes, before she left home, had restored every thing in her house to the same condition in which it was left by her father. She had then caused it to be shut up, and leaving it, with all her affairs, to the care of her faithful agent, determined that it should never again be opened, until Alfred Fleming was of age to take possession of the mansion of his ancestors.

The small plain house that she now occupied, the villagers had dignified with the name of "the widow's cottage." There was nothing about it that indicated wealth; but when Agnes walked out, leading Alfred by the hand, her proud step and striking air, led them to say,—she has seen better days. Her object in removing so far from her native home was twofold—that Alfred should know nothing of the melancholy events of former years, and that believing himself to be in possession of a bare competency, he should exert himself to become distinguished by his talents. She determined to educate him in the same manner as she had been educated herself, until he should go to the university. Her father's noble spirit, his high and honorable sentiments, his pride of family and pride of character—her heart throbbed with exultation, when she thought how perfectly they would be reflected by the brilliant creature who bore his name.

The curiosity of the good people of the village had been exercised in vain, upon the inhabitants of the widow's cottage. Nurse Pearson maintained the only intercourse which was kept up between the two powers, and this amounted only to the buying of some of the necessaries of life. The occasional arrival of boxes, hampers, and barrels, containing the productions of a different climate, which had undergone the closest scrutiny as they passed through the long street of the village, gave them the information, that the widow came from afar, and that her name was Mrs. Fleming. A letter through the little post-office three or four times

a year, was subjected to a still more close inspection; but no new facts were obtained.

Mrs. Fleming, for Agnes chose to be called by that name alone, had for two years been thus the object of insatiable curiosity, which now "mocking the meat it fed on," was ready to do or dare any thing for more substantial aliment.

Agnes would not subject herself to the necessity of taking a humble seat in church, nor of being obliged to any of the villagers for a more elevated one; she therefore never attended public worship. Nurse Pearson went occasionally, and at Christmas there was a fifty dollar note among the charitable offerings; on other festivals, ten or twenty dollar notes made their appearance. This was a sort of expiation, which soothed the conscience of the donor, for never entering the consecrated place of worship.

The lawyer's, doctor's, and merchant's wives were the *magnates* of the village. Over their tea they had consulted again and again, whether the widow was a suitable person for them to patronize. The plainness and almost meanness of the house she occupied, had hitherto decided them to the negative side of the question; those fifty and twenty dollar gifts brought them over to the affirmative; they must know more about *the woman*, or they should die like Aunt Charity, of curiosity.

Accordingly, the three ladies, dressed in their "best bib and tucker," went one morning "to make a call." When they arrived at the humble door, they tittered

among themselves, before they lifted the black old-fashioned knocker, to think that persons of their respectability should be seen knocking at such a humble habitation. "Never mind," said one, "if any of our acquaintances from town should happen to see us, they would think we were out on some charitable visit."

The door was opened by a tidy looking Irish girl, who, on their inquiring for Mrs. Fleming, showed them into a small, neat parlor. The only movables that betokened wealth in the occupant of the house, were a book-case filled with books in splendid bindings, and a full length portrait of a *gentleman.* He did not look upon them with a remarkably complacent air of welcome; his large dark eyes staring them full in the face, seemed to ask why they had intruded upon his retirement. They were awed to silence by his dignity, and began wondering what apology they should offer to the *woman;* but before they had decided, she entered the room. A widow's cap, of the finest lawn, set off to advantage the regular oval face and Grecian features of Agnes; the black dress which fell in rich and ample folds around her tall figure, was relieved by a collar and cuffs of the same material as the cap, which seemed to add to the pure complexion of a beautiful throat and exceedingly delicate hands. Agnes had resolved to wear a widow's weeds as long as she lived. Whether she wore them as hair-cloth is worn, for penance, is conjectural.

The lawyer's wife was to introduce the other ladies; but so great became her embarassment at the entrance of Mrs. Fleming, that she quite forgot to act as mistress of ceremonies; so they all made their lowest courtesys and sat down again. They then looked and nodded at each other, to begin conversation, but the lofty and repulsive manner in which they had been received, so disconcerted them, that it was some time before even the lawyer's wife could say, "A very pleasant day, marm." Agnes looked as if she wondered whether they were a committee on the weather, sent to announce to her the important fact. Another pause. The merchant's wife began in an affected tone, "I think ma'am you must have found it lonesome here these two years, among us strangers;" and gaining courage at the sound of her own voice, though her neighbors could scarcely recognize it, she went on, "I have taken a great fancy to your *delightful* little boy, and have tried to coax him with apples and nuts and gingerbread, to come into our house; but he is very shy." The other ladies joined in, "he is a sweet little fellow." Mrs. Fleming bowed, and her countenance relaxed a little from its stern gravity, as if to thank them for their good opinion of her son.

The ladies by this time had recovered in part their self-possession, and apologizing for not introducing each other, named themselves as Mrs. This, That, and The Other, the lawyer's, doctor's, and merchant's wives, of the village of ——. Mrs. Fleming at this imformation, did not express surprise nor pleasure, at

their wonderful condescension, but asked "the cause to which she owed the honor of their visit."

The doctor's wife now acted as spokeswoman; she had studied her part beforehand. "We seldom call upon people who bring no letter of introduction, and that is the reason we have not called upon you before; but from what we have seen of you and your little boy, we thought *as how* you might have been in better circumstances, and so was still entitled to the *best society*." Although this speech had been recited before, to the satisfaction of the other ladies, it now sounded peculiarly inappropriate; they blushed and hemmed, and winked at the doctor's wife, but she went through with it. Mrs. Fleming thanked them for their infinite condescension, but said she did not go into society.

Another pause that was truly "awful." But the merchant's wife determined that she would gain something from this visit; making a bold push, as she called it, scarcely daring however to turn her eyes towards the stately picture, she inquired, "Pray marm, is that the likeness of *your husband?*" From the day of Stanley's death to the present moment, no allusion had ever been made to him, either by Agnes herself, or by any other person in her presence. She grew fearfully pale, and in a voice whose deep tones were thrilling, replied "It is not;"—then, after a moment's pause, added, "if you wish for any farther information, allow me to call my woman." She arose and withdrew. The discomfited ladies completely stum-

bled over each other as they rapidly retreated out of the house,—the merchant's wife casting a furtive glance at the picture, to be quite sure that it had not stepped forth to chastise her impertinence.

"What lofty airs!" "Did you ever see the like?" "What pride!" "What insolence!" "How provoking!" "There is something mysterious about all this!" Such were the exclamations of the angry visitors on their way homeward. Their curiosity was stimulated to agony; their invention taxed to the utmost to make discoveries; just then, there happened to stop a load of those boxes and barrels, that had hitherto thrown the only light upon the subject. They were directed to the care of a small grocer, a still, quiet man, who had no wife; no other inference is to be drawn from this, than that the ladies were not acquainted with him. In the eagerness of their desire for information, they stepped into the little shop, and enquired for cloves and nutmegs. Flattered by the politeness of his new customers, the man was very carefully doing up the small bundle of spices, when one of them turned and said, "You have the care of Mrs. Fleming's business?" "I have, marm."

"Do you know where she came from?"

"I do not; these barrels and boxes are consigned to my care by a merchant in New York. All that he told me was, that the lady was worth a power of money. That her father and husband died *very* suddenly, and that she now goes by her maiden name."

All this was "strange, t'was passing strange, t'was pitiful, t'was wondrous pitiful;" they were astonished that they had not heard it before. Home they went to the lawyer's house, and before they parted at ten o'clock that night, they had concocted out of it a most horrible story, which, before the week ended, was in the mouth of every man, woman, and child in the village, excepting only the tenants of "the widow's cottage."

About a fortnight after "the call," the Irish servant-girl, who had been sent from New York, when Mrs. Fleming first arrived in the village, and had continued with her, presented herself in the parlor, without being summoned. Engaged in her morning's task of instructing Alfred, Mrs. Fleming did not for some time lift her eyes from the book over which they were leaning. "If you please, ma'am, I've something to say," said the girl. "Well, Kathleen, what is it?"

"I've come to give warning; I wish to leave, ma'am."

"To leave me, Kathleen–what has displeased you?"

"T'is not that I'm displeased at all, at all,—a kind misthress have you been to me."

"Well then, why do you wish to leave?"

"Becaase—becaase—for the life of me I don't know how to tell it; but I don't like to live on ill-gotten money."

"I do not understand you, Kathleen; I believe you to be perfectly honest."

"And it's not me, ma'am, that's not honest. They do say such things of you, that I dare not stay longer under the same roof."

"And where are you going to live, Kathleen?"

"Up at the big white house yonther, with the lawyer's lady."

This, in part, unravelled the mystery. Doubtless, some spiteful revenge for the ill-received visit, thought Agnes, and she merely said, "Well, you may go immediately, your wages were paid last evening."

Kathleen's great blue eyes were overflowing with tears, as she dropped a low courtesy, and said, "Fare you well, master Alfred; God bless your swate face, and dear kind heart."

As soon as she left the room, Alfred turned, with wondering looks, to his mother; "What does she mean, mamma?"

"I cannot tell you, my child; I did not understand the poor, foolish creature, at all."

"Why did you not ask her then, dear mamma?"

"Because, my child, it was beneath me; I have too much pride to condescend to ask an explanation of a servant; let us now go on with our lesson."

The mysterious manner in which Kathleen had spoken, implied a great deal. Alfred was troubled at the remembrance of it. He loved his mother tenderly; but yet, like every one else, felt awed in her presence; he durst not question her farther, but he made many enquiries of Nurse Pearson, which were

cautiously evaded. The child felt that something was wrong.

Mrs. Fleming requested Nurse Pearson to go out and find another servant; adding, that some mischievous person had been frightening poor Kathleen. Nurse had learnt the whole story from the girl, but feared to speak of it. It was a serious undertaking, for Nurse to go among even the poorest villagers. Although she had been the dispenser of Mrs. Fleming's bounty among them, they looked frightened when she appeared, and refused, with one consent, to live with that wicked woman. It was in vain that the good woman reasoned, ridiculed, and besought; they applied the proverb, "like master, like man," and dismissed her very unceremoniously from their doors. The only one whom she could find to fill Kathleen's place, was a poor deaf and dumb girl, who had just returned to her indigent parents, from one of those benevolent institutions, where the light of knowledge is poured into the minds of these unfortunate beings. Bulah, for that was her name, was duly inducted into office, although Nurse could only communicate with her by natural signs. She had a remarkably sweet and earnest face, wonderfully attractive to Alfred; even Mrs. Fleming was won by it, to treat her with uncommon gentleness.

Mrs. Fleming devoted herself entirely to Alfred, and well did he repay her efforts. He was a child of uncommon sensibility, and fine talents. He loved her with all the ardor of his affectionate nature, and look-

ed up to her with unbounded reverence. Having known only his mother and Nurse Pearson, he was exceedingly shy and bashful, and Mrs. Fleming was alarmed for the consequences, when he should be compelled to mingle with the world.

Bulah had been some months in the house, when Nurse was taken ill. The physician was called, and pronounced her, at once, in great danger. Mrs. Fleming nursed her with the greatest possible tenderness, for many weeks, assisted only by Bulah. She knew that there was now no hope of her recovery, yet was unwilling to impart the fearful tidings to her humble, faithful friend. One evening, much exhausted with fatigue, she went to her room to sleep for a few hours, that she might be prepared to watch through the night. Alfred was left, with Bulah, to sit by the sick woman. Nurse called him to her bed-side, and looked anxiously in his face.

"Pearson," said he, "are you going to Heaven? Bulah says, she hopes you are."

Poor Nurse was astonished, that the dumb should tell him this. Alfred explained, that since she had been ill, he had been often left alone with Bulah, who had taught him the finger-alphabet, and many of the signs used by mutes.

"She says, dear Nurse, that if you are good, you will go to that beautiful place, where Christ lives, with the holy angels."

"Do they think, Alfred, that I shall die soon?"

"Very soon," was the child's simple reply.

There was a pause for some minutes, and then a deep groan: "Oh! I am afraid to die."

Alfred spelt, on his little fingers, the mournful words, to Bulah, who replied—"Tell her that Jesus Christ died to save sinners."

Alfred, in a voice of tender solemnity, repeated the words.

"Oh! I am a poor, ignorant creature," exclaimed the alarmed Nurse. "Who will tell me what to do?"

"But mother is not ignorant," said Alfred. "She knows every thing."

"Alas! I fear she does not know the way of salvation."

"Bulah does, though, for she learnt it in her bible. She reads it every day, two or three times, and when I asked her what made her love it so much, she said, it taught her the way of salvation."

"And has the dumb been taught to speak, and the child to understand these things, that I might not go down to the grave without warning?"

"I can bring Bulah's bible, and read to you, Nurse. Shall I?" Nurse thanked him, and he brought the well-worn book.

"What shall I read, Nurse?"

"Ask Bulah." The dumb girl found the fifty-first Psalm. With a sweet, solemn voice, Alfred read those breathings of penitential woe, those earnest cries for mercy; while the deep sighs and streaming tears of the Nurse, attested that her heart went up to the mercy-seat with the inspired psalmist.

"And now, Nurse, Bulah says you are tired, and I must not read to you any longer; but we will come again, and I will ask her what I shall say then. Good bye till I see you to-morrow;" and kissing Nurse's forehead, Alfred left the room.

When Mrs. Fleming returned, and was seated by Nurse Pearson, to watch with her through the long night, the poor woman fixed her eyes anxiously upon her, saying, "Do you think I shall recover?" "I hope so;" was the brief reply. Nurse made no farther enquiry, but remained a long time silent, apparently engaged in fervent devotion. Mrs. Fleming then heard her faintly articulate the words, "Jesus Christ died for sinners." She arose, and stooping over her, asked if she wished for any thing. The dying woman lifted her hand, and indistinctly murmured, "Tell Alfred"—"Heaven"—"Prepare"—and sank into insensibility. Mrs. Fleming summoned Bulah immediately, and sent her for the physician. When he arrived, Nurse Pearson was no more. He had been very kind and attentive during her illness, and now relieved Mrs. Fleming from all care of the burial of her faithful Nurse.

By the advice of the physician, who observed that Alfred was painfully diffident, Mrs. Fleming urged him to mingle with some of the boys of his own age, who played upon the village green. The doctor's own son, of his age, was brought to "the widow's cottage," and they were made acquainted. Alfred's

timidity gradually gave way, so that he frequently joined in their merry sports and gambols.

Mrs. Fleming was one of those who never mention the dead. Alfred was told by her, with kindness, but decision, that he must never speak of Nurse Pearson more, as it was too painful to think of her now. She repeated the unconnected words, the last words of the dying woman, saying that she did not know what they meant.

"I know, I know," said Alfred, with joyful animation. "She meant that she was going to heaven, and that we must all prepare to go there."

"I hope so; but we will say no more about it; it is a very painful subject."

It was a cool evening in autumn. The leaves were already rustling with every breeze, sounding like the low, melancholy requiem of the departing year, filling with solemnity the thoughtful mind, and with sadness the imaginative. Mrs. Fleming sat by her little window, waiting for Alfred, who was at play upon the green. Gloomy thoughts oppressed her heart; the past, so full of dark events, would intrude. She endeavored to chase away these recollections; but twilight and autumn are importunate prompters to sober contemplation. In vain Agnes tried to summon cheerful visions of the future; she endeavored to laugh at what she considered weakness of mind and superstition. She was startled from her reverie by the hasty approach of Alfred; his face was bruised and scratched, his neat ruffle stained with blood,

clothes covered with dust, and eyes red and swollen with crying. Mrs. Fleming, intensely alarmed, endeavored to learn what was the matter, but in vain; neither threatenings, entreaty, nor commands, could prevail upon Alfred to give the least explanation. For the first time in his life he was guilty of an act of disobedience to his mother, and went from her, sobbing under the weight of her displeasure.

While Alfred was playing with the boys upon the green, the ball was knocked by one of them against a window, and broke a pane of glass. The owner came out to enquire, and the boy who knocked the ball pointed to Alfred, saying, "It was his ball that broke your window." Alfred replied, "I did not break it, Sir, but I can pay for it." So saying, he took out a little silk purse, and emptying the contents into the man's hand, told him to take his pay. He did so and returned the remainder. Among the silver was a large ancient gold coin, which Mrs. Fleming had given him upon his ninth birth day, for a pocket-piece. The boy who had accused him of breaking the window was angry, as they who are in the wrong usually are, and as soon as the man had entered the house, said to Alfred, "I wonder how you came by all that money."

"My mother gave it to me," said Alfred, gently.

"Well, every body knows your mother killed your grandfather and your father too, and came off with all their money."

"Take back that lie," said Alfred.

"It is not a lie,—take that, you coward," said the boy, giving him a blow. Alfred endeavored only to act upon the defensive, but he was much smaller than his antagonist, and was soon thrown upon the ground and severely beaten. The majority of the boys were of course with the victorious party, and as the unoffending Alfred slowly dragged himself from the playground, they shouted—"Don't come here showing your money again; your mother is a proud woman; ask her who killed Cock Robin." This was followed by a burst of laughter.

When Alfred had walked some distance from them, he sat down by the side of the road, and gave vent to his wounded feelings in heart-rending sobs and burning tears. His mother, his beautiful, his learned, his perfect mother,—what could all this mean? He remembered Kathleen's words;—they must have meant the same thing. He bravely resolved that his injured mother should know nothing about it, whatever it might cost him; and with that resolution he arose and went home.

Alfred was a changed being; the "iron had entered into his soul." He could no more be persuaded to play with the boys. Since the death of Nurse Pearson, he was no longer left alone with poor Bulah, although she continued faithfully to serve his mother. He would sit thoughtful and abstracted for hours, and the large tears would roll down his rosy cheeks. Mrs. Fleming had several times surprised him with his eyes sorrowfully fixed upon the portrait of his grandfather,

and when he was observed he turned suddenly away. She had often spoken to him of the character of her father, and presented him to Alfred's youthful mind as the model for imitation—the highest standard of excellence. He had another standard upon which he pondered. His studies no longer interested him. The suspicion at length arose, that some one had poisoned her child's mind with the calumny that she knew had for a long time been circulated in the village. The very looks of the young and the old, told her that she was an object of suspicion and dislike. Instead of humbling, this exalted her in her own estimation, and a deep sense of injustice increased the misanthrophy that had been creeping upon her for years.

Alfred's health was rapidly failing. Mrs. Fleming entreated him to ramble abroad with her, although the weather was cold; and with much reluctance he consented. If he saw any of his former companions in the street, he would persuade his mother to cross over to the other side to avoid them. He had done this several times, when one day the boy who had beaten him so unmercifully, determined he should not so escape; he yelled in a triumphant voice, "Coward, are you afraid I shall fight you again for telling me I lie? Who killed your father?" Alfred grasped his mother's hand and trembled exceedingly, but made an effort to continue conversation as if he had not observed the savage conduct of the ruthless boy. The conflicting emotions in Mrs. Fleming's mind were terrible. Anger, contempt, astonishment, and pride, raged in her bosom;

above them all, pride at length rose predominant. She had never spoken to Alfred of his father,—she could not do it now. She could not endure the self-degradation of defending her conduct to her child,—of denying such a horrible crime. Her step was more firm, her bearing more lofty than ever; the scorn that darted like lightning from her eyes and played about her mouth, rendered her countenance absolutely fearful. Alfred, as he caught a glimpse of it, shuddered as if he had seen a serpent in his path.

There was now an impassable gulf between mother and child. Alfred never cherished a momentary belief that his mother was guilty of crime. His deepest sorrow was, that she should suffer from such calumny. But then, there was mystery—inscrutable mystery—and day after day he dwelt upon it; he pondered, conjectured, and despaired of solving it. Meantime his health was rapidly declining. Mrs. Fleming resolved to quit a place where she had met with such cruel injustice; but before she could make arrangements for leaving, Alfred was so ill as to demand all her attention. The most skillful physician, from a distant town, was summoned as counsel with the kind physician of the village. The disease baffled their skill to discover its cause or remedy. Mrs. Fleming, to cheer him, painted bright pictures of future happiness in this world. She told him of his beautiful house and its splendid furniture, of the immense wealth he would inherit. He smiled a sweet and radiant smile, for his treasures were laid up in heaven. His affectionate

Bulah was sometimes allowed to sit by his bedside, and with her he held high and holy communings. Mrs. Fleming had not allowed one despairing thought to cross her mind. She believed that returning spring and change of scene would restore her darling boy to perfect health.

He faded as fades the young and beautiful tree, stricken at the root, its branches fair and green to the last. The rose had deepened upon his cheek, but it was the false deluding hectic of consumption, and the brilliancy of the eyes told of the presence of that fell destroyer of the young and lovely. Subdued to the gentleness of the lamb, and taught by the Spirit of Truth to look beyond this world with a holy religious hope, to be released from such a world, so cold and cruel, was joy to Alfred, only when he thought of his desolate mother. Stern and repulsive to all but him, he was now the only being whom she loved. Once, and only once, did Alfred speak to his mother of his departure. "Do you remember, dear mamma, Nurse's last words? 'Heaven!'—'Prepare!' That heaven will soon be my home. Jesus Christ has gone before me and I am not afraid. Dearest mother, prepare for death."

He died! His mother alone stood by his death-bed and closed his eyes for their last sleep.

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And there she sat watching her dead. A gentle knock at the door was thrice repeated before it gained

attention. Mrs. Fleming arose and opened it mechanically. It was a clergyman, a venerable man, a father in Israel. Bulah had run for him, and in her mute, but expressive language, communicated the melancholy situation of the desolate widow. He had often met Mrs. Fleming in his walks, but as she was never seen within the church, could not consider her his parishioner. He had regarded her with pity, even while she reminded him of the words of the wise man, "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

He walked to the bed-side, and leaning over that blighted flower, the large tears rolled over his venerable face. He turned,—took the widow's hand, and said,—"Daughter, the Lord hath touched thee." He then spoke in tones of sweet, affectionate, soothing kindness; then, kneeling, made a touching appeal in her behalf to the God of mercy. The unwonted sounds melted the icy apathy that benumbed her soul, and Agnes wept. Few, however, were the words that the good man uttered,—his own heart was too full. On parting, he commended her to the compassionate friend of the widow of Nain; that merciful Savior who had "broken to heal and make whole."

On leaving the house, the good minister went home to his wife and daughter, and pleading with them the cause of the widow, whom they, like the other villagers, had feared and avoided, persuaded them to go to her house and perform every act of kindness that her situation demanded.

That heart, which had exalted itself in prosperity, had enveloped itself, fold after fold, with pride, at neglect and suspicion, had hardened under calumny and injustice, and frozen to dull apathy under the last misery, now melts with penitential sorrow. The worm of the dust that had lifted up its head saying, "I am perfect, who shall condemn me?" exclaims with Job, "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee. Wherefore I abhor myself and repent." "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

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"Man that is born of a woman, hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down like a flower."

"Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

"I heard a voice from Heaven, saying unto me, Write, from henceforth, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. Even so, saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labors."

"The last deep prayer was said," the last green sod laid over the grave of the sainted Alfred; and the reverend man took the bereaved desolate one, and the poor Bulah, to his own home.

Agnes told him all her story. He knew the sinfulness of the human heart, he knew the world, and believed the melancholy tale. She deplored her inordinate pride. "Daughter, it was a grievous fault, and grievously have you answered it."

"And she is sometimes happy now—
  But yet her happiness is not
Such as the buoyant heart may know—
  And it is blended with her lot
To chasten every smile with tears,
  And look on life with tempered gladness"—
That undebased by human fears
  Her Hope can smile on Memory's sadness,
Like sunshine on the falling rain,
  Or as the moonlight on the cloud.

Her ear is ope to sorrow's call,
  Her ready hand lends aid to all
Who claim her love and care;
  She scatters blessings like the dew,
"And waiteth for her summons, where
  The pure in heart their love renew."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE CLAIMS OF SOCIETY.

"I'm weary of the crowded ball; I'm weary of the mirth
Which never lifts itself above the grosser things of earth;
I'm weary of the flatterer's tone; its music is no more,
And eye and lip may answer not its meaning as before;
I'm weary of the heartless throng—of being deemed as one
Whose spirit kindles only in the blaze of fashion's sun.
Away! I will not fetter thus the spirit God hath given,
Nor stoop the pinion back to earth that beareth up to Heaven."
Whittier.

If a claim be made upon the purse or the real estate of any one, immediately the questions are asked, What right has the person to make this claim? What is the extent of it? It must be defined precisely and established legally, before it will be allowed. "The claims of society," is a phrase that is iterated and reiterated, and every body acknowledges that it has a great deal of meaning, excepting only the misanthrope and the anchorite; while it is extremely difficult to decide the extent of those claims, differing, as they do, in almost every individual case.

Then what do we mean by society? Not our own family-circle, the very heart's core—nor the next circle, consisting of kindred and intimate friends—nor still the next, which may be termed the circle of benevolence—but the outer circle, widening and still widening till lost in the vanishing distance. And this, at first sight, seems terra incognita; yet its geography

and topography are tolerably well understood, although the boundary-lines are not quite settled, and remain like our North Eastern, the subject of contention and animosity. Every town and village is thus divided into sets, determined chiefly by the station, intelligence, wealth, gentility, and fashion of their members; and my lady-reader will doubtless think it quite superfluous to have taken all this pains to come at the simple fact, that "the claims of society" are the rightful demands of the set to which she belongs, and the strangers who may be introduced to that set. Beside general benevolence and good will, she does not acknowledge any claims from other sets or coteries. In town, what are the claims of the set or circle denominated society? Bowing in the street and at public places, making ceremonious calls, giving and attending dinner and evening parties. In the country they are much the same; for every little village apes, to the full extent of its ability, the manners and customs of the town.

It has often been said, that the character of a nation can be determined by its amusements; by this criterion individual character can be ascertained with satisfactory precision. Custom reconciles to the greatest absurdities, and even the most revolting cruelties. By way of amusement, the Roman women could watch with intense interest, the sanguine gladiatorial exhibition, and behold the infuriated wild beast let loose upon the miserable captive, and tear in pieces the holy martyr. The ladies of Christian Europe, in

the boasted days of chivalry, could look with joyous delight upon the tournament, where the gallant knight-errant was not alone exposed to hard blows, wounds, and overthrow, but to death itself; for the interest of the scene was of course enhanced, when in defense of the boasted charms of their ladie-loves, the *wise* and valiant knights challenged each other to mortal combat. The dark-eyed daughters of Spain, grace, with their dignified presence, the horrid bull-fights; and the fair dames of England often become as excited as the gentlemen, by the pleasures of a horse-race; and (pardon the propinquity) the lady-squaws of the American Indians are delighted spectators of the savage war-dance. Custom must have amazing power, thus to change the very nature of woman.

If the amusements of our own country are disgraced by no such revolting features, yet there may be some which, if custom did not cast upon them a very *becoming* light, would look absurdly grotesque, or frightfully ugly.

The immoral influence of the theater is so generally acknowledged, that it seems unnecessary to dwell upon it here. The minds of the pure and the virtuous, revolt from a delineation of the crowds that enter its polluted walls, and the shocking scenes that are presented as lessons in this school of vice. Its defenders talk much of its "holding the mirror up to nature," and thus teaching morality; the author of the phrase is guiltless of the intention, or the act of supporting,

by word or works, the pseudo-morality of modern theaters.

Lord Londonderry, in his recent visit to Russia, was much surprised at the splendor and neatness of the ladies' dresses at the court of the Autocrat; not a wrinkle nor accidental fold; they all looked fresh from the light fingers of the *modiste*. On enquiry, his lordship learnt that they were all brought from Paris, the mart of fashion for the world, and that the same dress was never worn twice. A lady, who had three daughters in society, told him, that their dresses each cost two hundred roubles for an evening; the ornaments were not included. Many of the nobles are compelled to mortgage their estates, to live in the style they are expected to maintain. This display is for the purpose of giving imposing splendor and elegance to a court, ambitious to vie with other European courts in refinement and taste, as well as magnificence. In our republican country, where there is no such apology, there is, nevertheless, an universal passion for display. Are we falsely accused of it by foreigners, *as the ruling passion?*

"Wend ye with the world to night?" The elegant mansion is blazing in the full effulgence of gas-light. Its anxious mistress takes a last survey of the splendidly decorated apartments, and then, a last look at herself in a mirror, before which the giantess Garagantua might have arranged her paraphernalia, from top-knot to shoe-tie. The foot falls soft upon the luxurious carpet, whose flowers seem scattered fresh from

Flora's munificent hand. The rich and beautiful hangings of blue damask, might have been thrown by the graces over those golden arrows; the Sybarite would have luxuriated upon the velvet-covered divan, and a Sultana have coveted the embroidered cushions for her harem-throne. Flowers, whose parent buds dipped their pure petals in the Nile, whose fragrance floated upon the breezes of Japan, or were wasted upon the dull sense of the Chinese, fill the air with mingled perfume. Oranges hang amid their dark leaves in exuberant profusion, tempting to the eye, but as unsatisfying to the taste, as bitter as the "grapes of Gomorrah;" presenting, to the lady of the mansion, an apposite emblem. These splendid preparations were to have astonished some of her most fashionable acquaintances, who, instead of giving éclat to her brilliant assembly, have pleaded "a previous engagement," and grace a rival party in an adjoining street. The very, very persons who, of all the world, she had exerted herself most to please and to win, have deserted her in this her hour of anticipated triumph. With a heavy heart, she chooses the most becoming attitude and eligible position for the reception of those accepting guests, whom she felt constrained to invite, but did not feel exceedingly desirous to see.

The rooms are filled, crammed like a drum of figs —the heat intolerable—dresses are crumpled and torn, or cannot be seen to any advantage. "Is it not strange the So and Sos are not here?" "Mrs. B——. is 'at home' to-night." "Oh, I understand. Well, there

are the Flingos and the Flareups; who would have expected to meet them here? I declare, there is'nt a creature of my acquaintance in the rooms, but yourself."

Music and compliments. Then a push for the dancing-room—floor beautifully chalked—but "so small you might as well get up a set of quadrilles in a bathing-tub." A rush and a crush for the supper-room. To the table, loaded with its splendid garniture of plate, porcelain, and glass, every clime has contributed its delicacies, and the purple vintage from many a sunny hill, supplied the sparkling and the glowing wines. "Can you see anything?" "Nothing but the top of a pyramid, which I am no more likely to reach at this moment, than the pyramid of Cheops." "Pray take something." "Thank you, I never taste anything in a party." "One grape only?" "Not for the world!" "Chicken-salad or lobster-salad, Sir, or do you prefer a bit of the *pate' de gros fois?*"

Everybody has tried to see and be seen, and neither to wonder nor admire, and made their most graceful congé. The sound of the last carriage has died away, and the lady of the mansion retires to her own chamber. With the aid of Asmodeus we will enter—or perhaps Mephistopheles would be more efficient aid in revealing the lady's secret communings with her own heart. "I have discharged the claims of society to their full satisfaction. How much have I promoted the happiness of our circle? I have been the means

of increasing their kindly feelings towards me and each other—of allaying the envy and jealousy with which they have hitherto been tormented. By discussing their plans of usefulness, they have caught new ardor from the electric spark of sympathy. They will be cheered by these healthsome hours of recreation for the duties of the morrow. How sweet—how refreshing will be my conscience-satisfied sleep." Ha! did we hear aright? Mephistopheles must have played us false; for look at that care-worn, regretful countenance, as she lays aside her costly ornaments before the faithful mirror; such is not the expression of "perfect peace."

And you, fair reader, what are your reflections, as you rattle over the pavement, on your way homeward? "I have been amused and instructed by the conversation of the evening. I was so happy to meet dear friends and pleasant acquaintances, and hold with them that kind, cordial intercourse, that makes the heart glow with benevolence and complacency.—How extremely kind it was for Mrs. —— to bring her friends together, for an evening of unalloyed enjoyment, at such an expense of time and money. What fine taste and generous hospitality! How perfectly well she can afford it! How invigorating to body and mind, is the healthful exercise of the dancing-room! How cheerfully shall I lay my head upon my pillow, with this delightful consciousness of a well-spent evening." Has Mepistopheles played us false again?

The question is not whether *large* parties are morally wrong. It would require a nice casuist to decide that to be wrong for two hundred, which is not wrong for twenty. We would merely enquire whether parties, large or small, usually effect the object for which they are, or ought to be, designed; namely, to promote cheerfulness, social feeling, intelligence, kindness, and healthful recreation.

Wearied with the racking toil of business, or the wear and tear of a profession, or the discord of political life, or the intense application of the scholar, men need, occasionally, a rarer atmosphere, for the lighter play of thought; a fresh field, where mind may be diverted awhile from those deep-worn channels, through which it rushes so impetuously. They seek it in the society of "the gentler sex," where the weightier matters of life are not to be brought upon the carpet. Thus seeking refreshment and renewal of strength, they require subjects for conversation in society, not altogether destitute of material for intellectual exercise; and in their companions, something better than dull inanity, or flippant insipidity. Another advantage which they ought to expect from female society is, that the harsher features of their characters, and the ruggedness of their tempers, may be softened: it is neutral ground, where rival politicians may dismiss those bitter feelings and that violent animosity, too often engendered by party strife; where the money-making may forget their worldliness, and the unsuccessful their disappointments.

Every American woman should be familiarly acquainted with the history of her own country, its constitution and form of government. She should know that the stability and permanency of a republic depends upon the intellectual, moral, and religious character of the people; upon this broad principle she must act, and endeavor to induce every body to act, over whom she exercises influence. To enter as a fiery partizan into the contentions of political opponents, is unbecoming the delicacy and dignity of female character. Men talk much of a conservative principle. We trust we shall not be accused of presumptuousness, if we name one: A high, moral, and intellectual character, in the women of our country, that shall make them true patriots, preserving a consistent neutrality, and exerting their influence for the good of the whole. Leaving government, and all its multifarious concerns, to those to whom the all-wise Creator has delegated authority, let us be content with that influence which is "pure, peaceable, gentle, without *partiality*, and without hypocrisy."

Let not a meddlesome spirit, in matters that do not concern you, mar the pleasures of social intercourse. Must they who fly to your society for relief from the jarrings of men, be teazed with the perpetual din? Has the miasma of politics infected the whole moral atmosphere? Is there no elevated ground where they can breathe a purer air, and escape for a while into a serene and tranquil region? We remember some time since, hearing a gentleman say of a great states-

man, who was his intimate friend, that in the society of an amiable and interesting young lady, whom he admired, "he was like a great mountain by the side of a little flower, and forgot that he was a mountain."

A man possessing political influence, is sometimes, in society, beset by a swarm of female philanthropists, urging their claims, or as they call them, the claims of humanity, of benevolence, &c. "Now, Sir, you cannot refuse me that slight favor."—"Do vote, for my sake, on *my* side; I shall be superlatively grateful." What is a gallant man to do? If he drive off this swarm, like the fox in the fable, another more clamorous may succeed, until he is robbed of every drop of enjoyment in society. And is it certain that every politician has principle enough to withstand these fair *petitioners*, when they urge him contrary to his own better judgment? A sage and potent senator, one of the most polite and elegant men in the world, once confessed, that he left the senate chamber, when a vote was taken on a question in which a splendid woman of his acquaintance was deeply interested, because he could not vote against her, while her dark eyes were fixed upon him from the gallery. True, it was a question of no great importance to the welfare of the country, and involved no *party* interests; but his opinion and his vote were sacrificed to his chivalrous gallantry.

These female politicians, among themselves, in the heat of debate, become as furious, and almost as noisy, as a throng of sailors brought up to the ballot-

box; the spectator almost fears that they will come to pulling caps, or some other pugnacious demonstration of ire. If advised to leave an arena where the fiercer passions are thus excited, they will, peradventure, accuse the adviser of tameness of spirit, want of intellectual power, or of a just appreciation of the *rights of woman.* Happily, the great majority of the women of our country, in spite of female demagogues, still appreciate the *right* to move in the calm, sequestered sphere, which Heaven in mercy ordained for them, far removed from the heated, murky atmosphere of politics. Beware of those who would tempt you from this sphere, as Satan tempted Eve from Eden. Do they not say to you, that you occupy a humble, subordinate, degraded station? That man denies you equality of rights,—

> "Why, but to awe;
> Why, but to keep ye low and ignorant,
> His worshippers?"

Hapless, deluded Eve, when she had fallen into irremediable ruin, by these wiles, began to plume herself upon the attainment of *her rights*, and to reason upon the propriety of keeping to herself the "odds of knowledge in her power, without a partner!"

> "And perhaps
> A thing not undesirable, sometime
> Superior, for inferior, *who is free?*"

Mother of mankind! Adam's fervent advice to thee, may still apply to thine erring daughters.

"O, woman, best are all things as the will
Of God ordained them: his creating hand
Nothing imperfect or deficient left
Of all that he created; much less man,
Or aught that might his happy state secure,
Secure from outward force; within himself
The danger lies, yet lies within his power:
Against his will, he can receive no harm.
But God left free the will; for what obeys
Reason, is free; and reason he made right,
But bid her well beware, and still erect;
Lest, by some *fair-appearing good* surprised,
She dictate false; and misinform the will
To do what God expressly hath forbid.
Not then mistrust, but tender love enjoins,
That I should mind thee oft; and mind thou me.
Seek not temptation then, which to avoid
Were better.
Would'st thou approve thy constancy, approve
First thy *obedience.*
For God towards thee hath done his part—do thine."

If some men seek society for relaxation from severe mental application, there are others who consider it as only one mode of that amusement, which is the occupation of their lives. These prefer that frivolity and nonsense should reign with undisputed sway in ladies' society. That in the giddy whirl, not only sober thought, but the very semblance of thought, should be annihilated. They are contented with the *whip*, and care not for the *cream* of conversation, which, in conscience, is light enough; and it must be confessed, that many young ladies show a very accommodating spirit, in yielding to their taste.

Because pedantry is odious, and *blues* are voted ridiculous, there is no reason why modest learning and real intelligence, should be proscribed. Women often mingle in society, to escape for a while from petty cares, and merely mechanical employments, which would otherwise be so monopolizing, that by constant devotion to them, they would be rendered selfish and narrow-minded. After giving up their studies, when school-education is completed, they have but little leisure for gaining knowledge, while men of education find no resting place. It is too late in the day to revive the time-worn, hackneyed dispute about the mental equality of the sexes: let it rest in the tomb of the Capulets. In mixed society, they may meet on terms of equality; they do not come together to make invidious comparisons; they expect no admirable Crichton, nor astonishing Maria Agnesi, to contend for an intellectual prize, to be borne off in triumph.

But neither should the ultra-refinement of society destroy that *individuality* of character, which gives zest to human life. It is this refining and polishing process, reducing all natures to a seeming resemblance to a fashionable standard, that renders society dull, vapid, and unprofitable. The whole works of creation may, by some peculiar characteristics, be ranked in classes; yet no two of any species are in all respects similar. So it is with the lords of all created things, upon this well-ordered earth: there are peculiarities and associations of qualities, which mark

the individual character of each human being. He who comes to the warfare of life, armed by his own suspicious nature against all deceit, will never be thrown off his guard; whilst the confiding and unsuspecting, though experience may have obliged them to don the armor of prudence, will still leave crevices through which the arrows of the designing may pierce to the very heart. Upon the thorn-bush blossoms the rose in its native simplicity; cultivation may vary its size and beauty, ad infinitum, but still it is a rose: the dahlia by its side, may rival it in brilliancy, but not in delicate texture and delicious perfume. Thus modest sensibility and warmth of heart, may stand in society, side by side with keen wit and sparkling vivacity. The collision of different characters will bring out difference of opinion, without destroying the harmony of society. Here, as in the economy of the material universe, there is a centripetal and centrifugal force. The man of cool temperament, checks his passionate friend; the charitable, repairs the evil done by the censorious; the timid and diffident, are encouraged by the bold and daring; the man of persevering common sense, puts into execution the plans devised by the less patient man of genius. Each should avoid the affectation of characteristics which they do not possess. As the counteracting muscles of the arm, by acting different ways, perfect their usefulness, so these varieties of character give energy and power to society.

If all go into society, as to a mental masquerade, where each is acting a studied part, how much both of utility and pleasure must be lost. We should lose the agreeable surprise arising from the discovery of a vein of golden ore, where we had only seen common clay; of striking out a latent spark of genius, which seclusion had hidden even from its possessor; of seeing the warm tear of benevolence in the earnest eye of one deemed cold and calculating. No man's self-love would permit him to view his exact counterpart with good feelings; for though we love to see our opinions reflected by our friends, who could bear to be mirrored forth by thousands to whom he was indifferent.

Preserving then, that individuality of character which gives delightful variety to society, all should bring to it, affability, good sense, good taste, and kind feeling.

The literature of the day, improvement in the arts, discoveries in science, the important events that are taking place in the world, the efforts being made for the diffusion of knowledge and religion—these, and a thousand other interesting topics, men might talk about in the society of ladies, without lowering their own minds, or elevating, beyond their capacity, those of their auditors, or rather, *colloquists;* for it is assumed, that here they meet on terms of perfect equality. If it be said, that by courtesy it is left for the ladies to take the lead, then they are to blame if they find no higher themes for entertainment, than fashions, beauty, dress, manners, flattery, and scandal. Making large

allowance for their fondness for these topics, candor must allow, that modesty, in many instances, and the fear of ridicule in others, deter them from bringing forward other less trifling subjects, in which they are deeply interested. Cicero says of silence, "there is not only an art, but an eloquence in it;" let then *your* silence be eloquent, whenever frivolous or unsuitable subjects are introduced; it is often the only delicate way in which you can manifest disapprobation.

Acknowledging that society has claims, and that you are to maintain kind and friendly relations with the circle to which you belong; yet neither these claims, nor your love of display, nor your fondness for amusement, should lead you to the sacrifice of personal happiness and of principle.

The frequent demands upon the purse, from young ladies who would make a splendid appearance in society, are often reluctantly answered by the purse-bearer, and should, if justice were heeded, not seldom be denied. While debts are unpaid, and the hire of the laborer is withheld, conscience should not let any one remain at ease and self-satisfied in magnificent apparel. The old fable of the daw in peacock's feathers, might, in such a case, be admirably exemplified, were the milliner, mantua-maker, and jeweller, each to claim their own share of a fashionable belle's gay adornings. And the fine horses and splendid equipage, which a fond father, to gratify a daughter's pride, has raised by the magic-wand of credit, might, if touched by the sword of justice, be transformed like Cinderilla's, into rags,

mice, and a pumpkin-shell. It is urged in defense of the luxuries of the rich, that they are the support of the poor. Some political economists deny this. Be that as it may—no one can deny that the extravagancy of the reputed rich, greatly increases the misery and sufferings of the poor. The pale semstress or mantua-maker, who has toiled all day for you, goes, perhaps, like Kate Nickleby, to the home of indigence and sorrow unpaid, to weep over the woes she cannot relieve by her untiring industry; while you, fair reader, array yourself, with a light heart and gay smile, in that dress which her skill has wrought into its graceful elegance. Could you wear it cheerfully if you knew her to be suffering for the reward of her labor? Certainly not; yet you, and thousands of others, forget that every dollar is usually wanted immediately, by those who thus earn their daily subsistence.

It may be said in self-defense, that a young lady seldom knows the extent of her father's pecuniary resources. That may be; yet if she receive a regular allowance, she can be certain that no one suffers directly through her; and if not, she should never employ workwomen without knowing positively, beforehand, that she can pay them as soon as their work is done. Justice should be satisfied before pride.

Benevolence must not be set aside for more vociferous but less worthy claimants. Vanity may sometimes be denied an additional flower or feather without disparagement; fashion be boldly confronted, in a dress *un peu passe'*, worn for charity's sake; and

pleasure's frown need not be dreaded, if, instead of wreathing her roses around your own brow, you sometimes extract from them the balm of consolation.

Does society claim an exhorbitant share of time? This sacrifice is often yielded as if demanded by that "necessity that knows no law." The hours spent in society, are but a small proportion of the time thus yielded; previous preparation for these hours makes a far more exhorbitant demand. Tasteful embroidery and fine needlework, afford pleasant occupation to young ladies; but when employed solely for the decoration of the person, they may be treacherous monopolizers. One young lady has been known to spend two month's upon the trimming to a ball-dress; and another, a half year upon an embroidered satin dress. Patient, persevering industry, which applied to better purposes than the gratification of vanity and selfishness, would deserve high encomium; and perhaps, after all this pains-taking, *society* would have been as well pleased without the trimming and embroidery. The choice of a dress for a single evening, often costs many hours of meditation—and distracting doubts between rival colors, many more. The toilet demands much time; to all these, add the time spent abroad in shopping, and the time *in* society,—they make up a large amount, leaving but a meager modicum for home and its duties.

Fashionable morning visits. Who has not uttered her testimony against them as time-stealers, and stupid ones too; yet who would say, they can be entirely

dispensed with? Not she, who hopes during her round of visits, to leave more cards than viva voce compliments; nor even she, who would gladly make more cordial and less unmeaning visits.

Do you sacrifice health to the claims of society? We have, in a former chapter, alluded to the danger of exposure after standing or dancing for hours in heated rooms. If all the young and lovely who have thus been hurried to their graves, could be summoned to bear testimony to those who still expose themselves in this manner, the cloud of witnesses would strike terror and dismay to many a gay and thoughtless heart. Dancing may be a healthsome and delightful exercise at home, or where there is ample verge and pure free air; but in the cramped confines of the drawing-room and the crowded ball-room, where the exhausted atmosphere renders respiration difficult and laborious, such exercise cannot be beneficial. No wonder the Chinese, on seeing the efforts of English gentlemen and ladies under these circumstances, exclaimed with exultation, "We *hire* our dancing done in China."

Late hours at night, continued for a length of time, give a sallowness to the complexion, indicating that health is on the wane. The restorative virtues of morning air, seldom lend their aid to freshen the departing bloom; the fatigue and exhaustion of a night of gaiety, are frequent preludes to a morning headache and a train of attendant evil sprites.

> "Can'st thou forego the pure ethereal soul,
> In each fine sense so exquisitely keen,

On the dull couch of luxury to loll,
  Stung with disease, and stupified with spleen?

O how can'st thou renounce the boundless store
  Of charms which Nature to her votary yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
  The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
  All that the *genial ray of morning* gilds;
And all that echoes to the song of even,
  All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of Heaven!
O how can'st thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven?"

And cheerfulness too; are not her smiles often sacrificed? The sadness arising from physical suffering, is not the only sadness induced by devotion to the claims of society. Disappointment and disgust often take the place of anticipated enjoyment;

"The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy!"

Some imprudent word uttered, some unintentional severity, or some supercilious slight, frequently embitters the recollection of an evening. There is, too, a heartlessness, a coldness in society, that chills the ardor of a warm ingenuous nature, and sends back the current of kindness, until it is finally frozen to apathy. The severe scrutiny and unsparing criticism bestowed upon a novice, are often painfully endured: blushing at the consciousness of her own awkwardness, and vexed to be thus subjected to ill-natured remark, she might exclaim with one of Miss More's pastoral damsels, in the "Search after Happiness;"

"Are these the beings called polite?
Is this the world of which we want a sight?"

Domestic happiness is sometimes sacrificed. A happy fire-side is forsaken for the mingled crowd. Sacrifice as it is, it must sometimes be made; but not too frequently, lest the taste should become vitiated, and the quiet enjoyment of home no longer be yours. Habits thus formed, will not readily yield to a new situation and new circumstances. Wo to the man whose wife is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of party-going and party-giving. His house can scarcely be called his own; in it, he is a mere movable, that must submit, like other furniture, to be tossed to and fro, for the accommodation of society. This extreme fondness for display at home and abroad in gay wives —this entire want of home-feeling and quiet contentment, have driven a fearful number of husbands to the theater and the gambling-table—to dissipation and ruin.

When the winter campaign is finished, traveling and watering-places take all the world of fashion from home. The sacrifice of comfort here is immense. Alas for our country—her old-fashioned fire-sides—her rural pleasures—her comfortable homes! If those families who are forced during the summer months to leave town, or an unwholesome climate, would but expend the same amount of money now spent in traveling year after year, upon the purchase of a neat country-house, with a few surrounding acres, how greatly would their comfort and usefulness be increased. It delights the imagination to revel amid the quiet

little Edens that might thus be created by the hand of taste, in every "bosky dell," and by the side of the wide clear rivers of our beautiful country. A taste for horticulture and the planting of trees, among the gentlemen, would harmonize with the ladies' taste for flowers, grottoes, and fountains. We are not so Utopian in our day-dreams, as to believe this would quite bring back the Golden Age; but we do believe, that the sterling worth and domestic enjoyment of the men and women of other days would be renewed, and our country, already old in luxury and vice, be rejuvenated. And the claims of society! how would they be thus answered? Much better than they now are by the itinerating mania that has seized all ranks. Those families, whose places of residence are permanently in the country, would be better contented to remain there, if citizens and strangers were half the year their neighbors. Social intercourse between them, might be placed upon a rational and agreeable footing; but it is quite preposterous thus to speculate upon what might be if—and if,—and he who dares to attack the usages of society, may chance to meet with as cordial a reception as Spencer's man, Talus, who went about the world with his iron flail.

And is there no sacrifice of principle ever made, to keep on good terms with society? Do you never meet there the dissipated, the vicious, from whom your whole soul revolts? But you say, even these must not be given up entirely. Certainly not, if you can do them any good. The influence exerted upon

them by ladies' society should be a strong, decided moral influence. Yet how can this be, if you may not show, even by a look, that you disapprove of their characters? Until society has a sanative power, through your instrumentality, it will not retard their progress in dissipation. A fearful responsibility thus devolves upon ladies who are *leaders* in society. If things good and holy are allowed to be ridiculed there; if *the parsons, the righteous, the sanctimonious*, as the ministers of religion and its professors are jeeringly termed, are made the target for their light missiles; if they are allowed "to look upon the wine when it is red," and quaff it while it sparkles, *unreproved*, until reason vanishes and folly reigns, what happy influence do you exert? You lend the most powerful aid in accelerating their downward course. But it need not be, and it is not always thus. We hope and believe better things of you, kind readers, in this day of more enlightened morality and quickened sensibility. Be it your noble privilege to elevate still higher the standard of morals. God grant you a clear perception of what is due to society, and the power to benefit it, without the *sacrifice of economy, time, health, cheerfulness, domestic happiness, and religious principles.*

CHAPTER XXVII.

READING THE SACRED SCRIPTURES.

"We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more;
Enough for us to trace thy will
In scriptures', sacred lore."—*Heber.*

Of all knowledge, the most important to man is that which unaided reason seeks in vain, and philosophy, in her boldest flights, could never reach—the knowledge of the character of the Supreme Being, and our relations to Him. Without divine revelation, not a ray of light illumes the past or gilds the dark future; man stands alone, a mournful mystery to himself; but, blessed be God, in the moral, as in the natural world, He said, "Let there be light, and there was light."

The Old Testament reveals the Creator—His wisdom and goodness in calling forth from chaos this beautiful world, and furnishing it with magnificent richness for a habitation for man—the creation of man in the image of his Maker—his departure from the law of holiness, and the direful consequences of his guilt; proclaims pardon to the penitent, and restoration to the Divine favor through a Redeemer. It tells of the fearful increase of sin and horrible depravity, by a monstrous race polluting the earth, until at length the righteous judgment of God swept them from the face of it by an universal deluge; while praise for saving-mercy ascends from one only family, who float se-

curely upon the world of waters. It proclaims a covenant between God and one whom he condescends to style his friend, and his special love and favor to his descendants, to whom he promulgates the moral law; confirming, by miracles, his authority, and by prophets, keeping alive from generation to generation the hope of that Saviour "in whom all the families of the earth should be blessed." Through its sacred pages are profusely scattered, the sweetest, purest strains of poetic fancy, and the sublimest effusions of heaven-born eloquence. Its imperishable literature has inspired the noblest efforts of human genius. What other book contains such astonishing, such inexhaustible materials for thought and investigation? Bring to it all the treasures of knowledge to aid in its explanation and illustration. Profane history, ancient and modern, will throw light upon the prophecies—eastern travels offer striking illustrations from existing customs and manners, and delineate scripture geography with satisfactory precision. Search and compare scripture with scripture. Where there is obscurity that you cannot penetrate, resort to critical commentators, and where there are difficulties that you cannot solve, have recourse to the pious and the learned; but at the same time, use the reason which God has given you for this noble purpose, the deep, daily study of his Holy Word.

The New Testament is the authentic record of the long promised Redeemer's miraculous birth and spotless life; his death, resurrection, and ascension to

Heaven; the efforts of the witnesses of these events to make them known to the world, and the success of their labors; their letters to the converts to Christianity, explaining its doctrines and enforcing its duties; ending with a sublime apocalypse of the thrilling scenes that shall precede the dissolution of the world; the terrors of the judgment-day, and a heart-cheering vision of the mansions of blessedness.

We should each know for ourselves, the evidences on which belief in these stupendous truths is founded.

It is not designed to enter here at length into the evidences of Christianity. Chalmers, Erskine, and Paley, on this subject, are earnestly recommended to your serious and attentive perusal.

The New Testament depends upon the evidence of testimony and internal evidence, or its adaptation to the wants and condition of man.

Upon the strength of the first argument, our belief mainly rests. The writers of the New Testament—were they intelligent, honest and true witnesses? They were plain, sensible men, who had no other motive in writing, but to make known truths which would expose them to contempt, persecution, and death, in obedience to the command of their crucified Master; they exhibited their authority as Christ's witnesses, by working miracles, which were seen and known by thousands of their fellow-men, in full possession of their senses and their reason. The knowledge of these events has been transmitted to the present time, in the same way that other historical truths have been;

namely, by written testimony. No one ever doubted that there was such a man as Alexander the Great, or that he had such a friend as Parmenio, or that he conquered the Persian monarch, Darius. We believe these things, as firmly as if they had transpired in some distant land, in our own day; the length of time that has elapsed, does not invalidate the testimony of the historian. No history in the world is so well supported by testimony, as the history of Jesus Christ. A number of eye-witnesses have given their separate but concordant narrations of the same events, and the severe scrutiny that has been exercised upon them, has only laid open the immovable basis upon which they rest.

These brief hints have been given, merely to lead your minds to a thorough investigation of this subject.

The second argument, namely, whether the truths revealed are adapted to the condition of man, comes home to every heart. Look into your own; are its yearnings after happiness satisfied with anything that earth affords? What shall purify and elevate its affections? What moral power do you possess to escape from wretchedness? What human philosophy will afford consolation in death, and hope of a blissful immortality? The bible! The bible alone reveals the mystery of man's being; his fallen, sinful state, and the means of restoration; points out the path of duty, and opens wide the golden gates of immortality. The bible, then, my young friends, must be your text-book of duty—your guide in self-education.

But you must come to the reading of it with one petition, uttered with the earnestness of the last cry of a drowning man: "God be merciful to me a sinner." "You must flee to it as the only refuge of the lost, as well as the only remedy of the unholy." Then, the the same Spirit which inspired "holy men of old" to write its solemn truths, will render it to you "a pillar of fire by day and a pillar of cloud by night," to guide you through life's wilderness to the promised land.

In this age of sectarianism and heresy, cling closely to the bible. Consider it more honorable than any sectarian appellation, to be called "a bible Christian." In the stillness and solitude of evening, before you throw yourself upon the protecting care of Divine Love, read its glorious promises. By the rosy light of morning, study its holy precepts, to regulate your thoughts, animate your love, and fortify your heart against temptation. Imbibe its principles, so that they shall run through the whole tenor of your conduct—form the very warp upon which your life is woven. You need not fear that you shall become too well acquainted with the blessed book. To adopt the eloquent language of another: "If all the minds now on earth could be concentrated into one, and that one applied the whole of its stupendous energies to the study of this single book, it would never apprehend its doctrines in all their divine purity; its promises in their overpowering fullness; its precepts in their searching extent; even that glorious mind, sufficient to exhaust the universe, would only discover that the scriptures were inexhaustible."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE STANDARD OF CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

> "At kind distance still
> Perfection stands, like happiness,
> To tempt eternal chase."

When Corregio first saw the paintings of Raphael, his heart throbbed with exultation, and he exclaimed, "I too am a painter!" An artist of our own country was once standing with folded arms, gazing with intense delight upon a beautiful picture; the question was asked, "Do you ever expect to equal that?" He turned quickly, his dark eye flashing with the enthusiasm of genius, and replied, "*my* aim is perfection." Would such an one be daunted by the ridicule of those who have no taste for his art; or his ardor cooled by the sober advice of the utilitarian, who declares it to be a most *unprofitable* employment? They no more retard his progress, than the "dewy cobwebs on the morning grass," retard the journey of the early traveler. The painter's ardor, his devotedness, his perseverance, call forth unbounded praise from all lovers of the art; they know that such concentration of power, such unity of purpose, will produce surpassing excellence. All the world acknowledge that "it is good to be zealously affected in a good cause," excepting only the best of all causes—the cause of religion.

Among those who are professedly Christians, the diversity of character is immense. The heart may

be right, where there are errors in judgment, and the understanding may be enlightened and convinced, while the heart remains untouched. It is, nevertheless, to this "cloud of witnesses," that the young look for example.

The poetical religionist admires the beauty and the thrilling grandeur of many parts of the bible. Its wonderful truths exercise the intellect, and give unbounded scope to the imagination. His taste is charmed with the bold rhetorical figures, and the beautiful imagery with which it abounds. He is not insensible, perhaps, to the noble examples of moral sublimity there exhibited. He admires, too, the splendid actions of illustrious men of every age and country—"the lofty deeds and daring high" of the patriot—the philanthropy of a Howard or a Wilberforce—the dauntless courage of a Luther and a Knox—but with the same kind of admiration that might be bestowed upon equal energy and intellectual power, directed to entirely different purposes. It is the admiration of greatness of character, of a grandeur and power which belong, in a superior degree, to Milton's Satan and Goethe's Mephistopheles. It is possible he may sometimes admire what is called the beauty of virtue, but it is not "the beauty of holiness." To him there is nothing picturesque, nothing interesting in the daily life of the serious, humble, unobtrusive Christian; nothing to excite the imagination, or charm the over-wrought feelings in such an one's self-denying duties. If such a Christian, however, were brought to the stake and en-

dured, with unyielding fortitude, the agonies of martyrdom, then he would become worthy of admiration. Or, it is possible, that the magnanimity or the moral courage of a Christian might strike the poetical religionist with awe, as Milton's Satan, at the grave rebuke of the cherub Zephon, struck with his angel countenance, "severe in youthful beauty,"

> "Felt how awful goodness is, and saw
> Virtue in her shape how lovely."

Rousseau could not but admire the beauty and moral grandeur of Christianity, and could even pen an eloquent encomium upon that Savior whose divinity he denied, and whose precepts he daringly violated. He says, "the majesty of the scriptures strike me with astonishment, and the sanctity of the gospel addresses itself to my heart. Look at the volumes of the philosophers; with all their pomp, how contemptible do they appear in comparison to this! Is it possible that a book, at once so simple and so sublime, can be the work of man? Can he, who himself is the subject of its history, be a mere man? Was his the tone of an enthusiast or an ambitious sectary? What sweetness! What purity in his manners! What an affecting gracefulness in his instructions? What sublimity in his maxims! What profound wisdom in his discourses! What presence of mind! What sagacity and propriety in his answers! How great the command over his passions! Where is the man,

where the philosopher, who could so live, suffer, and die, without weakness, and without ostentation?"

Madame de Stael, in her works, discovers the same admiration, the same enthusiam for the grand and the beautiful in religion, while it is not uncharitable to believe, that she never felt its power.

The worshiper of *nature* may be called a poetical religionist, and even the glorious achievements of art call forth, in such a mind, similar emotion. But this is not religion—unless adoring love of the Creator mingle with admiration of his works. Another gifted being, whose whole life was a practical demonstration of his impiety, could worship nature with enthusiast zeal.

"The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains. Beautiful!
I linger yet with Nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learn'd the language of another world.
I do remember me, that in my youth,
When I was wandering,—upon such a night
I stood within the Coliseum's walls
'Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome.

And thou did'st shine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which softened down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and filled up
As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries;
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the place
Became *religion*, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old."

To the young, such a religion often appears like an angel of light, while true religion, robed in the garb of humility, with the tears of penitence upon her cheek, meekly bearing the cross, and trampling under foot the glittering gold and dazzling gauds of earth, has no "comeliness," and is "despised and rejected."

Nearly allied to the poetical, is the sentimental religionist. Sentimentalism, on any subject, is to be deprecated; but where it is substituted for genuine, Christian sensibility, it is deplorable. A young lady may be melted to tears by the eloquence of a favorite preacher. Music has the same effect. The sorrows and sufferings of her fellow-beings, call forth sighs innumerable, and touching expressions of sympathy and commiseration; but her feelings are too delicate, her sensibility too exquisite, to allow her to come in contact with actual misery. The luxury of emotion in which she indulges, is not willingly exchanged for the performance of the ordinary duties of life. It is nun-like and saint-like to look pensive, and have the eyes surcharged with unshed tears; but are they caused by broken-heartedness for sin? Does she not more frequently weep over the weakness and degradation of human nature, than over its sinfulness? The purity, the loveliness of religion, she can eloquently describe, while, perhaps, the warfare within, and that spirituality that this religion requires, are utterly incomprehensible. By this morbid sensibility, the *tone* of religious character is destroyed. It softens, "but it

also enervates and saddens; it "imparts poison in an odor; slays with a jewelled scimitar."

> "An ardent spirit dwells with Christian love,—
> The eagle's vigor in *the pitying dove;*
> 'Tis not enough that we with sorrow sigh,
> That we the wants of pleading man supply,
> That we in sympathy with sufferers feel,
> Nor bear a grief without a wish to heal:
> Not these suffice—to sickness, pain, and wo,
> The Christian spirit loves with aid to go;
> Will not be sought, waits not for want to plead,
> But seeks the duty—nay, prevents the need;
> Her utmost aid to every ill applies,
> And plans relief for coming miseries."

Unlike the poetical and the sentimental, the harsh, severe religionist holds no communion with nature. He fears to look upon the beauties profusely showered upon field and forest, mountain and vale. He seldom lifts his eyes to "the moon walking in brightness," or yields to "the sweet influences of the Pleiades," lest his admiration of the heavenly host should touch that sensibility which he thinks it duty to repress. He forgets that the same hand that wrote the law, amid the thunders of Sinai, lighted up those glorious orbs, and tinted with its beautiful hues, even the delicate flower that he tramples beneath his feet. When this magnificent world was finished, the Almighty Creator pronounced it "very good," and in His holy word calls upon all men to "praise his wondrous works." Moses, David, Solomon, and the prophets, looked upon nature with a loving and poetic eye, and found

types of things spiritual in things material. Our blessed Savior himself, drew his similes and illustrations from the natural objects around him, and a garden was his chosen place for retirement and holy meditation.

The Christian of cultivated mind and refined taste, may have a keen and delicate perception of beauty in all its infinite variety. "He looks with admiration on the fair, the rich, the magnificent in architecture; on the master-sketch, the coloring, the light and shade of the painter; on the transforming power and decorative taste of the sculptor. He gazes with a *child's rejoicing*, on the bud and the blossom, on the flower and the leaf; on the gaudy butterfly, the glittering scales of the fish, and the dazzling plumage of the bird. He gazes with a poet's feeling, if not with a poet's eye, on the cheerful landscape of morning, and the pensive scenery of evening; on the beauty and serenity of the lake and the woodland. He gazes with a religious awe, upon the deep silence of the heavens, and the calm majesty of the ocean; on the gloom of the forest, on the fury of the storm, on the savage rush of the cataract, and the solemn grandeur of the mountain." But not alone in the magnificence of nature does the Christian rejoice; the Almighty Creator has flung abroad over the wide earth, tokens of his wisdom and goodness, that cause the pious heart to glow with admiration and love. This is beautifully exemplified in a simple description of a passage around a dangerous precipice, written for a juvenile magazine. The traveler says, "the river in the valley below seem

ed, in the distance, like a white silken thread; and the bare, barren, perpendicular rock, was frightful to behold. 'Be steady,' said the guide who went before me, 'and keep your eye on the rock.' I went on, scarcely daring to draw my breath, grasping with my hands every projection that I could lay hold of, for the shelf on which we stood was only a few inches wide. I asked the guide if we had almost passed the danger, but he was silent as the grave; not a word escaped him. A slip, a false step, a breath of air, would almost have been sufficient to have plunged me headlong down the fearful steep. Now and then our feet displaced the small loose pieces of granite which lay on the ledge we stood upon; they fell over, but we never heard them strike against the rock, it was so perpendicular. I felt that my life was held in a balance, and that none but the High and Holy One could preserve me. At last we came to a spot where the path was much broader, so that we could all stand comfortably upon it; and here we paused a minute that I might recover a little from the fear I had endured. In this place I observed a small, beautiful, dazzling blossom, on a plant which grew from a crevice in the rock. *It was a lovely little flower*, and gave me wondrous comfort, for it told me *that God was on the edge of the precipice with us.* The flower was his divine workmanship;—so I plucked it and placed it in my bosom.

In that eventful hour
My heart had failed with fear;
But gazing on the lovely flower,
I felt that God was near."

This deep consciousness of the benevolence of the Supreme Being, renders the beautiful in his works ever emblematic of himself. Henry Martyn could rejoice in his Almighty perfections, even when "a single leaf" was the only visible type; and the world of beauty, that lies beyond the ken of unaided sight, revealed by the microscope, fills the mind of the pious contemplatist with adoring wonder. Earth sends up her perpetual hymn of praise to the Creator, and dull and gross must be that heart in which there is no response. Strong, earnest faith in the invisible, will not degrade things visible; to those who "dwell in the house of the Lord, to behold the *beauty of the Lord*, and to *inquire in his temple*," a single dewdrop may be a memento of his wisdom, benevolence, and mercy.

Of another class of religionists, whom Miss More calls "the phraseologists," she says, "these are assiduous hearers, but indifferent doers; very *valiant talkers* for the truth, but remiss workers. They are more addicted to hear sermons, than to profit by them. They always exhibit, in their conversation, the idiom of a party, and are apt to suspect the sincerity of those whose higher breeding and more correct habits discover a better taste. The language of these technical Christians indisposes persons of refinement, who have

not had the advantage of seeing religion under a more engaging form, to serious piety, by leading them to make a most unjust association between religion and bad taste. With them, words are not only the *signs* of things, but things themselves." These "phraseologists" would have all Christians, however differing in natural individual character, come under their flattening machine. The sanguine must become phlegmatic, the cheerful must wear a sad countenance, the impulsive must never act without cold calculation, the young must have the sobriety of the aged, and the heart, beating warm with generous sensibility, must be cooled down to the zero of their thermometer. They deal much in denunciation and condemnation, and spend their strength in endeavoring to proselyte to their own sect, but do not like to commune with their own hearts and be still.

Another class, differing but little from the last, would keep the mind in a continual state of excitement. Fervor, with them, is the alpha and the omega. Devotional retirement—solemn self-examination, does not sufficiently excite their zeal; they must keep it up to a *white* heat, by the sympathy of others. They are *in danger* of sometimes mistaking mere animal feeling for religious fervency. They are in danger of saying in action, if not in words, to those who are more calm, and would have every thing done "decently and in order," "stand by, for I am holier than thou." They may be following the ignis-fatuus of their own heated imaginations, instead of the lead-

ings of an unerring guide. They may, by this over-excitement of feeling, envelope in perpetual mist, that strait and narrow path which they sincerely wish to pursue.

Very different from these zealots, are the cool moralists. They are extremely careful not "to be righteous over-much." They have a fearful dread of enthusiasm. They keep on good terms with the world, by complying with most of their customs, and practically acknowledge the wisdom of their maxims. The timid sailor-boy, who for the first time climbs to the top of the mast, keeps his eye downward; he dare not "look up aloft." These moralists, with their eyes fixed upon the earth, can they go "onward and upward, and true to the line?"

Dear reader, are you "bending a pinion for the deeper sky?" Look to Him who said, "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart." Christ is the only perfect standard of human character. Many bright examples of the beauty of holiness, you may meet to cheer you on your heaven-ward course, and they will grow brighter and brighter, as they increase in their likeness to this perfect standard. Many, you will find, who bear his divine lineaments but imperfectly—we may mourn over their imperfections, but still more over our own. Though weak, erring, sinful, and conscious of it all, still your *aim* must be perfection. That "faith which is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen," by uniting you to Christ, will give you a

blessed hope of forgiveness through his merits and blood-bought atonement; but love for that character, which was holy, harmless, and undefiled, will lead you to imitation. "Whatsoever things are pure, lovely, and of good report," will then adorn your Christian character. It is not enough to enlist under the banners of the cross. The Captain of your salvation must have your entire allegiance; you must put on the whole panoply of faith for the conflict that awaits you. The perfect soldier must go through a course of severe discipline—he must never slumber at his post—he must never communicate with the enemy—his weapons must be untarnished, bright, and ever within his reach. Above all, he must have no will, but the will of his commander; his obedience must be perfect. The Christian warfare is chiefly within. You may have enemies without, who assail you with ridicule or with false reasoning, but the kingdom of Heaven is to be built up in your own heart, and there are your worst enemies. If no traitors lurk within, you may defy the puny weapons that are hurled by the outer foes. The *ridicule* of the thoughtless, the gay, the dissipated—dare to look it in the face, and its terrors, like those of a painted mask, will vanish. Do you shrink abashed from their common-place taunting? They tell you "there is no reason for being so starched and prim." That "you make yourself very disagreeable by being so rigid." "Religion should not make you gloomy." "There is no use in making so much parade about it." If you are intimidated by such attacks, you will lose ground, which it

will be very difficult to retain. Retreat not an inch. It is your duty to make religion as engaging as possible—to be kind, to be courteous, to be gentle, to be forbearing; at the same time, to be courageous, to be firm.

Think not that the pure and holy example of Jesus Christ is too exalted for your imitation. One object of his divine mission was, to exhibit the capabilities of human nature for moral excellence, and the loveliness and purity of human affections, unsullied by sinfulness.

His character, in some of its most striking traits, for imitation, has been beautifully delineated by an elegant female writer of our own country, in the following language :—

"In the character of our Savior, the mind and the heart rest satisfied; the more it is studied, the more holy and beautiful it becomes. Does the mind ask for *submission*, seek it in his childhood, while he was subject to his parents; for youthful *dignity*, see him standing in the midst of the temple, sublime in youth and power, reasoning with the doctors and lawyers, with a wisdom which astonished even those who questioned him on subjects which had been to them the study of a life-time. Does it ask for *humility* and *forbearance*, find him washing his disciples' feet and sitting at the same board with publicans and sinners; for true and gentle *charity*, listen to his voice when he says to the sinful woman, 'Woman, where are thine accusers? Go in peace, and sin no more.' Does it ask a heart full of gentle and *domestic sympathy*, fol-

low him to the grave of Lazarus, or to the bier of the widow's son; for *benevolence*, let the mind dwell for a moment on the cleansed leper, on the blind restored to sight, and on that heart-stirring scene, where he stood in the midst of the multitude, while the sick man was let down through the roof, that he might heal him; for *firmness*, go to the wilderness where the Son of God fasted and was sorely tempted forty days and forty nights; for *energy*, witness it in the overthrowing of the money tables, while those who had desecrated the temple were cast forth from the place they had polluted; for *wisdom*, read it in every act of his life, and in every line of his sermon on the mount; for *prudence*, see it in his answer given to the chief priests, when they brought him the tribute money; for *patience*, *forgiveness*, and all the gentle attributes that form the Christian character in its perfection, follow him to the garden; witness his prayer and his agony of spirit; dwell on his patient and gentle speech when he returned from that scene of pain, and found even his disciples asleep; reflect on his *meekness* and *forbearance* when the traitor's lip was on his cheek; on the hand so readily extended to heal the ear of the maimed soldier. Go with him to the place of trial, and to that last fearful scene which caused the grave to give up its dead, and the solid earth to tremble beneath the footsteps of his persecutors. Dwell upon his life and upon every separate act of his life, and the soul must become imbued with a sense of its truth, beauty, and holiness."

Happy Martha and Mary, to be allowed the blessed privilege of receiving such a guest. Where is the austerity that piety sometimes assumes at the fireside? Where the pharisaic severity that says, "I thank thee that I am not as other men are," while mingling in the social circle? Love and tenderness beam from his countenance, as he encourages the humble Mary to sit at his feet; and even in his reproof to the bustling Martha, there is no unkindness; he would relieve her from being "cumbered with much serving." This glorious guest you may still welcome to your hearts, and in the attitude of a humble, earnest, docile learner, study his perfect character, until your own shall be transmuted, by a divine alchemy, to a complete resemblance.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CHRISTIAN DUTY.—CHEERFULNESS.

"Sunbeam of summer! oh, what is like thee?
Hope of the wilderness—joy of the sea!
One thing is like thee, to mortals given,—
The faith, touching all things with hues of Heaven."

It is a common saying, that youth has few trials; and so it may appear, to those who, amid the cares and turmoil of after life, look back upon this comparatively tranquil period. Yet how many of the young are ready to exclaim, in bitterness of heart, "If this be the happiest portion of existence, would that I could die!" Can we expect uniform cheerfulness in those who, with keen sensibilities, unsupported by the strength and fortitude of maturer years, and devoid of religious principle, are discovering each day more and more of the trials of life. The thoughless, in the pride of health and spirits, excited by gay visions of future pleasure, may pass many a merry hour; but their joy is as different from real cheerfulness, as the music of a ball-room from "the minstrelsy of leaf and bird." Reflective and feeling minds must suffer from sympathy, experience, or anticipation.

Kind parents often seek to conceal from an idolized child the sorrow that is preying on their hearts, and thank Heaven, that shielded from trials like theirs, she basks in the sunshine of happiness. But does not

the quick eye of the affectionate daughter perceive the least shadow that rests on faces so dear? Yet she is aware that to believe her a participator would add to their pain, and, therefore, appears as unconcious as they would wish her in reality to be. As their footsteps die away, how fades that bright smile that afforded them such pure pleasure, while her busy mind hurries over all possible sources of their distress, and perhaps fastens on a cause greater than the true one. Day after day she watches each shade of expression on their countenances, and a frown on her father's brow, or pensiveness in her mother's eye, adds to the heaviness of her heart, from her incapability to afford comfort or relief.

Or it may be health has been refused to some dear member of the family circle. Who feels more keenly for the sufferings of the poor invalid, than the tender-hearted sister? Is it nothing to watch the bodily anguish of those we love—to know that the happiness of all who are nearest and dearest to us is bound up in one frail life, and then mark the wasting form and failing strength?

If sympathy may thus be the cause of sorrow, experience must teach even the young many a bitter lesson. Variously clad, the skeleton still dwells in every mansion. The unworthiness of those whom nature teaches us to cherish with untiring affection, is a source of incalculable misery. This sorrow asks not pity from the world, and may be hid beneath forced spirits and a gay smile, or betray itself in the

care-worn cheek and sunken eye. While sin reigns, this spring of unhappiness will exist, and religion only can remove its bitterness.

The unsuspecting innocence of youth often lays itself open to calumny, and many, wounded by injustice, for which they were unprepared, early have the seeds of misanthropy implanted in their hearts. And evil passions in their own hearts, assault the young with a thousand temptations. If these are submitted to, misery must ensue; if not, the struggle will be obstinate and painful. To form good habits is more difficult than to maintain them, and this should be the task of the young.

But there is one trial common to all. Death is in the world. This thought is enough to scatter the roses from the most blooming cheek, and dim the brightest eye. The first loss of a near friend is an era in life. It seems to awaken us from the dream we had so long indulged,—to open to our view the realities of the unseen world. A tie is formed between us and the Invisible, and now a familiar form appears to us among the unknown ones of that spirit land. The heart can hardly believe that the friend on whom it had lavished such affection, with whom all its plans of bliss for life were blended, is indeed removed, and shrinks back from forming any bond which can be so suddenly, so entirely annulled. It had given its affection with a fullness and confidence, unlike the trembling insecurity of those whom years have reft of many dear ones; and this confidence has been com-

pletely destroyed. Then first is realized the truth, that the lost cannot return to us—that we must go to them. Too often this bright world is then viewed, not as a sphere where we have allotted duties to perform, but a dreary void, where *they* are not; and we look up to Heaven with delight, not because it is our Father's mansion, but because they are there. Happy are those who have learnt from their first affliction, to set their hearts on things above.

Anticipated trials are a class of troubles which meet with little sympathy, but must often cloud the brow of the thoughtful and imaginative. The propensity to look forward is natural, and is, in our lighter moments, a source of pleasure; but there are times when the dark side of the picture will present itself. Even with the flush of delight, when we anticipate the acquisition of some long-desired object, blends the idea of melancholy changes that must occur ere our wishes are fulfilled. If our own lives are spared to any length, we must see the decay, if not the death, of our best friends. For the moment, the grief at such calamities is ours, without the strength to sustain it, which mercifully accompanies real trials. The first grey hairs that steal around a brow we venerate, carry a chill to the heart, for they remind us, that when age has set its seal upon that brow, the strong mind we reverenced, may be broken down, and the firm tread changed for the tottering step of infancy. Oh, who can anticipate without emotion, the helpless second childhood of the honored and loved! But we

must sustain the departure as well as the decay of many of these dear ones. How fraught with wretchedness is this idea! It seems, indeed, "easier to die for those we love, than to live without their vanished light," and we cannot believe a ray of joy will fall upon us when these stars are set.

To a woman, the view of the future must be a source of deep anxiety. The uncertainty where her home will be is more trying, because her greatest happiness or misery will center within that home. How must she, the timid and retiring, shrink from the idea, that a time may come, when she must stand alone and unprotected, a solitary woman, a forsaken wife, or a desolate widow. The possibility of such an event, steals upon those who, to all outward appearances, have the greatest prospect of happiness.

> "Oh, prophet heart! thy grief, thy power,
> To all deep souls belong,
> The shadow in the musing hour,
> The wail in the mirthful song."

Such are some of the trials to which the young of our sex may be subjected, even in the bosom of their own kind families. To those arising from misplaced, or hopeless affection, we will not advert. They who have felt them, know their bitterness; and may those who have not, long remain in ignorance! A thousand little perplexities and contrarieties are common to all, and of daily occurrence. Though small in themselves, by their frequency they may injure the temper and impair the happiness.

Yet after this terrible array of possible and probable trials, we would assert that uniform cheerfulness is imperatively a Christian duty. The worldling may turn away from trouble; the philosopher look upon it with calmness; but the Christian only can smile upon it. Turn now to your blessings and privileges, and see how far they outnumber privations and sorrows. Nay, were your lot all darkness, with no ray of hope for this life, the possibility of attaining immortal happiness were enough to fill your heart with gratitude. How have you ever deserved the kindness that has reared you, made you capable of enjoyment, and surrounded you with blessings? Do you not fear, if in the midst of these you indulge in repining, something may be taken from you, whose loss will make all you have ever suffered before, seem as nothing. You acknowledge, perhaps, the claims of gratitude and desire to fulfil them, but cannot maintain your composure when the pressure of trouble is upon you. It will require great effort to attain that even tenor of mind; but still it is possible. Many suppose that those of naturally excitable dispositions can easily preserve uniform cheerfulness; but this is far from the truth, for they have constantly the double task of guarding themselves from elevation or depression of spirits. There is continual danger that they will incur the charge of inconsistency, by the appearance of levity or thoughtless mirth. But such should not despair, for if they can properly regulate their unruly

spirits, they will become an honor to the cause of religion, and a blessing to those around them.

Cheerfulness may be essentially promoted by the cultivation of a firm trust in the providence of God, active benevolence, and a constant sense of the realities of the world to come.

All evils, excepting those attendant on our own sins, whether coming through the instrumentality of our fellow-beings, or what are called the chances of life, are inflicted by the hand of God. Let us bear this constantly in mind, with his assurance that all things work together for good to those who love him. If it be ascertained that we are of those who love him, we have no reason to fear, whatever they may be, that our trials will result in any thing but our best good. Your cheerfulness then, should be founded on the belief that you are one of that number, to whom the Ruler of all has vouchsafed so many promises of his care and protection. It is sometimes difficult to realize that the most trivial events are ordained by the Omnipotent—yet he often brings from them the most important results. Some slight occurrence will suggest to our minds a thought, followed by a train of others, producing a material change in our conduct. Trace in your lives and your hearts, the steps by which you have been benefitted, and you will see that what at the time seemed to be trials have proved blessings. With the firm persuasion that every affliction is intended for some beneficent end, study, as it were, the purposes of God, and see how you can aid in rendering his

chastening useful to yourself. Is a wish denied, think what evils might have resulted had it been gratified. Are those who are nearly connected with you unworthy of respect, and the inflictors of continual pain? Here is a special call upon you to let your light shine, to exercise kindness and forbearance, to avoid those faults which produce such misery, and to place your affections more strongly on that Friend who knew no sin. Do not seek to forget or veil from yourself, the extent of your trials. Nothing can produce a more unhappy frame of mind, than that caused by turning away from an evil, yet carrying the consciousness of its existence like a load upon the heart. View then your situation in all its bearings, and school yourself with divine assistance, till you can exclaim with deep sincerity, "Thy will be done!"

From all anticipations of future suffering, only perfect faith can secure us. How often in the bible we are exhorted to refrain from anxiety as to what may befall us, and encouraged to cast all our care upon the Lord. If you have consecrated yourself to him, you have placed yourself entirely at his disposal—do you fear that your confidence has been misplaced? Many of the evils you dread will never happen, and if they do, your Almighty Father has promised, that "as your day is, so shall your strength be." The fear of death may have obtained dominion over you, but it may be conquered by fixing your eyes on him who will guide you through the dark valley himself has trod, and will receive you in his everlasting arms. Trusting in

the wisdom and love of an Almighty Friend, what is there in your present afflictions or future prospects, to cloud the sunshine of Christian cheerfulness?

The cultivation of active benevolence is of great assistance in promoting this virtue. Selfishness is always a cause of misery, and the more disinterested we can become, the more our happiness is increased. The mind that continually dwells upon its own thoughts and feelings, will inevitably become gloomy; but when it looks away from itself, finds a healthful glow of satisfaction. How many almost heart-broken, have engaged in works of philanthropy, and found, in their prosecution, that cheerfulness which they feared had forever fled from them. The consciousness of being the instruments of good, of adding to the sum of human happiness, if only by a kind word, will drive away sad thoughts. When you compare what you deem trials, with those of the poor and ignorant, you will learn to blush for your ingratitude. Education has opened to you a thousand sources of pleasure, and competence and station have given you the means of enjoying them. See what bitterness is mingled in every cup, and until you can find one with whom, in every respect, you would wish to exchange, deem not yourself unhappy. Let your life be a succession of efforts for the happiness of others, and you will never complain of being miserable.

But a habit of looking forward to our brighter inheritance, is the greatest solace amidst the cares of our present condition. Who heeds the inconveniences of

a wintry journey, when at its close he finds himself in the bosom of his dearest friends? How very slight should every evil appear, while the hope of that blest state remains to cheer us. "It will not matter a hundred years hence," is a common saying, but is not the language of Christian resignation, or founded in truth. Every trial, if improved, will help us on our way to that rest, where we hope, when ages have elapsed, we may dwell. The sainted spirits that stand around the throne, who "have through great affliction trod," will not consider as of little importance, any chastening, which, by purifying their hearts, may have aided in preparing them to sing the song now swelling forth, of "Worthy is the Lamb."

Christian cheerfulness is a valuable auxiliary to Christian morals. Those who witnessed that of the ancient martyrs, were induced to seek the cause which could produce such effects, and in our day, many may be thus led to the fountain from which such happiness appears to be derived. Those who profess our holy religion, should engage in its duties, not as if they were tasks, but pleasures and privileges, and manifest to the world, that it is their chief enjoyment, as well as their chief obligation, to worship God. The spirit of love should beam forth from their countenances, and display itself in their actions, in a kind word to the old, or a smile of encouragement to the child. Contradict then, by your daily walk and conversation, the erroneous idea, that piety is too gloomy for the bright period of youth.

It is the peculiar duty of woman to maintain a cheerful heart. Protected from the trials and cares to which the other sex are exposed, to her they turn for comfort and consolation. And nobly does she afford it in the time of darkness and affliction; but too often, in apparent prosperity, instead of cheering those who are annoyed with a thousand nameless vexations, she adds to their perplexities and cares. How lovely does she appear, to whom all in the domestic circle turn for sympathy in their joy, and who, with winning kindness, beguiles them from their sorrow. The little one, tottering on the floor, clears his discontented face and breaks into a merry laugh, as he catches the reflection of her sweet smile. The poor, too, pray that God may bless her, whose presence is ever to them such a rich blessing. Cherish then, in the spring time of life, that cheerfulness which is the "bloom and effluence" of Christianity, and its fragrance shall be shed around your declining years, and linger in a sweet smile when the spirit is fled, over the face that even in death it can make lovely.

CHAPTER XXX.

CHRISTIAN DUTY.

FORGIVENESS AND FORBEARANCE, SELF-DENIAL, SELF-GOVERNMENT, PRAYER.

> "Wisdom is humble, said the voice of God.
> 'Tis proud, the world replied. Wisdom, said God,
> Forgives, forbears, and suffers, not for fear
> Of man, but God.
> Wisdom mistrusts itself, and leans on Heaven."

Although happily sheltered from the rough encounter of the world, yet you may not altogether escape unkindness and injustice. Your motives may be misunderstood or misinterpreted; envy may watch you with spiteful eye; jealousy be inquisitive and quick-sighted to your faults; and malice vent itself in contemptuous sneers and calumnious words. And what are you to oppose to these hateful passions? Forbearance and forgiveness.

It was the saying of a wise heathen, "Reform an injurious person if you can; if not, remember your patience was given you to bear with him; that the gods patiently bear with such men, and sometimes bestow upon them health, and fame, and fortune." Christian morality goes farther, commanding not only forgiveness, but the exercise of kindness towards those who have injured us; to do good to those who hate us, thus calling into exercise the noblest effort of which

human nature is capable: the fulfilling of the law of holiness—"love your enemies."

If your enemies misunderstand your motives, it matters little if they are such as you can lay open to the eyes of Him who sits as a "refiner and purifier." If you are led, by their severity, to a clearer discernment of your own motives, to a closer scrutiny into your own conduct, they in effect, serve you better than your flatterers—even better than your friends. "You will form your own character, nor can your enemies prevent it. Their calumny will injure you less than you imagine."

Injuries, real or supposed, are not to be met with a haughty and contemptuous spirit. Loathing and disdaining, meanness and sinfulness—avoid transferring your hatred to the beings who are guilty of them. Hatred, malice, and all evil passions, burn themselves with the firebrands they throw; poison themselves with their own deadly mixtures. They whose bosoms are haunted by these demons, should not meet with condemnation alone; they should call forth the deepest commiseration. When you can "pray for those who despitefully use and persecute you," not generally, but individually, it is the surest proof that they are entirely forgiven. The Christian's heart should bound to offer forgiveness, even to those offending ones, who will not ask it. Blessed indeed is that spirit, which, in humble imitation of the divine Redeemer, can say, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

But not alone towards enemies is the spirit of Christian forbearance to be exercised. Such, alas, is fallen human nature, that the best and loveliest of earthly friends have their darker shades of character. We should be foolishly employed, in endeavoring day after day, to count the spots upon the glorious sun; to dwell upon the faults of those whom we love, would be equal folly. Habitually to interpret their motives kindly, to make charitable allowances for their weakness, to use every favorable opportunity to draw forth their excellence, to endeavor to correct their faults by example and by advice, unostentatiously offered; this is the task of Christian forbearance.

Excessive sensitiveness to unkindness or to dislike, should not be suffered to mar your happiness. This may arise from morbid sensibility, or from pride. In either case, you will be disturbed by

> "A something light as air—a look,
> A word unkind or wrongly taken,"

from the friends whom you fondly love, and weeks of dejection be the consequence. No better remedy can be prescribed, than a cordial, wholesome kindliness of manner on your own part, which will most probably call forth the same manner from your friends. Practice that true Christian courtesy, recommended by the apostle Paul, and so beautifully exemplified by our blessed Savior in all his social intercourse. This courtesy exhibits itself from day to day, in those

"thousand decencies," that give to life its sweetness. If, notwithstanding your own kindliness, you have true friends who are deficient in courtesy, their want of suavity should not alienate you; with this unfortunate deficiency, their hearts may be kind and benevolent. Habituate yourself to their unpleasing manners, and steel yourself against them; a rough rind often encloses fruit that is sweet and nutritious.

The sensitiveness that leads you to entertain suspicions of your friends, may arise from pride; their neglect or apparent unkindness may have been accidental, and you must exercise a severe censorship over yourself, to overcome this tormentor. There is need of forbearance towards persons who differ from you in opinion. A dogmatical, bigoted spirit will never win any one to the truth. Error may be maintained with the utmost pertinacity, even when it is seen to be error, if those who oppose it do it in an ungracious, obnoxious manner. When endeavoring to manifest your firm adherence to right principles, Christian forbearance demands that you should not be puffed up, nor behave yourself unseemly. To the obstinacy of error you must oppose a spirit "kind, gentle, easy to be entreated," without sacrificing an iota of truth.

The question is often asked by the young, "How can I practice the duty of self-denial?" An enlightened conscience will alone lead to the answer. The endless differences in the condition and circumstances of individuals, render it impossible to offer rules that will be universally applicable. A sordid, selfish Chris-

tian! This is an utter impossibility. The very foundation of the Christian character, is that love which is self-denying, self-sacrificing. A mother's love, a mother's self-denial, are often spoken of as strong and wonderful—but this is a law of her nature, she cannot break it without becoming, in the eyes of all beings, a monster. A selfish mother! Who does not burn with indignation at the very idea. The law of the Christian's nature is love, and how can it exist where selfishness reigns?

Can he, whose whole mortal pilgrimage was a series of self-denying labors, ending with the sacrifice of his life upon the ignominious cross,—can he recognize his own image in a sordid, selfish, grasping being, whose thoughts are bent upon the display of beauty or wealth, and self-glorification?

Not a single revolution of the earth takes place, without affording you many opportunities for self-denial. Vanity makes large demands upon your time and money; examine how many things that minister solely to her gratification, you can strike off and make over to another account.

It is very trying to you to be thought less intelligent, less generous, less worthy, than you really are; still more so, to be accused of what you are not guilty; you may practice self-denial, by patiently leaving these erroneous opinions to be rectified just when divine Providence shall afford you the opportunity; by being contented without administering rebuke in any other way, than by becoming more worthy and more hum-

ble. The Lord of glory, adored by cherubim and seraphim, made himself, for your sake, a man of no reputation; it is a small matter to deny yourself the praise of men, if thereby you become more assimilated to him in meekness and lowliness of heart. It is possible that pride is the very plague-spot in your heart, which the chastening mercy of your Heavenly Father is thus eradicating, that the beauty of holiness may be perfected. Love, peace, joy, cannot maintain their kindly companionship, where selfishness wields her tyrannic scepter.

The gratification of your own taste, the exhibition of your accomplishments, and even your highest intellectual pursuits, you may be called upon to sacrifice for the good of others. If there is unity of principle in your mind, these opportunities, whenever they occur, will call into exercise Christian self-denial. It is not alone the great occasions of life, where heroic magnanimity that will dazzle every beholder can be shown, that will test the strength of your principles. "It is easier to die like a martyr than to live like a Christian." It is easier to bestow a large amount of time and money upon a popular charity, cheered by the world's applause, than to practice some silent, simple act of self-denial from day to day, for the good of a friend, for which perchance you receive nothing but blame from that very friend. The mountain cataract dashes down the precipice with deafening roar, and sends up its iris-bedecked spray, exciting wonder and admiration, while the nameless little river pursues

its noiseless way, imparting freshness and beauty to overhanging trees and water-loving plants, till it loses itself in the larger stream which bears its tributary waters onward to the ocean.

The task of *self-government* has been already commenced if you have entered upon the Christian warfare, and you find it no easy task. The passions have the mastery in minds not controled by philosophy or by the religion of Jesus Christ. Precepts and prohibitions are of little avail, unless the whole soul is brought under the dominion of holiness as a governing principle. No temper is so perfectly sweet, as not to require watchfulness; there is not a sinful being in the universe, who does not need to set a guard over all the avenues to temptation. The apostle does not say, Be not angry, for there are occasions when it would be as impossible to prevent the momentary emotion of anger, as it would be to stay the mantling blood, whose "ready play" crimsons the cheek of wounded modesty. He says, "Be angry and sin not; let not the sun go down upon your wrath." Anger may glance into the breast of a wise man, but it "*rests* in the bosom of fools."

Self-government is, of course, a much more difficult task for the irritable, the passionate, the sanguine, than for the naturally amiable. The disposition which a happy few possess, resembles the climate of some sweet island of the Pacific Ocean, where no violent storms ever agitate the mild and uniform temperature; while others are like our own Indies, where the hurri-

cane and tornado are frequent visitants. If you possess an equable flow of animal spirits, it is impossible for you to conceive of the difficulty of restraining and controling an impetuous, impulsive temperament. The apostles, St. John and St. Paul, exemplified this natural diffidence in temperament. The beloved disciple possessed an angelic sweetness of disposition, a kindliness, and a beautiful equanimity, which rendered him the soothing, gentle friend, upon whose bosom the Savior could lean at the social board; he maintained, to old age, the same characteristics, and when he could no longer write or preach the blessed gospel, his benign countenance expressed the fullness of his heart as he went about, saying, "little children, love one another." St. Paul, fiery, impatient, and sanguine, "When he would do good evil was present with him;" yet what fervent zeal, what self-sacrificing devotedness, what watchfulness, what fearless and persevering ardor, resulted from such a temperament, brought, by divine grace, into subjection to the law of holiness! Like an avalanche arrested in its course of devastation, and made a monument of glory and beauty upon some lofty eminence, stands the apostle Paul. With such an example in view, let none despair. If the crown of glory is won through intensity of strife, will it be less brilliant? When it is cast down at length, at the foot of his throne whose grace was sufficient aid for the final victory, will the song of "Worthy is the Lamb," flow with faint and feeble love from such a redeemed spirit?

No; these are the sealed servants of the Lord "who have come out of great tribulation," and triumphantly joyous will be their song, when "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

All other Christian duties will be performed with little pleasure, and with faint, remitted effort, without habitual performance of the first of Christian duties, prayer. Unless this is to you the very gate of Heaven, where you delight to linger, you will not have that fullness of evidence of things not seen, which is the life of religion. Where else can you catch a glimpse of the glory of Heaven, but in the sanctuary, and in the closet, where this world with its dangerous allurements is shut out, and the soul holds communion with its Maker and Redeemer? A devotional spirit is the best guard against temptation, and the surest pledge of fidelity to your Lord and Master. The true ends and design of prayer are, "to impress deeply upon the mind a sense of the *presence* of God, our *dependence* on, and *accountableness* to him; suitably to dispose and prepare the mind for the reception of divine favors; to draw down upon us, as the means divinely constituted, the blessings which we may from time to time need; and to accustom ourselves beforehand, to the exercises of Heaven."

To the altar of grace you may go, and lay open freely, all your hopes, joys, desires, fears, disappointments, plans of usefulness, temptations, and sorrows. His ear is open when the morning dawns—when the sun sheds his noontide beams—and when night comes

on with her starry train. The peerless prophet Daniel knew this, when he knelt three times a day to worship the God of his fathers in a strange land, in defiance of the idolatrous king who had threatened death as the consequence. You, who have no monarch's frown to dread, is there still no tyranny of fear that keeps you at a distance from the mercy-seat? Are you bowing to another idol that your own heart has set up? May conscience lead you back to the altar of the Lord your God, and his Holy Spirit henceforth be your guide and inspirer to that "effectual fervent prayer which availeth much."

CHAPTER XXXI.

CHRISTIAN USEFULNESS.

"The dews came down unseen at evening-tide,
And silently their bounties shed, to teach
Mankind unostentatious charity.
With arm in arm the forest rose on high,
And lesson gave of brotherly regard."

A more favorable opportunity than the one you now enjoy for usefulness, in the wide circle of benevolence, may not present itself during your whole life. Not yet encompassed by those many cares that may shut you out in a measure, from this wide circle, you may now learn the luxury of doing good.

It is possible that you have fancied this period of your life would be one of dreamy leisure. The stirring spirit of the age allows not the Christian to be a secluded contemplatist. Much as there is holy and heavenly in calm retirement and lonely meditation, they cannot be indulged in freely, and for a length of time, without encroaching upon other imperious duties. There is little danger, however, that the young Christian, at this eventful era, should spend too much time in this manner, yet there may possibly be here and there an individual, feeling so strongly the necessity for habitual introspection, and the difficulty of keeping a peaceful, quiet frame of mind, while mingling much with human beings, as to be solicitous to preserve tranquility by retirement. But your Divine

Exemplar, although occasionally retiring to a mountain for prayer, and to a garden for meditation and communion with his Heavenly Father, spent his life in active benevolence. One of the old divines says, "doing no harm, is the praise that might be bestowed upon a stone." The Christian virtues are not all passive—the Christian life must be active, energetic, enterprising.

> "The God of glory walks his rounds
> From day to day, from year to year,
> And warns us each with awful sound,
> No longer stand ye idle here."

If you have expected romantic excitement and interest in the circle of benevolence, you have not entered upon it with right feelings. The stimulus will soon be exhausted. Instead of the woodbine-wreathed cottage, with its neat and rosy tenants, grateful and good, the poor, to whom charity may lead you, will have none of these graceful accompaniments. You may find, in the abodes of poverty, much to disgust a refined taste; in the gross manners and vulgar ignorance of their inmates, some things to alarm your scrupulous delicacy. You may find them ungrateful, and not seldom in our country, with that spirit of independence which sorely feels the necessity of receiving alms.

You have discharged but a small part of the duty of benevolence to the poor, by bestowing money. To the sick you may afford the ministry of consolation; you may make, with your own hands, those lit-

tle delicacies that their situation requires, and while you do good to the perishing body, your gentle kindness may open their hearts to receive the more able ministrations of the appointed messengers of mercy. You may stand by the bed of death, and calm the spirit that is passing away, with the blessed promises of the Savior. Let your bible be a constant companion in these visits. Select, beforehand, such passages as will be applicable to the condition of the poor, the sick, and the afflicted, and read to them with that solemnity and earnestness, that firm faith inspires. To those in health, you may render assistance in various ways. The poor woman, who goes out to daily labor, may not have time for the making of her children's clothes, when she can earn them; or may not have ingenuity enough to cut them. You can often render relief in this way, where it would be deemed almost an insult to offer pecuniary aid. It is always well to encourage this spirit of honorable independence and self-respect in the poor. There is a numerous class to whom you may be useful, by seeking out employment for them. Alas! how many are driven to despair because they cannot find occupation—how many fall into vice and ruin! Benevolent societies, which on the whole do so much good, might sometimes do more, by furnishing work for the poor, than by doing it for them.

There is much to be learnt, with regard to the manner in which you should approach those whose station in life is different from your own. Delicacy, as well

as Christian meekness, suggests that a proper regard should be paid even to your dress and demeanor, when you go to the abodes of indigence and misery. The contrast is already too striking between your condition and those to whom you offer sympathy and assistance; health, competence, and cheerfulness—sickness, want, and sorrow; remember the weakness of human nature, and you will not make the contrast still more repulsive by a gay, luxurious exterior, when you go upon errands of mercy. It may seem absurd to some young ladies, even to propose that their dress, on such occasions, should be peculiarly neat, but very plain and simple; but it is hoped there are others who will deem it not beneath their notice.

In your manners avoid, by all means, a *display* of condescension. Remembering that all mankind are your brethren, and that God, in his providence, has given you those things wherein you differ; go to the home of the destitute with a heart filled with fervent gratitude, deep humility, and Christian love. Your sympathy will then go from the heart and reach the heart; your gifts will be received without pain, because the giver will be loved and respected. If your manners on the contrary, are haughty, cold, and repulsive, necessity may compel the acceptance of proffered charity, but the whole heart of the recipient of your bounty will revolt—no gratitude will be felt toward yourself. Your manners must be gentle and kind, simple and sincere, and thus possess the dignity that will insure respect.

To the glorious efforts of the present day, for the diffusion of Christianity, you may lend your aid. What cheering, what astonishing intelligence is wafted by every breeze from each quarter of the globe! China, long impregnable China, is opening her imperial gates to Christian men; Persia, Hindostan, Greece, Africa—the whole world is missionary ground. You may say despondingly, "and what can I do?" Gain information from every accessible source, and while you take a general interest in the missionary cause, adopt some particular object as your own, in which you will take a special interest; for this, spare all that you can—do all that you can. By this concentration of effort you will accomplish more, than if your benevolence were entirely diffusive. Classic Greece will have peculiar attractions for some, "the celestial empire" for others, and even degraded, miserable Africa, will not be forgotten. Console yourself with the words of the philanthropist Howard, "In God's hands no instrument is weak." Leave yourself in his hands, that he may work with you for his glory, and the extension of his kingdom. If there be but a "willing mind," he may so employ you, that at last you may receive the joyful sentence, "well done, good and faithful servant."

The Sunday school affords a pleasant field of usefulness. To meet, from Sabbath to Sabbath, a class whose young affections you have gained, and into whose minds you have poured the best of all knowledge, and to see their faces brighten with pleasure at

your approach, is indeed a sweet satisfaction. But it is also a solemn responsibility. These are immortals, upon whose plastic minds you are leaving an impress for good or for evil. You will need heavenly wisdom and prudence, to guide you in this labor of love. It is your duty to look after the welfare of those who are thus committed to your trust, on other days besides the holy day of teaching. Visit them occasionally at their homes; endeavor to gain the good will of their parents, and to call in their aid to deepen and fasten any good impressions that you may be enabled to make upon their children. If you do not immediately see the fruits of your labor, patiently wait for the grace of God to ripen the seeds you have sown; and labor on, in full faith, that he will, in his own good time, bring forth an abundant harvest.

All who are faint-hearted, when they consider the trifling apparent results of their labors, in the field of Christian usefulness, may be encouraged by the following remarks from one of the most powerful writers* of this, or any other age.

"The state of the matter is very simple. The Superior Cause of man's being made wise to salvation, in appointing a system of means to be put, by human activity, in operation towards this effect, has connected certainly and inseparably with that system, some portion of the accomplishment of this sovereign good, which would not take place in the absence of such

* Foster.

application of means; only he has placed this certainty in the system of operation, as taken *generally and comprehensively;* leaving, as to human foresight, an *un*certainty with respect to the particular instances in which the desired success shall be attained. His subordinate agents are to proceed on this positive assurance, that the success *shall be somewhere*, though they cannot know that it will be in one case or in the other. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper this or that." There unquestionably gleams forth, through the plainer lines and through the mystical imagery of prophecy, the vision of a better age, in which the application of the truths of religion to men's minds will be irresistible. And what should more naturally be interpreted as one of the dawning signs of its approach, than a sudden wide movement at once to clear their intellects, and bring the heavenly light to shine close upon them? Let them regard, as one great undivided economy and train of operation, these initiatory efforts, and all that is to follow, till that time, when "all shall know the Lord;" and take, by anticipation, as in fraternity with the happier future laborers, their just share of that ultimate triumph. Those active spirits, in the happier stages, will look back with this sentiment of kindred and complacency, to those who sustained the earlier toils of the good cause, and did not suffer their zeal to languish under the comparative smallness of their success."

These brief hints on Christian usefulness, are designed merely to lead your minds to full and conscientious enquiry; the happiness of an immortal spirit cannot be found in selfish gratification.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CONCLUSION.

LETTER FROM MRS. CLARA G—, TO ISABELLA —.

You going on a mission? *You*, my dear Isabella, a "single woman," going to be a teacher of heathen children? Pardon me, it makes me smile to think of it. Glad am I that your warm heart is interested in so excellent a cause; but yet—"*But yet* is as a jailor to bring forth some monstrous malefactor"—but yet allow me to say, that your education and mode of life have not fitted you for the arduous undertaking. Brought up in the lap of luxury, neither your physical nor your mental constitution, render you a suitable person to endure the trials of the missionary life. I fear it is not alone the sun-light of an awakened conscience, that has led you to this decision; your fervid imagination, dear Isabella, has had much to do in the case; you must look at it with the clear eye of sober reason. Bright revealings of a future world have dawned upon you; joy and hope have sprung up, and a noble disdain of earth has for a time taken possession of your ardent mind. But, dear Isabella, the self-denying, much-enduring missionary, must be clad in the whole Christian panoply; must possess *stability*, and *firmness*, and *courage*, to encounter hardships, danger, and death itself. If you are prepared for mar-

tyrdom, you are prepared for a missionary. Thanks be to God, few of those who now take "their lives in their hand" and go to the heathen, are called to offer them up on the altar of missionary zeal; yet they have need of the very firmest faith, the most undaunted courage, for even that last trial, if need be, may come. If God, in his all-wise providence, has not fitted you nor I, my dear friend, for this calling, which seems so glorious and beautiful, let us be grateful that there are many whom he has chosen and called—whose self-denying labors will meet their reward, we trust, on earth; if not, it is secure in Heaven.

Since the death of your lamented father has left to you the uncontroled disposal of a large fortune, you have the means of extensive usefulness at home. It will require much wisdom and piety to be a judicious steward of your Lord's bounty. Faithful, laborious, and intelligent endeavors, will enable you to do as much good—I had almost said—as heart could wish; but when would the heart, touched with compassion for the woes of the human race, be satisfied?

I would not have you, dear Isabella, a visionary religionist, carried away with the romance of religion, and knowing little of its reality; there is a "fatal facility wherewith imaginative spirits pass over from the solid ground of piety and virtue, to the illusory region of enthusiastic excitement."

I know your generous nature, and believe I have not relied upon it too far, in thus giving free scope to candor. My love for you, and undoubting faith in the sin-

cerity of your motives, have prompted me to exercise freely, the privilege of early and long-tried friendship.

Come, my own Isabella, and make us a visit; we will then discuss these matters at leisure. Mr. G— joins with me in urging, that you do us the pleasure without delay.

Yours, I trust,
in the best of all bonds—Christian love.
CLARA G.

ISABELLA ——, TO AUNT SUSAN ——.

You will be surprised and pleased, my dear good aunt, at the change a few weeks have effected in my resolves and purposes. Clara is the same kind, judicious friend as ever. Her arguments, ably supported by Mr. G——, have convinced me I can do good at home. I am not yet wise and prudent enough for a missionary.

Another project of mine, of which you have not heard, they cordially approve. I will tell you the whole story. A few days before I left home, as I went into a store in —— street, I caught a glimpse of a face that I thought was a familiar one, but it was immediately averted. The lady who thus attracted my attention, was dressed in a rich, but faded lilac silk, and a soiled bonnet, whose flowers were in "the sere and yellow leaf." She had a shabby, foreign air, which led me to conclude I never could have claimed the acquaintance of such an impersonation of *forlon-*

ity. She was making some trifling purchase; the sound of her well-known voice startled me—it was my quondam friend, Geraldine M——, now Mrs. W——. Dear aunt, I had not seen her since the marriage morning, when we parted at the church-door, and you cannot conceive what a shock it gave me. Not wishing for a scene in the shop, I waited until she had completed her purchase, and then followed her into the street. She walked rapidly, so that I was obliged to call, "Geraldine, Geraldine." She turned, and such a haggard, woe-striken face met my eye, that I started back, about to beg pardon for my mistake; when she re-assured me, by saying, "Isabella, I thought you would not wish to recognize me, and hurried away." I held out my hand, but for a moment could not speak. We walked on together, until we came to a mean looking house, where Geraldine hesitated, blushed, and at length invited me to walk in, if it would not be "too great a condescension." I excused myself, saying, that I would call the next day, and should have done so before, had I known that she was in town.

I had heard, some time since, of Mr. M——'s failure, and that notwithstanding his own misfortunes, he continued to refuse to see Geraldine. I called the next day, but she was not at home; again I called, and received the same message from a dirty little servant girl, who looked at my card as if such a curiosity had never come into her hands before. I requested our good minister to make enquiries about W——,

and learn, if possible, how he supported his family. He did so, and informed me, that they had very recently returned from Italy, where they had resided since their marriage, and had taken *one room* in the boarding-house, where I attempted to call. The elegant, the splendid Geraldine M—— reduced to such extremity. They are very poor. W—— has been a dissipated gambler, but would now gladly be employed in any honest way for a support. He *has been* unkind too, very unkind, to Geraldine. God forgive and amend him.

And now, my dear aunt, conscience would not let me rest, until I had done something for them. Through the merciful providence of God, I was spared from the fate of Geraldine. You remember my girlish fancy for W——. Rejoice with me that he never suspected it. Besides, you know I was a witness of the marriage, and in that way, an abettor of Geraldine's disobedience to her parents.

I have consulted Mr. G——, and through his agency have purchased a snug little farm, with a pretty cottage upon it; which is to be secured to Geraldine. I wished not to be known in this affair; but Clara, with her straight-forward honesty, insisted that it would give Geraldine less pain, than to be indebted to an unknown benefactor. Mr. G—— has had the kindness to write to W—— and his wife, and (how shall I be sufficiently grateful?) they have accepted the offer with thankfulness. W—— says his father was a plain farmer, who educated him at college for a pro-

fession; but instead of reaping the advantage of a collegiate education, he set up for a gentleman. So you see, aunt, this idea of a farm was a lucky Yankee guess. He says farther, that both Geraldine and himself will gladly escape from a place so fraught with painful associations as ——. They will be within two miles of our excellent friends, Mr. G—— and Clara. With their example and advice, what may they not become? And what a beautiful example of conjugal happiness do I behold from day to day. The most cheerful piety adorns their life, the most active usefulness exalts it. Happy in each other's society, to fulfill the apostolic injunction, "to be given to hospitality," must cost them no little self-sacrifice. Yet they do fulfill it to the utmost. How sweet, how delightful is their kind attention to me! Who can leave this happy home, without having been made wiser and better? Yet believe me, dear Aunt Susan, my resolution is firm. I shall emulate your goodness in single blessedness. I must have your assistance and your counsel, in dispensing "judiciously," as my much-loved friend says, "the ample fortune that the Almighty Disposer has entrusted to my stewardship." *Our* home too, may be a happy one dearest aunt,

> "For in thy heart there is a holy spot,
> As 'mid the waste an isle of fount and palm
> Forever green! The world's breath enters not,
> The passion-tempests may not break its calm."

And my impulsive, impetuous spirit shall be calmed; for with God's blessing, I will learn self-government.

"I am weak, but he is mighty," and with his holy guidance, I hope to pass safely through the world, to my heavenly home.

With all my faults,
love me, dear aunt, pray for me,
and expect soon to see your
ISABELLA.

THE END.